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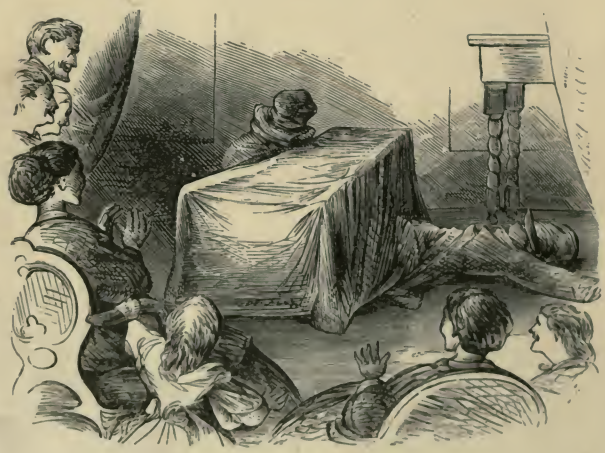
THE EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.



THE IRISHMAN'S WAKE.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO-NIGHT?

OR

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS

FOR

EVENING PARTIES.

FURNISHING COMPLETE AND VARIED PROGRAMMES FOR

TWENTY-SIX ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY

LEGER D. MAYNE.

NEW YORK:
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE.

It has long been a settled and accepted fact that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and if this be true of Jack, it is equally true of Gill. It is essential in matters of recreation, that, in order to enjoy ourselves thoroughly, we must relax more or less the sedate gravity of maturer years, and bring ourselves down to the youthful level of Jack and Gill—before their fearful fall, of course, as the parlor floor offers no opportunities for the sad accident that tradition has ascribed to them. In fact, there is nothing more delightful than, laying aside all stately dignity and unnecessary restraint, to devote the whole or part of an evening to social amusement, pure and simple.

Sometimes, but not very often, we find in society gifted individual who knows how to take the lead in a few round games, and is able to divert the company with a trick or two. His opportune talents are rewarded by a flattering prominence, and he steps out from the ranks to assume a well-deserved leadership. But his resources are, perhaps, soon exhausted. He has succeeded in raising a keen appetite for more of the same sort, which he is unable to appease. His laurels fade—he relapses into his former insignificance. Like Jack, he strives to climb. He shouts, "Excelsior!" and falls back, the victim of exhausted energy; involving, perhaps, in his catastrophe, some amiable Gill, who has kindly lent her aid to further his lofty designs.

To aid the talented and to direct the uninitiated, this work has been prepared. It affords carefully selected recreations amply sufficient for

the amusement of a social gathering once a week for six months. The games are plainly described, examples being given, by way of illustration, showing how each is done, as well as suggesting pleasing varieties in their performance. The book is full of original novelties, including, also, some well-known games, illusions, and tricks, too good to be ignored, but presented in a new and attractive dress.

The comical illusions present no serious difficulties in their preparation, and the tricks, if their description be followed step by step, are entirely within the capabilities of the merest tyro in the art of amusing. The theatrical and other stage performances are fully and familiarly treated, and the plays and pantomimes have been written especially for their respective purposes.

An examination of the programme will furnish, it is hoped, a full and satisfactory answer to the oft-repeated and vexatious question,

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO-NIGHT?"

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WHAT SHALL WE DO TO-NIGHT?

INTRODUCTORY.

It is certainly a subject for regret, that in our great cities, our towns, villages, and more scattered country homes, social gatherings are so apt to assume the character of "solemn occasions," where the perplexed hostess and equally perplexed guests hover about the room, trying vainly to solve the problem, "what shall we do?"

Dancing and music, varied by eating and drinking, are the standard amusements at evening parties; but there are many circles where dancing is excluded on principle, while amateur music has reached such perfection that it requires a decided and well-cultivated talent to make it endurable among people who have any pretensions to refinement and taste. There is really something pitiful in the sight of a company of intelligent and talented young folks, each one possessing an undeveloped fund of ready wit, mutely enduring an agonizing amateur performance of fine music; while the pianist, who has studied hard and can play well when alone, stumbles over the keys, blindly groping in all the torments of shyness, till a hideous discord is produced. Patiently the listeners sit, smiling under the torture with a politeness often springing from pure kind feeling, while each and all of them might be having a "jolly time" did they but know the best outlet for their wit and good-nature, their ingenuity or talent.

To supply the necessary information for such pleasure-seekers, the following collection of amusing pastimes is now offered.

Variety of talent has been considered, and good-nature is an essential element always supposed to be present. The old peo-

ple can lay aside their years for a few hours ; the business man forget his counting-house; the matron her housekeeping and domestic arrangements; the children will not be forgotten, but find a pleasant vent for their love of amusement; and the young man who votes "parties a bore" is especially invited to come and change his opinion.

"The more, the merrier," is a proverb especially adapted to social gatherings, where all are anxious to contribute to the general amusement, and harmless personalities may be ventured upon without fear of offense, if the game should require it.

Come then, any number of you, of all ages and all dispositions, and pass a few evenings with us.

Lay aside your hats and overcoats, your hoods and shawls ; give your neckties a last twitch, your curls a final brush ; pass into the drawing-room; greet the hostess ; shake hands all round ; make a few original remarks on the state of the atmosphere, and open the

First Evening

with a merry game, which includes the children, and should be played before their bed-time. It is intended to be joined in by all present, and therefore no one should be allowed to be a mere looker-on. There are usually a few persons who prefer to be merely spectators of the first game of the evening; but the leader should interpose his authority to prevent this as much as possible.

The Signal Master.

Clear the centre of the room, and place in a row a number of chairs, three less than the number of players. If fourteen persons are playing the game, place eleven chairs.

Blindfold one of the players, and select another for the signal-master. The blindfolded one stands a little apart from the

row of chairs, and the signal-master stands erect, while the others make a long chain behind him, the one next to him grasping his coat, the others holding by each other's dresses and coats.

This chain of players now walks slowly round the chairs, the blindfolded one waving a wand, and singing:

"The signal-master will give a call,
Take your chairs then, one and all."

When the chain has marched gravely two or three times round the row of chairs, the blindfolded player gives a sudden tap with her wand, and the signal-master calls out "Chairs!"

All now run toward the chairs, each trying to secure one, and the game is repeated as before. Three will this time be left out, two of whom are again required for signal-master and singer, and the blindfolded one is out, and waits for a new game.

Remove a chair for each game, until all the players are out.

While the players are busy with this game, a few slip quietly away, and after some mysterious preparations in the dressing-room, and by the time the last chair has been removed, are ready to surprise the company by the introduction of a new and most wonderful quadruped, one which has never yet been imported by Barnum, or any other enterprising showman, but which may occasionally be found in select circles for private exhibition.

It is preceded by a showman, who, after sundry bows and flourishes, acts as herald, and announces to the expectant audience the arrival of the aforementioned quadruped, in a neat speech, either selected or impromptu.

The Elephant.

If an Eastern costume can be improvised at short notice—a turban, sash, and wand—the showman, thus attired, says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am requested by my particular

friend, Rambustificationjambereehoptidoodon, of the Feejee-folorum Islands, to present to your notice the famous elephant upon which this renowned and invincible warrior was mounted at the celebrated siege of Luckontherongside. This elephant, ladies and gentlemen, is precisely two hundred and forty-two years of age, to-day being his birthday, and the register of his birth being carefully marked upon his off-side tusk in the best India ink. Little boys are particularly requested not to put pins into this noble animal's legs, nor to put into his trunk more than a peck of apples at any one time.

"Rambustificationjambereehoptidoodon, you may now enter and exhibit the noble Asiatic quadruped in his great feats of the arena, as witnessed by all the crowned heads in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, Jersey thrown in."

(*Enter Rambustificationjambereehoptidoodon, in a superb Eastern costume composed of a turban of woolen, scarf, and a gorgeous sash of a lady's shawl, and followed by the elephant.*)

The elephant gravely advances to a space cleared at the end of the drawing-room, and is addressed in Hindostanee by his master.

HERALD. Rambustificationjambereehoptidoodon is ordering the elephant to bow to the company.

(*Elephant makes a very low bow.*)

Another order in Hindostanee, again translated by the interpreter:

HERALD. The elephant will now wave his trunk three times.

(*Elephant waves his trunk.*)

Separate orders being given and translated, the elephant goes through a variety of feats of intelligence, such as walking over his master, who lies upon the ground; kneeling down and rising again at the word of command; lifting one leg, and then the other, as ordered; bowing North, South, East, and West, or any other feats that may suggest themselves to the fertile imagination of his exhibitors.

Finally the elephant carries some of the little children round the room upon his back, and walks gravely back to the dressing-room, with one of the boys taking an Eastern ride.

How was he made? Follow him to the dressing-room, and you will find him presenting the appearance shown in Fig. 1.

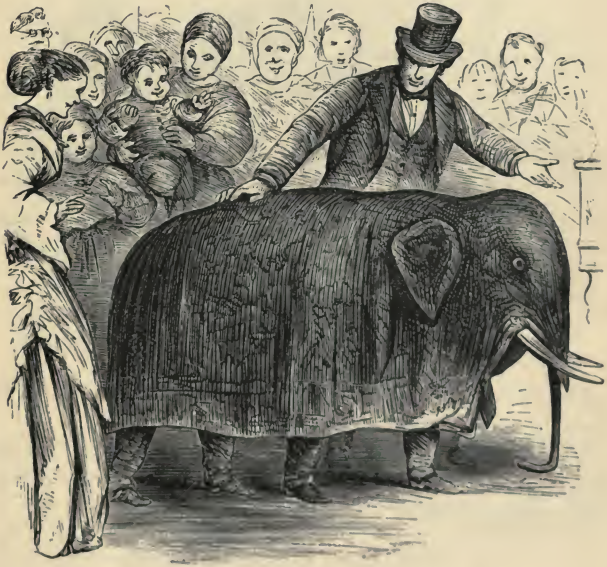


Fig. 1.

The outer skin of the marvelous animal proves to be a large gray shawl, such as gentlemen carry when traveling. Sewn upon this are two large gray patches for ears, two round pieces of white paper, with black dots in the centre for eyes; the tusks, carefully secured and held in their proper places, prove to be rolls of glossy white paper, pasted into the required shape.

Taking off the shawl, the skeleton of this wonderful Eastern

quadruped will appear as illustrated in Fig. 2, proving to be two good-natured young gentlemen, who have covered their boots with India-rubber over-shoes, and assumed the uncomfortable appearance here shown. The foremost one holds a second gray shawl tightly rolled in his hands, and imitates the gentle swaying of the elephant's trunk with it.

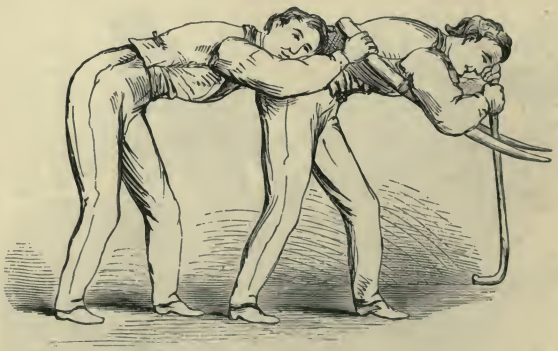


FIG. 2.

The taller and larger the men who make the framework, the more "stunning" the elephant will be.

While the elephant is being unrobed, the party still in the drawing-room may amuse themselves by the following capital embarrassing delusion and snare:

Pity the Poor Blind.

It is surprising how helpless a person is when deprived of sight. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the truth of the foregoing remark may be easily tested.

Select a gentleman of the party, blindfold him carefully with a handkerchief, and place him three or four yards from, and facing, a table, near the edge of which is a lighted candle. Now bid him turn once entirely round, then advance toward the candle and try to blow it out. His vain attempts, oft re-

peated, will cause much amusement; our artist photographed the victim just as he was in full pucker not more than two yards away from the candle, and in momentary dread of burning his nose.

FIG. 3.

While the company are "going it blind" in the drawing-room, a most entertaining amusement may be arranged, in either an adjoining apartment, or at one end of the same room. It will require preparation beforehand, but, once in readiness, needs but a few moments to adjust.

The Grotesque Quartette.

A very funny effect can be produced by painting four figures, as grotesque and absurd as possible, side by side, on a drop-curtain or other suitable material. The heads should be drawn in such proportions, that the faces, when cut out, will exactly admit a person's face to protrude through each from behind, allowing the chin to pass through as far as the neck, but con-

cealing the ears and hair. The four persons, whose faces are used to complete the figures, should be able to sing some comic quartette, and the effect is irresistible.

Fig. 4.

A piece of sized muslin, such as is used for painted roller-blinds, or store window-shades, affords a good material on which to paint the figures; and, in default of artistic talent, the figures of negro minstrels, cut out of their large show-bills, or circus-posters, will answer. The picture, when the representation is to take place, must be secured between the folding-doors; or, where there is a stage, just behind the drop-curtain, and so arranged that all the space behind the picture will be entirely hidden from the audience. The accompanying illustrations will give a clear idea of the whole arrangement, showing respectively: the front view of the picture (Fig. 4); the means

used behind the picture for enabling the performers to insert their faces in their respective "heads" (Fig. 5); and the general effect of the whole as viewed by the audience (Fig. 6).

Fig. 5.

The identity of the performers' faces is usually utterly destroyed, except, perhaps, in the case of very marked features; and even then a few lines of burnt cork, a little flour on the moustache, or some other fancy touches, will entirely alter them.

As the lower part of the countenance projects through and beyond the surface of the painting, the performers can turn their faces toward one another sufficiently to carry on a witty conversation, similar to the jokes of the "end men" in a minstrel performance. with immense effect.

FIG 6.

Gravity being once more restored, commence with due decorum the pleasing game of

Selling Statues.

This is one of those parlor games in which all the merriment and enjoyment depend upon the ready wit of the speakers, and the good-natured endurance of the victims.

A certain portion of the players, having consented to take the parts of statues, stand up at one end of the room, or seat themselves in a group, according to the fancy of the artist.

The purchaser or purchasers, supposed to be recently ar-

rived from the rural districts, then enter, and the artist endeavors to dispose of his works of art.

As he describes each statue, he covers the face for a moment with a light handkerchief, removing it again during his description.

The sale should be conducted upon the rule of contraries, the descriptions being, so far as good-nature will allow, exactly opposite to personal appearances; and, no matter how absurd the variance, a smile or a frown upon the face of the statue must pay the penalty of a forfeit.

EXAMPLE: We will suppose in the studio, Mr. Jenkins, of diminutive stature and insignificant features; Mrs. Smith, a matron short, but very stout, with florid complexion; Mr. Jones, very tall and large in build; and Miss Simpkins, a tiny, sylph-like blonde. Mr. Reynolds, the artist, having arranged the statues, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins enter to purchase.

MR. REYNOLDS. Good morning, sir! Pleased to see you, madam!

MR. HOPKINS. We have taken the liberty, Mr. Reynolds, of calling to see what statues you have for sale.

MRS. HOPKINS. I want something classic, for my front drawing-room.

MR. REYNOLDS. Classic! Ahem! Yes! Let me see! Have you seen my "Jove Enraged?"

MR. HOPKINS. Jove Enraged? I have not seen it.

MR. REYNOLDS (*throwing a handkerchief over the face of meek Mr. Jenkins.*) There, sir, you have still to behold one of the grandest creations of the nineteenth century (*removing the handkerchief*). The statue, as you see, is colossal, four times the size of life, as we suppose Jove to have been built upon a grander scale than mere mortals. Mark, if you please, the grand proportions of the figure, the god-like carriage of that noble head, the thunderbolts but playthings in that powerful grasp, the massive features, and the magnificent *pose* of the shoulders. The personification of irresistible power!

MRS. HOPKINS. But, Mr. Reynolds, such an *immense* statue will be out of place in my quiet drawing-room. You should sell it for an ornament to some public hall or park. Pray show something to fill a smaller niche in my modest apartment.

MR. REYNOLDS. I am afraid that I have nothing else that is strictly classic. How would you like a Shakspearian subject? I have a very much admired statue here, a Titania (*throws a handkerchief over the face of Mrs. Smith*). This is an exquisite little gem, quite suitable for a what-not or a bracket (*removes the handkerchief*). It is, as you perceive, upon a diminutive scale, as the subject demands. Mark the fairy-like grace of the attitude, the tiny, graceful figure, the delicate features, and the sylph-like, etherial proportions.

MR. HOPKINS. Have you anything historical?

MR. REYNOLDS (*veiling Mr. Jones*). Napoleon the First! The great mind in the small frame. Proportioned, sir, by actual measurement, though you would scarcely believe Napoleon was quite so small (*removing the handkerchief*). The feet, especially, are like a lady's, and the whole power of this mighty man was concentrated in brain. The head is large and noble.

MRS. HOPKINS. What is this, Mr. Reynolds?

MR. REYNOLDS. Cleopatra (*veiling Miss Simpkins*), the swarthy Egyptian, a specimen of the new art of coloring statues (*removing handkerchief*). Like Jupiter, this statue, as you perceive, is on a large scale; but history assigns noble proportions to Cleopatra. The jetty hair and large black eyes suit well the bronze complexion.

Thus the sale may proceed as far as the endurance of the statues will last. Special features, as large noses, small eyes, red hair, big feet, and so on, may be commented upon, by the rule of contraries, until a smile or a frown obliges the unfortunate victim to pay a forfeit.

Most of the company having now enjoyed a laugh at their own expense, or that of their neighbors, we may conclude the first evening's entertainment by an amusing trick, called

The Divided Tapes.

To perform this trick, a little preparation is necessary. Provide two pieces of tape, each four feet long, and three ordinary cotton spools; or, if preferred, three of the barrel-shaped wooden foundations (Fig. 7) used by fringe-and-tassel manufacturers

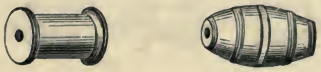


FIG. 7.

for making the upper part of window-tassels. Fold each of the tapes double, as shown in Fig. 8; pass about half an inch of the looped end of A through the loop of B, and fold it back on the

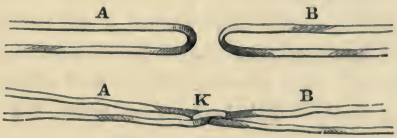


FIG 8.

tape A, which will thus be hooked into B. Pass the open ends of B through a spool, and draw the spool over the interlocked loop, as in Fig. 9; this spool must not be moved from its po-

FIG. 9.

sition at any time during the performance of the trick, as it conceals and holds the looped ends of the tape. Next, take the two remaining spools, and pass one on the tape B, and the other on A, as shown in Fig. 10. The whole contrivance is now ready for use. Request two persons to assist you; give the ends of the tape A (Fig. 10) to one of them, and the ends of B

to the other, desiring them to hold the tape and spools out level between them. Now, explain that the spools are strung on to the tape, moving the two outer spools (not the middle one) to illustrate your explanation; then inform the spectators that you propose to remove the spools from the tape without

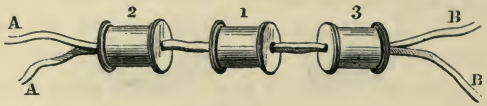


FIG. 10.

passing them over the ends held by your assistants. Next, ask each of your aids to hand you one of the two ends held by him, either one of them, as it is quite immaterial which; you only desire to make the matter doubly sure, at the same time tie the ends that you have received with a double knot (see Fig. 11); thus drawing the three spools together, and appearing to secure them perfectly. This being done, grasp the spools with

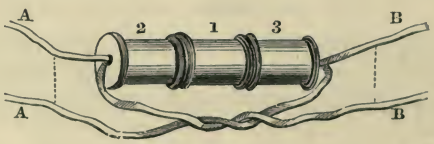


FIG. 11.

your right hand, and instruct your assistants to be ready, at the word "three," to pull the tapes with a sudden jerk. You then give the word, "one, two, three," and the spools will remain in your hand, the two tapes remaining in the assistants' hands, and joined in the middle by the knot which you tied. This trick is sometimes performed with thin twine instead of tapes, the looped ends being tied together with a piece of fine sewing thread, which breaks when pulled apart.

SECOND EVENING.

It being presumed that social evenings for such amusements as we propose to inaugurate commence like other festive occasions, by the arrival of a few early folks in advance of the more fashionable comers, it is often a good plan to start with a game which can be made interesting for a few players, such as

My House, Your House.

This game will afford considerable amusement for a party of five or six persons, or more, and requires but little preparation. Provide a piece of moderately stout cord about a yard in length; at one end make a small loop that will not slip, pass the other end of the cord through this loop, thus making a larger loop, say six inches in diameter, which will slip easily; attach the end of the string to a cane or short stick, and we have a very respectable rod and line to go a-fishing to catch fingers.

The players are arranged around a small table—a round one is preferable—in the centre of which a circle about five inches in diameter is marked; this may be drawn with a piece of chalk, or consist of a round piece of paper, as may be most convenient.

One of the players now takes the rod and line, arranges the loop around the circle in the centre of the table and holds the rod in his hand; he then explains to the rest of the players that when he says "my house," each must put his forefinger, promptly at the word of command, inside the circle, and keep it there. The fisherman then says, "your house," and the players must each promptly withdraw his finger and place it on the table immediately in front of him. The words of command "my house," "your house," should be given with sufficient fre-

quency to confuse the players, a forfeit being attached to any failure to act promptly and correctly at the word. When the fisherman thinks he has a good chance he should jerk the string upward, and try to catch one or more of the fingers. The person whose finger is caught next takes the fishing-rod, and in his turn tries to catch somebody else's finger. The fisherman has perfect liberty to repeat the same command if he pleases; after having given the words "my house," and brought the fingers into the circle, he can again say "my house," and the party who withdraws his finger has to pay a forfeit.

When the forfeits are all paid, some skillful necromancer may puzzle the probably increased number of guests by the following specimen of his cunning:

The Odd Card.

This simple but amusing trick is performed with an ordinary pack of cards. Request one of the company to place both hands flat on the table, then insert between each finger of his right hand two cards or one pair at a time; this will require four pairs of cards. Follow the same method with his left hand, but placing a single card, instead of a pair, between the third and little fingers (see Fig. 12). This will require three pairs and an odd card, or fifteen cards in all. Now take the two cards which are between the third and little fingers of his right hand, and lay them down on the table separately, side by side, at the same time saying, "that's one pair;" then take the next pair, separate the two cards, and lay one on each of the cards already on the table, and say "there's another pair." Follow exactly the same method with the remaining pairs, making the same remark with each, until only the odd card remains. This is to be placed on the left-hand pile of cards on the table.

Having made up the two little piles of cards on the table nice and straight (so that the cards in each cannot be counted), ask any one in the company to name which pile contains the

odd card. As you have put the odd card on the left-hand pile, that will be the one selected. You then lift that pile and

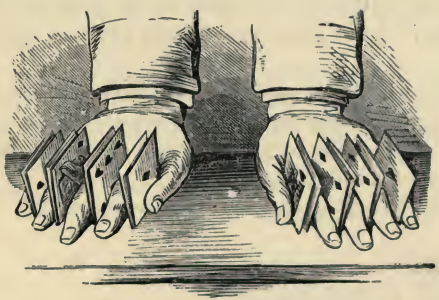


FIG. 12.

count out the eight cards that are in it into four pairs. Then lift the other pile and count out three pairs and an odd one over.

As there are seven pairs of cards used, each pile must contain seven cards; this fact is not apparent to the company if the trick be done neatly and quickly, and the odd card will, of

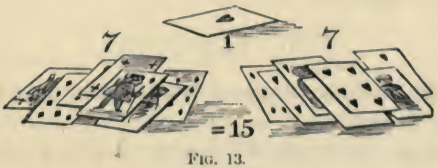


FIG. 13.

course, make an even number of cards in the pile to which it is added. In the cut (Fig. 13) the cards are represented as if they had been laid out into the two piles loosely; this is done in order to explain how the seven cards come in each pile.

Necromancy being in order, two of the party may proceed to puzzle the remainder of the company by the trick game of

This, or That.

The two who are in the secret agree, that when an object selected by the company is touched by the leader, he shall say, "is it *that?*" when other objects are touched, he says, "is it *this?*"

EXAMPLE: The accomplice leaves the room, and the leader requests the company to select any object that he is to guess when he returns. The company decide upon a vase of flowers, and the accomplice is recalled.

LEADER (*touching each article as he names it*). Is it this book?

ANS. No.

LEADER. Is it this chair?

ANS. No.

LEADER. Is it this cushion?

ANS. No.

LEADER. Is it that vase of flowers?

ANS. Yes.

By altering the catchword whenever the accomplice leaves the room, the company may be puzzled a long time.

When they are tired of this, let the entire company join in a merry game, called

The Museum.

One of the party, Mr. Jones, suddenly jumping up, calls upon another by name.

MR. JONES. Mr. Coyle, did you know that I had just returned from a journey round the world?

MR. COYLE. Ah, indeed!

MR. JONES. I have brought home a most wonderful collection of curiosities, and being of a speculative turn, I am desirous of selling some of them.

MR. COYLE. Ah, yes! Well, suppose you let me see some.

MR. JONES. Here (*throwing a light handkerchief over the*

face of a tall handsome gentleman) you may see a stuffed alligator from the banks of the Nile. All the curiosities that smile you may have very cheap, but I cannot part with those that retain their gravity.

MR. COYLE. That will suit me.

MR. JONES. This alligator (*twitching off the handkerchief*) is one of the most monstrous of his species. During our voyage home, while I endeavored to keep him alive, he devoured seventeen negro babies every day, and washed them down with nine gallons of the best Eau de Cologne.

(*Dense gravity on the part of the alligator.*)

MR. COYLE. But what caused the death of the interesting specimen?

MR. JONES. My dear sir, the supply of babies gave out, and he endeavored to swallow the black cook whole. She stuck in his throat and choked him, though you would never guess it, to look at the size of his mouth.

(*Here the smiling alligator is sold to Mr. Coyle.*)

MR. JONES. This specimen (*throwing his handkerchief over a pretty blushing girl*) is a little treasure of art I secured at great expense in Paris (*removing the handkerchief*). It is a casket of jewels. These brilliant diamonds (*pointing to eyes*) could never be replaced, if lost, and you never saw more beautiful twin rubies (*pointing to lips*) than these.

(*The young lady, smiling and blushing, is sold, and the handkerchief thrown over a grinning boy of seventeen.*)

This is a bottle of the celebrated Dr. Humbug's Panacea for all invalids of whatever age, country or condition. One dose has been known to entirely cure the most aggravated case of Amiability Fever (*uncovering the now solemn countenance*), and the taste, though slightly stimulating at first, is nothing after you are used to it.

MR. COYLE. Used to it! I'd never get used to it. If I took it at all I should swallow it whole, like a pill.

(*The bottle of bitters, exploding, is sold. The next proved to be Eng, one of the Siamese twins.*)

I'm not going to believe that; I can take in a good deal, but that's a sticker.

MR. JONES. Really! that is too much! I tell you, sir, THIS IS ENG, late of the Siamese twins. He has recently been separated from his brother. I am astonished, sir, that you have not heard of that wonderful operation.

MR. COYLE. Humph! (*regarding Eng, who was a miracle of gravity, in the most critical manner.*) It seems to me, though, you've got the worse one of the pair. Get Chang for me, and it's a bargain.

MR. JONES. Impossible! Chang is not separated yet; only Eng would submit to the operation.

(*Eng was not proof against this last solemn sally, and, with a hearty laugh, was handed over to Mr. Coyle.*)

Next in order comes a pretty girl, who loses her gravity when compared to sugar candy, and smiles at the compliments upon her sweetness. A very solemn old gentleman will often remain unsold, his gravity proof against the combined wit of both seller and buyer.

Curiosities from all countries may be introduced: An Egyptian mummy; a chip from Cleopatra's needle; a pair of bellows carried by Napoleon into Russia to fan the flame of patriotism in his soldiers; a bottle of water from the source of the Nile, brought home by George Washington after his Arctic explorations; Crossington washing the Delaware; or any other nonsensical wonder that may pop into the imagination of the showman, or be suggested by the demands of his customer.

After the merriment of the museum has subsided, there suddenly enters the room a strange being, who has been prepared while the company were engaged with other curiosities of the museum. It is not an easy matter to give this funny figure any distinctive name, but we propose to call it the

Nondescript, or Flexible Giant.

Fasten a large grotesque head to the end of a stick four or five feet long: around the neck gather a skirt of black material, long enough to reach the ground when the end of the stick is extended at arm's length above the head of the operator in-

FIG. 14.

FIG. 15.

side, as seen in Fig. 15. The best material for the skirt is the common black muslin used for linings, sufficiently coarse to

allow the person inside to see through it; its dimensions need not be more than about two and a half to three yards, or four breadths of the ordinary width of common lining. At about the height of the operator's knee fasten a hoop inside the skirt, to keep it from becoming entangled with his feet and legs; another hoop at about the height of the neck will prevent his view from being obscured by the folds of the skirt. The lower hoop should be connected by four tapes to the operator's waist; this will ensure him freedom of action in moving about the room. The various attitudes and movements which may be made with the giant are very amusing, if quietly and gracefully

FIG. 16.

FIG. 17.

performed. By lowering the figure-head and crouching down (see Fig. 16), and then gradually resuming an erect position and elevating the figure-head to the utmost, the figure will pass through all the stages of stature, from a dwarf to a giant. By swaying the head from side to side and inclining the body in the same direction, the figure will appear to rock and dance in the most laughable manner (see Fig. 14). A graceful bow is also a very funny position, as will be seen in Fig. 18. A very

neat way for reducing the height for final exit through the door is effected by making a bow, and curving the head right through between the legs, the disengaged left hand being used to raise the skirt for its passage. This will cause the head to project behind in a most ludicrous position, as shown in Fig. 17. In all straight or curved movements the operator's body must assume the functions of a flexible stick, or a continuation, as it

Fig. 18.

were, of the stick to which the figure-head is attached, avoiding all abrupt angles, and moving in graceful curves and with easy undulations. The length of the stick or cane used must be proportioned to the height of the apartment in which the exhibition is to take place; in the spectacular drama of the "Black Crook," in which these figures were first introduced,

the height of the stage allowed the giants to assume colossal proportions.

This would have to be greatly modified to suit the limits of a parlor, but the effects will still be exceedingly amusing. If two or three figures be used at a time, one of the heads may be garnished with an old woman's frilled night-cap.

Large grotesque heads can be obtained, ready-made for the purpose; but where these cannot be had, a very funny *large* mask, such as may be found at any costumers, will answer the purpose, a head being made with rags to fill it up, the back part covered with curled horse-hair, or anything available, to represent a giant's head. When the nondescript has created a sufficient sensation, one of the party proposes to end the evening's amusements by a little feat of magnetism, offering

To Magnetize a Cane.

This is a very surprising little fancy, and is calculated to create much astonishment.

FIG. 19.

Take a piece of black silk thread or horse-hair, about two feet long, and fasten to each end of it bent hooks of a similar

color. When unobserved, fasten the hooks in the back part of your pantaloon legs, about two inches below the bend of the knee. Then borrow a cane, taking care to select one that is slender and of dark color; place it within the inner part of the thread, as represented in Fig. 19. By a slight, almost imperceptible movement of the legs, the cane can now be made to dance about and perform a great variety of fantastic movements. In the evening the thread will be entirely invisible, the performer being careful not to sit in too strong a light, and the cane has no apparent support whatever. The performer should inform the company, before commencing the trick, that he is obliged to magnetize the cane, and by making mesmeric passes he conceals the movements of his legs, by drawing attention to those of his hands. He can order the cane to sway to the right or left, at will, motioning the cane with the appropriate hand; or it may be commanded to make a bow to the audience, and other movements that the fancy of the operator may suggest; provided only, that the execution of the movements should not require much motion of the legs, as this might afford a clue to the trick.

THIRD EVENING.

The guests being assembled for a third evening of hilarity, a pleasant game may be started, called

Throwing Light,

in which two players who have privately agreed upon the name of some article to be discovered by the rest, discuss the article without naming it; expatiate upon its uses, merits and peculiarities, and in various ways throw light upon it, until some other player, guessing it, joins the pair, and, without mentioning it, helps them to throw light, until all but one unfortunate player are engaged in this new system of illumination.

Of course each person playing is especially anxious not to be the solitary one "left out in the dark," and it is equally the aim of those throwing light to do so in as perplexing a way as they can without being unfair.

It is a privilege of the game, that the name of the article chosen may have two or more different meanings, as: *plain, plane; tale, tail; stair, stare;* so that it is not difficult, with a little ingenuity, to mingle considerable mystery with the light. But, alas, for the luckless one who, under a *false* impression that he or she has guessed it, ventures recklessly to throw light! As soon as he betrays himself he is compelled to cover his face with a handkerchief, and cannot be uncovered until he is able to send veritable light from behind the veil.

When a guess is made it must be whispered into the ear of the already-enlightened parties.

EXAMPLE: Mr. Jones and Miss Martin select *mouth* as the article in beginning the game.

MR. JONES. My preference for the article may be variously stated, but under the nose is a position of great benefit.

MRS. SMITH. Oh, I know! I like Lubin's best.

MR. JONES. I must challenge you. Will you whisper your guess in my ear?

MRS. SMITH (*whispering*). Perfume. Of course it is best under the nose.

MR. JONES. I regret to hide your charms (*throws a handkerchief over Mrs. Smith's face*).

MISS MARTIN. I prefer it with natural adornment, unpainted, unless framed.

MR. LEE. Alligators frequently use one to swallow another.

MR. JONES. I must challenge you, sir.

MR. LEE (*whispering*). Where an alligator's *mouth* takes in a negro, don't it include the negro's mouth, too?

MR. JONES. Right!

MRS. CURTIS (*having guessed right, throws light*). The statue of Memnon has a beautiful specimen.

MR. JONES. So has the Mississippi river.

MR. LEE. But in one it is wide, in the other narrow.

MRS. GRANT. Oh, is it a *mouth?*

ALL. Forfeit! You did not whisper.

While this game is in progress, a few of the classic scholars may retire, and introduce to the party

The Centaur.

The basis of this representation is very simple, consisting of two figures (men, of course) standing one behind the other, about half the height distant—the front figure standing erect, the other bending at the hips forward at nearly a right-angle, bringing the top of the head against the lower part of the backbone of the first, the hands resting on his hips for support as well as disposal (see Fig. 20). A large piece of drapery is then thrown over the stooping figure, so as to conceal the body and

limbs to the knee, and is brought round and fastened in front of the standing one just below the belt, and falling, conceals his legs also to the knee. Any kind of drapery will do, but a rich fabric, as a large shawl, or other article of apparel with either gay or sober rich color as a body, with a deep border or handsome ornament, would be the most effective. A tail may be extemporized from strips of paper, cloth, or any other material

FIG. 20.

that is flexible and convenient, and fastened by pins to the cloth at the proper place (see Fig. 21). Nothing is now seen of the figures but a part of the lower limbs, and the upper part of the front one. For close resemblance, the trunk and arms of this one may be cased in a tight-fitting undershirt, flesh color of course the best, but an ordinary undergarment, such as is usually worn, would answer very well. For mixed company, to take off the baldness of apparent nudity, and for, perhaps, decorum, a sash, robe, or short mantle, may be thrown over the left shoulder and fastened over the right, of some light fabric which would float or fly about freely with the motions of the

animal, and yet partially conceal the trunk. For ordinary purposes, however, any tight or snugly-fitting garment, as a vest or jacket, would do, as it may be easily modified by some appendage that would remove or disguise the familiar look of the article—even the shirt-sleeves may be worn to the wrist, or rolled up above the elbow, as taste or circumstances may suggest—or a vest made of a large sheet of light-tinted wrapping-

Fig. 21.

paper may be quickly got up, with arm-holes cut out, and the edges pinned together behind, like a dress-pattern, and marked to represent the armor, or any other costume. A quiver of arrows may be supplied from the property-room, or made easily out of stiff paper or cloth, and hung over the shoulder at the back. The hair, if long, may be brushed wildly about, or a helmet, turban, or hood, can easily be made from scarfs, handkerchiefs, or pasteboard, for the purpose of disguising the perhaps well-known features of the actor, or for picturesque effect. A bow or spear completes the equipment.

This getting-up may, of course, be more or less elaborate, ac-

cording to circumstances, but the simplest form is very effective if well acted, and this is the principal part of the representation to make it amusing. The prancing, curveting, cantering, and the various attitudes assumed by the principal figure, shooting the arrow, throwing the spear, flinging the arms about, swaying the body, giving the various supposable characteristics of the subject, can, in good and intelligent hands, be made very effective and diverting. As the animal represented is supposed to have been half human, the human part may be supposed to be able to talk, and give an account of itself, or utter ejaculations of fierceness, defiance, terror, etc.; and one posted in mythological lore can amuse and perhaps instruct the audience with some account of his race, lineage and history, or give any speech appropriate to the character. Very amusing scenes can be got up, by having two centaurs, more or less distinguished in the color and style of their make-up, who plunge at each other in mock combat, striking out their hoofs (or heels) front and rear; or run a tilt with lances in tournament fashion. For this scene shields may be improvised from articles of domestic use, as a tea-tray or waiter, or other articles which may quickly be adjusted by straps or strips of cloth so as to be carried on the arm, or may be got up more leisurely from pasteboard, tin, or other material, and, like all the other paraphernalia, more or less decorated and finished, according to circumstances. The position in this representation not being very constrained, the performance can be sustained for a considerable length of time without weariness, or an occasional rest can be taken to afford the rear figure a breathing-spell.

A trick may now be introduced, called.

The Magic Handkerchief.

The amateur juggler takes any handkerchief, and puts a quarter of a dollar or a dime into it. He then folds it up, laying the four corners over the coin, so that it is entirely hidden

by the last one. He then asks the company to *touch* and *feel the coin* inside. He then unfolds the handkerchief, and the coin has entirely disappeared. Apparently nobody has touched or removed it, yet it is gone.

The method is as follows:

Take the coin, and privately put a piece of wax on one side of it; place it in the centre of the handkerchief with the *waxed side up;* at the same time bring the corner of the handkerchief, marked A (as represented in Fig. 22), over the coin, so as to

FIG. 22.

completely hide the wax upon it. Now press the coin very hard, so that the wax will adhere to both coin and handkerchief; then fold the corners, B, C, and D, till it resembles Fig. 23.

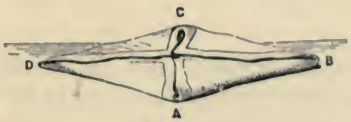


FIG. 23.

Then fold the corners, B, C, and D (Fig. 23), leaving A open. Having done this, take hold of the handkerchief with both hands (as represented in Fig. 24) at the opening, A, and sliding along your fingers at the edge of the same, the handkerchief becomes unfolded, the coin adheres to it, coming into your

right hand. Detach it, shake the handkerchief out, and the coin will have disappeared.

To convince the audience that the coin is in the handkerchief, when it is completely folded drop it on the table, and it will

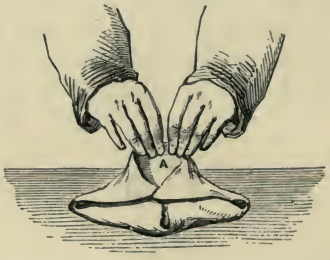


FIG. 24.

sound against the wood. When the conjurer sees that the company are interested, he may explain in this way:

"It is all in the handkerchief. I bought this valuable square of linen from a Fakir of the East, who assured me that it possessed magical qualities of the first order. It will tie

A Magical Knot,

as you see."

This trick consists in simply tying one knot with two ends of a handkerchief, and, by apparently pulling the ends, untying them again.

Take two ends of the handkerchief, one in each hand, the ends dropping from the inside of your hands. You simply tie a single knot, when your hands and your handkerchief will be in the position shown in Fig. 25. Instead of pulling the ends, C and D, grasp that part marked B with your thumb and forefinger, dropping the end D and pulling upon the end C

and the bend B, when, instead of *really* tying, you loosen the knot.

This trick should be performed very rapidly to avoid detection, but may be easily learned by a close examination of the illustration.

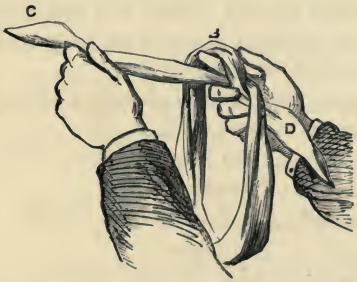


FIG. 25.

The merits of variety being admitted, put your handkerchief into your pocket, and having formed a large circle of the company, introduce to their notice the merry-making game of

One Old Orang-Outang.

Every one must now keep his memory on the alert, his face perfectly grave, and his ingenuity active, or prepare to pay an immense number of forfeits. The game commences by the first player stating that

"One old orang-outang opened oysters oddly."

All must repeat this, one after the other.

The player on the left of the first, then, after repeating the first phrase, adds:

"Two turtle-doves took a train on Tuesday for Turkey."

After this has passed around the circle, the third player, repeating both sentences, adds:

"Three thriving thrushes threaded thistles on Thursday."

It is better to have all the combinations original, but an

example is given, supposing fifteen players. Every time the sentence is made longer it must pass entirely around the circle of players till it returns to its starting-point, when the next player starts it again with a new addition.

Every smile, every omission of a word, or variation from the text, costs a forfeit for the culprit, and the merriment is very great when the sentence becomes so long that nobody can remember the whole of it exactly.

"One old orang-outang opened oysters oddly."

Repeated by all, starting again:

"One old orang-outang opened oysters oddly; two turtle-doves took a train on Tuesday for Turkey."

Repeated by all, the third player sending round again, adding:

"Three thriving thrushes threaded thistles on Thursday."

After all have tried this, the fourth player starts it afresh, adding:

"Four foolish frogs forgot fasting on Friday."

Round again, and the fifth player adds:

"Five flying-fishes finally fainted."

Repeated by all, the sixth player adding:

"Six slim sailors sailed for Sweden on Saturday."

The seventh player adds:

"Seven solemn soldiers shot Simon Snodgrass."

If the eighth player can get through all this nonsense gravely, and without stumbling, he adds:

"Eight educated emigrants eloped, eating eggs."

The ninth player complicates affairs still further, by adding the news that:

"Nine nodding ninnies never nibbled nosegays."

The tenth player gravely informs us, after all before said has gone round the circle, that:

"Ten traveling tailors took tea at Tarrytown."

The eleventh, if his nimble tongue and retentive memory hold out against the foregoing ten tantalizing topics, adds:

"Eleven enterprising elephants easily entered Easton."

The twelfth adds:

"Twelve tipsy topers tumbled topsy-turvy."

The thirteenth tells us that:

"Thirteen thrifty thieves threatened Theopilus."

The fourteenth adds:

"Fourteen fearful foemen fomented a furore."

And the fifteenth, that:

"Fifteen feminine fiddlers fearlessly faced a Frenchman."

All of which now falling upon the much-to-be-pitied circle, must pass around it in this shape, all smiles and omissions costing dreadful forfeits.

"One old orang-outang opened oysters oddly; two turtle-doves took a train on Tuesday for Turkey; three thriving thrushes threaded thistles on Thursday; four foolish frogs forgot fasting on Friday; five flying-fishes finally fainted; six slim sailors sailed for Sweden on Saturday; seven solemn soldiers shot Simon Snodgrass; eight educated emigrants eloped, eating eggs; nine nodding ninnies never nibbled nosegays; ten traveling tailors took tea at Tarrytown; eleven enterprising elephants easily entered Easton; twelve tipsy topers tumbled topsy-turvy; thirteen thrifty thieves threatened Theopilus; fourteen fearful foemen fomented a furore, and fifteen feminine fiddlers fearlessly faced a Frenchman."

Another form of the same game is to take the well-known nursery-tale,

The House that Jack built,

and repeat this time-honored tradition in this form:

The first player says:

"This is the house that Jack built."

The second one:

"This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

The third one continues the narration of the story:

"This is the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

Each player must now add to the house that Jack built: "This is the cat," etc.; "this is the dog," etc.

Each player makes an addition, until the wonderful story is completed, a smile or the omission of a word costing a forfeit.

The Birds.

is a somewhat similar game, but preferable on one account, that the difficulties are shared by all, not left to fall upon the last player. The leader starts a sentence, which is repeated by each one in turn, until it has passed around the circle. Again it is sent round, with an addition by the leader, a third, fourth, fifth time, or as often as the gravity and memory of the circle will permit, or the pile of forfeits will allow.

EXAMPLE:—The leader says: "A good fat hen."

This is repeated by each player in turn.

LEADER. Two ducks, and a good fat hen.

Repeated by each in turn.

LEADER. Three wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen.

Repeated by each in turn, without a smile or the omission of a word, on pain of forfeit.

LEADER. Four plump partridges, three wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen.

Repeated by each in turn.

LEADER. Five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen.

Repeated by each in turn.

LEADER. Six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen.

Repeated by each in turn.

LEADER. Seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen.

Repeated by each in turn, keeping sharp watch for forfeits.

LEADER. Eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, etc.

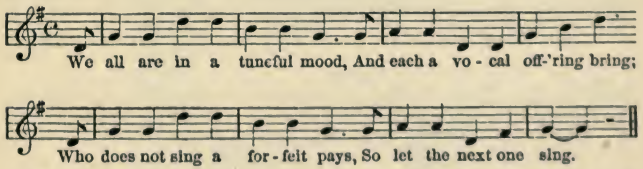
Repeated by each in turn, and if there be one of the circle who has not paid one or more forfeits, pass it round once more.

LEADER. Nine ugly turkey-buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen.

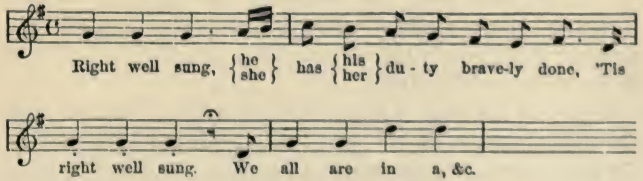
When the company have redeemed the forfeits lost in these amusing combinations, continue the fun of the evening by a

Musical Merry-go-round.

This affords an excellent opportunity for one individual, who has a good clear voice, to add largely to the hilarity and and amusement of all present. It is conducted by a gentleman, who explains to the rest of the company that each will in turn be required to sing one complete verse of any song, himself volunteering to be the first, and the others to follow in the order in which they are seated. The conductor commences by singing an introductory verse, as follows:

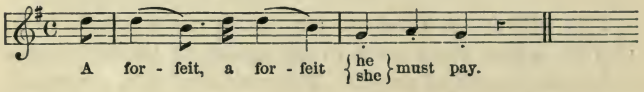


He then sings one verse of any song, sentimental or comic, as he may think most suitable. At the close, the whole company sing in chorus, under the direction of the conductor:

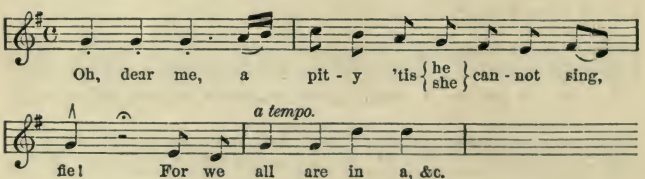


This leads to a repetition of the introductory verse, which is used as a refrain between each regular verse sung, the pause 𝄐 being filled up by a single, simultaneous clap of the hands by all the company present.

The next person must then sing a verse of his own selection, to be followed by the company in chorus, "Right well sung," etc., and the refrain, as before. Each member of the company should be ready to sing when his or her turn comes; if, however, after a reasonable but short pause, any one should fail to "come to time," the conductor and whole company sing:



After the forfeit has been decided upon by the conductor, the company sing, instead of "Right well sung," etc., the following couplet:



followed by the refrain, as before. The word "Fie" should be given short and with a will, the second and third beats of the bar being filled up by the syllable "oh!" instead of clapping the hands, this latter being the reward of the successful vocalist. Under an efficient conductor, this pastime is very amusing, the company falling easily into the couplets and refrain after two or three verses have been sung.

Supposing the evening to be by this time well advanced, send the guests to their several homes in a mystified condition, by the performance of a neat piece of legerdemain called

The Invisible Transfer.

To perform this trick, provide four small pieces of cork, and two pocket-handkerchiefs or napkins. Fold the handkerchiefs each four times, so as to make them, say, six inches square. Place the corks upon a table, about a foot apart, so as to represent the four angles of a square. Take up the napkins, one in each hand, the thumb on the top and the fingers underneath, as in Fig. 26; lay the napkins down, one on each of the pieces

Fig. 26.

of cork furthest from you, still keeping hold of the napkins. Secure the right-hand cork, which has just been covered, between the first and second fingers of the right hand (see Fig. 27). Withdraw the right hand, still holding the cork between the fingers, and leave the right napkin on the table, apparently covering the cork, where it remains undisturbed until the end of the trick. As you withdraw the fingers of the right hand,

turn the napkin which is in the left hand over on to the palm of the right hand, and bring down the right thumb upon it. This action conceals the cork held between the fingers of the right hand and exposes the left cork, showing that there is still only one cork there (see Fig. 28). With a few appropriate

Fig. 27.

remarks, you lay down the napkin, which is now held in your right hand, upon the left-hand piece of cork, at the same time leaving under the napkin the cork hitherto held between your fingers. So far you have the two napkins on the table, nothing under the right-hand one, and two corks under the left; and two corks laying near you exposed on the table. You now pick

Fig. 28.

up with your right hand the right-hand exposed cork, carry it under the table, and make believe to pass it through the table under the left-hand napkin. While doing this, manage to slip the cork between the ends of the fingers of the right hand, so as to hold it without the aid of the thumb. Take up the left-hand napkin with the left hand by the edge furthest from you, and the back of the hand upward; withdraw the right hand

from under the table, and, as the fingers begin to show above the edge of the table (see Fig. 29), draw the left napkin on to the palm of the right hand; secure it with the right thumb and hold it ready for the next step in the operation.

You have now the right napkin laying undisturbed where you first laid it; the left napkin in your right hand, concealing a cork between your fingers; and, when you lifted the left napkin, you disclosed *two* pieces of cork, one that was there at first, and another, apparently passed through the table. Next, cover these two corks with the napkin held in the right hand, and in

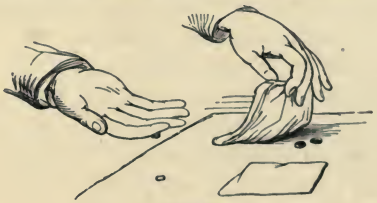


FIG. 29.

doing this, leave the third cork (till now concealed in the right hand) with the other two. Thus there will be three corks under the left napkin.

Now pick up the fourth cork with the right hand and proceed as with the third cork, making believe to pass it through the table. When the left napkin is lifted it will disclose three pieces of cork, and when the napkin is laid down again with the right hand (as before) you leave the fourth cork with the others under the left napkin.

You now utter some cabalistic words, calculated to make the cork, which is supposed (wrongly, of course) to be all the time under the right napkin, pass from the right under the left napkin. You then raise the left-hand napkin, and disclose all four corks under it; lastly, raise the right-hand napkin to show there is nothing under it. This is one of the easiest tricks to perform, and one of the best in its effects, if each of the movements involved be done neatly and quickly.

Fourth Evening.

Once again, with lively recollections of the previous evening's fun, a merry party assembles in the parlor. The majority of those present have "assisted" in the amusements of our former meetings; they have consequently lots of remarks to make and pleasant recollections to recall, sandwiched in between mysterious hints about new sensations to be introduced. The merry laugh and quick repartee make observations about the weather flat, stale and unprofitable, thawing insensibly the frigidity of the new-comers, who are agreeably surprised to experience the, to them, new sensation of feeling entirely "at home" within five minutes of their arrival at an evening party. Our indefatigable friend Jones started at once the game of the

Musical Neighbors.

His success in the museum line had established entire confidence in his leadership; he explained, therefore, to willing ears and attentive listeners, the simple arrangements for the fun that was to follow. His first order, requiring one-half of the company to be blindfolded, met with eager assent; the only difficulty was, they all had their handkerchiefs ready at once, and it needed a little stretch of his assumed authority to settle this matter satisfactorily.

"Now," said Jones, "we shall proceed to seat our blindfolded friends in such a way that there shall be a vacant chair at the right hand of each. Those who are not blindfolded will please stand in the centre of the room and make not the ghost of a sound. Those who are blindfolded are not to remove their bandages until they have won the right to do so. All must strictly obey the word

of command, and when requested to sing, the unblindfolded may comply in any assumed style they please, but sing they must. The blindfolded must not sing at all."

Jones seated himself at the pianoforte and played a prodigious chord.

"All be seated!" he commanded. They obeyed in stealthy silence, each sitting beside one of the blindfolded.

"Sing!" he shouted, commencing at the same instant to play the familiar air of "Johnny Come Marching Home."

A few grunts and timid squeaks were the only response.

"Sing!" he repeated, playing with increased energy. Two or three voices struck up with startling distinctness; some put in a feeble note here and there as the humor prompted, and the rest laughed unreasonably.

"This will never do!" cried our distracted manager, swinging round on the piano-stool. "Every one not blindfolded must not only sing, but must commence instantly on the word of command."

Our friend Jones struck a chord again:

"Unblindfolded, as you were, to the centre of the room!"

Performed with alacrity.

"Be seated!"

Done, as silently as before, only more so.

"SING!" ——and "Johnny Come Marching Home" once more.

Such an unearthly chorus in X flat as went up to those trembling chandeliers!

"SILENCE!"

The din of voices instantly ceased.

"Now, blind men and blind women, each name your right-hand neighbor."

Some guessed rightly, more guessed wrongly, and of those who were wrong, nearly all triumphantly snatched off their handkerchief bandages, only to stare in blank astonishment at the laughing faces beside them.

"Hold!" cried Jones, sternly, though he could scarcely be heard for the merriment. "The blindfolded can be relieved only when they *correctly* give the name of their right-hand neighbor; and then the bandage must be taken off only by that neighbor, who, in turn, must submit to be bandaged by the guesser and must take his place. This game amounts to nothing unless played according to rule. Shall we try it again?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried everybody.

This time all went admirably. The blindfolded sat in breathless attention. At the first word of command, the unblindfolded crept stealthily as mice to their seats; at the second, promptly opened their chorus; and at the third, each of the unblindfolded shouted the supposed name of his or her right-hand neighbor.

It was, however, impossible to manage the bandages according to rule. In the enthusiasm of imagined success the guessers *would* snatch them off, in spite of all Jones could do. But each mistaken blind man or blind woman was at once committed back to darkness and mystery, only to be relieved when a successful guess enabled him or her to bandage some luckless singer as a substitute.

It was strange how few of all the now familiar party could detect each other's poorly-disguised voice, but of course that only added to the fun.

Supposing the company to be ready for a more quiet amusement, let some expert necromancer show the amusing trick of

The Embarrassed Landlord.

Select from a pack of cards the four aces, kings, queens, and knaves. Place a common card upon the table and call it a hotel, about which you propose to relate a little story, somewhat in this style:

"This Tavern is supposed to be of modest pretensions, having only four sleeping apartments. One soaking-wet evening there came to the tavern four workmen, who demanded

lodgings for the night. The landlord, not expecting any more travelers, placed one of them in each of the four empty bedrooms."

Place the four knaves around the tavern, that is, one above, one below, and one on each side of the common card, face upward.

"The workmen had scarcely got settled in their rooms when four policemen came to the tavern and also desired accommodation for the night. The landlord at once introduced a policeman into each of the rooms."

Place an ace on each of the knaves, also face upward.

"He had no difficulty in making all parties satisfied with the arrangement. When he returned to the public-room he found four gentlemen waiting, who insisted on remaining over night. This disconcerted him very considerably; but, as there was no other way, he put a gentleman in each of the rooms and shut the doors."

Place a king on each ace.

"Soon after there came four ladies. Our landlord, at his wits' end, explained that the only four rooms he had were already occupied, each by three persons. As the ladies insisted, he introduced a lady into each room."

Place a queen on each king.

"Not a minute had elapsed when the four ladies came out of the rooms, protesting against this unnecessary mixing up of persons, and demanded that each class of persons be accommodated with a separate room, so that the four policemen would be in one room, the workmen in another, the gentlemen in the third, and the ladies alone in the fourth. This the landlord proceeded to put into execution."

Pick up each of the four piles of cards, lay them one on the other, let the audience cut—not shuffle—them as often as they please; then lay them out one at a time around the hotel, face downward, so as to make four piles of four cards each, and each pile occupying the same position as before.

"He thus succeeded at once in arranging the parties as the ladies desired."

Turn up each pile, and the four queens, the four kings, etc., will be found together.

Before the company have ceased wondering how the cards get so correctly assorted, notwithstanding the repeated cutting they underwent, obtain a set of dominoes, and announce that you propose

To Guess the Two Ends of a Line of Dominoes.

Cause the dominoes to be shuffled together as much as any of the company may desire. You propose to leave the room in which the audience are assembled, and you assert that from your retreat, be it where it may, you can see, and will be able to tell, the two numbers forming the extremes of a line composed of the entire set, according to the rules established for matching one domino with another in the draw game.

All the magic consists in taking up and carrying away, unknown to every one, one domino (not a double) taken at hazard; for the two numbers on it must be the same as those on the ends of the row of dominoes. This experiment may be repeated as often as you please, by taking each time a different domino, which, of course, changes the numbers to be guessed.

While the attention of the company is engaged in trying to solve the last problem of skill, let a few of the initiated prepare

The Irishman's Wake.

It is necessary for the effective performance of this trick, to curtain off a portion of the drawing-room, while the supposed "wake" is prepared. When the curtain is drawn, a long narrow coffin draped in black is disclosed, and upon each side near the head stands a man. These men are fighting fiercely, each

apparently striving to annihilate the other's hat. They bang and batter each other for some moments, until they fall back exhausted upon the floor. After a moment one lifts his head very slowly and cautiously, sits up, and finally rises, and peeps over the coffin to see the condition of his prostrate foe (see Fig. 30). In a second the other springs to his feet, and deals a fierce blow at the already much-abused hat. Again the contest is renewed, and the curtain is drawn amidst the laughter of the audience.

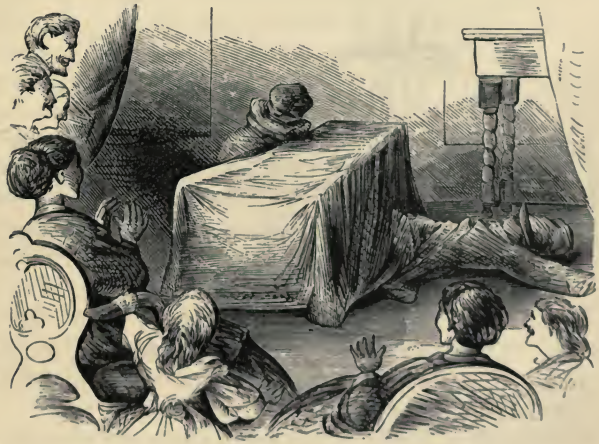


FIG. 30.

The stage-manager explains, either before or after the performance, that the combatants are disappointed heirs, fighting over a relative's coffin about the terms of his will.

Going behind the curtain, we find two chairs turned down, their backs uppermost, upon the floor (see Fig. 31), and under them a tall man, whose head touches the seat of one chair, and his feet the other. Upon each arm he has another man, made in this way: in each hand he holds a stick crosswise, to make shoulders upon which to hang a coat (a coat-stretcher would

be the best), which completely covers the arm, and is buttoned tight to the throat. The four fingers firmly grasp the lining of a hat, the thumb reaching out to the edge of the rim, so as to get a firm hold. Thus the arms held out from the body appear like two men facing each other. The chairs are now covered with a large shawl, firmly pinned *at the ends* to the carpet.

The dressed arms can now fight over the back of the chair which covers the man's head, and by appropriate movements a

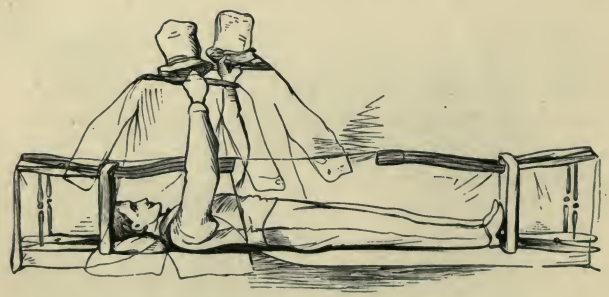


Fig. 31.

most furious battle can rage, the hats especially crushing and striking each other. The exhaustion is perfectly represented by spreading out the arms upon the floor.

When it is decided who has the best of this furious encounter, drop the curtain, and while "removing the corpse," let the company try a game requiring the exercise of wit and ingenuity, called

Planting.

The leader starts the game by stating what he planted, and what it came up, the two articles having some humorous connection or punning meaning.

The articles planted may be of any description, animal, vegetable or mineral, but they must come up as plants of some kind.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. I planted my *Shakspeare*, and it came up *Sweet William.*

FIRST PLAYER. I planted *men and women*, and they came up *beans* (beings).

SECOND. I planted *Rover*, and he came up *dog-wood.*

THIRD. I planted a *coquette*, and she came up *love-in-a-maze.*

FOURTH. I planted a *battle*, and there came up *flags.*

FIFTH. I planted a *widow*, and she came up *weeds.*

SIXTH. I planted a *fop*, and he came up *dandelion.*

SEVENTH. I planted *Coney Island*, and it came up *beech.*

EIGHTH. I planted a *negro*, and he came up *tulips* (two lips).

NINTH. I planted an *English coin*, and it came up *penny royal.*

TENTH. I planted a *young fowl*, and it came up *chick-weed.*

ELEVENTH. I planted a *fast young man*, and he came up *wild oats.*

TWELFTH. I planted a *cigar*, and it came up *ash*es.

THIRTEENTH. I planted *vain wishes*, and they came up *sour grapes.*

FOURTEENTH. I planted *charity*, and it came up *hearts-ease.*

FIFTEENTH. I planted a *kid*, and it came up *lady-slipper.*

SIXTEENTH. I planted a *clock*, and it came up *thyme.*

SEVENTEENTH. I planted a *philosopher*, and he came up *sage.*

EIGHTEENTH. I planted a *defeated candidate*, and he came up *beet.*

Each one must exercise some ingenuity, and one plant will suggest another, often giving occasion for much real wit and merriment. Compliments and sarcasms are often exchanged, and good-natured personalities indulged in.

The necromancer of the evening can now add to his laurels by exhibiting the utterly incomprehensible trick called

The Changed Dice-spots.

Place two dice between the finger and thumb of the right hand, holding your hand before you with the knuckles up, as represented in the engraving. By moving the thumb toward you the dice will turn over, causing the spots first exposed to come under the first finger, and bringing into view the spots which were first concealed against the thumb; we will call this movement No. 1. Now, move the thumb back again to the position first assumed; this will turn the dice back again, and constitutes movement No. 2.

To perform the trick, place the dice between your finger and thumb, as in Fig. 32, with (for example) the *two*-spot of each

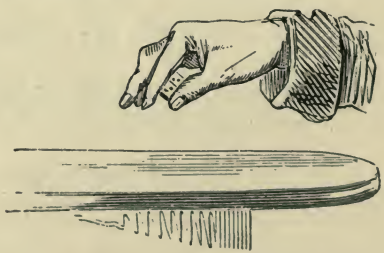


Fig. 32.

exposed in front of your hand, and show them to the company by turning your hand and arm to the right, keeping the knuckles upward. Next, sway your hand to the left, always with the knuckles up, and without moving the thumb, and they will of course see the two *five*-spots. Again turn the hand to the right and the *two*-spots will be seen as before. Now, turn the wrist, so as to bring the palm of the hand upward, at the same time executing movement No. 1, and, instead of the *five*-spots, two *fours* (for instance) will be brought into view. Again reverse the wrist, with movement No. 2, and the *two*-spots will again be shown, as before.

Fifth Evening.

Having assembled a pleasant party of fun-loving folks, for the fifth evening of social merriment, have it perfectly understood that each one must contribute a share to the evening's entertainment. Let nobody plead ignorance as an excuse for remaining idle, for five minutes will convey all necessary instruction for the simple amusements suitable for an evening's diversion.

Nothing, be it here observed, will so thoroughly mar the enjoyment of a social meeting, as a few damp blankets in the persons of people who won't *play*. Dignity, bashfulness, ill-nature or laziness, may any of them be at the bottom of a refusal to join in a merry game, but if you want to have a really "good time" request your guests to leave all such embarrassing sensations at home, and bring to your gatherings only good-nature, wit, and a desire to make every-body happy.

This being thoroughly understood, open the evening with

The Blind Beggar.

Let all the players seat themselves in a circle, excepting two, one of whom personates the blind beggar, and the other his guide. The guide, leading the beggar by the hand, asks three questions of each one of the circle, and in the answers, the words *white*, *black*, *yes* and *no*, must not occur, as the speaker who uses any one of these four words pays a forfeit.

EXAMPLE:

GUIDE. I have the care, madam, of a poor blind man, for whom I am soliciting charity. What will you give him?

ANS. An old coat.

GUIDE. What color is it?

ANS. Bright blue.

GUIDE. That will not wear well. Can't you give him a black one?

ANS. That is the only one I have.

This player having escaped paying a forfeit, the guide goes to the next one.

GUIDE. What will you give a poor blind man, too old to work?

ANS. I will give him a pair of gloves.

GUIDE. Kid gloves?

ANS. No. Cotton.

GUIDE. You said *no;* please pay me a forfeit.

Twice round the circle seldom fails to obtain a forfeit from each one, the guide trying so to contrive his questions as to betray the speaker into saying one of the four forbidden words.

Another game of somewhat similar character is

Garibaldi.

The leader solicits a gift for Garibaldi from each one, first stating that "Garibaldi detests his ease."

Each player must now make Garibaldi a gift, but must omit the letter *e* in his answer, or pay a forfeit.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. I am soliciting contributions for Garibaldi, who detests ease. What will you give him?

FIRST PLAYER. A gun.

LEADER. What will you give him?

SECOND PLAYER. A sword and belt.

LEADER. Pay a forfeit; there is an *e* in belt. What will you give him?

THIRD PLAYER. A military hat.

LEADER. What will you give him?

FOURTH PLAYER. A new red shirt.

LEADER. Two forfeits; there is an *e* in new, and another one in red. What will you give him?

FIFTH PLAYER. A gun.

LEADER. Pay a forfeit; the same thing must not be named twice, and he has already had a gun. What will you give him?

SIXTH PLAYER. A body of troops.

And so on, every repetition and every *e* paying a forfeit.

The ingenuity of some of the gentlemen may be exercised during the last game, by the construction of a new addition to the menagerie of our social circle.

The Giraffe.

This subject is composed of two figures standing one behind the other, the front one upright, or perhaps inclining slightly forward: the rear one bending forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, his hands placed upon the shoulders of the front figure, and his head brought in contact with the upright performer's back, just below the shoulder-blades. The front figure, with his arms and hands as close to the sides and front of his body as possible, carries a stick or pole some four or five feet in length, holding it upright by the end, and inclining it a little forward, or about on a line with his own body. On the top of this (which serves as the skeleton of the neck of the animal represented), the head of the Giraffe is fastened, and in order to give side or lateral motion a cross-piece may be fastened to the pole four or five inches from the top, which, running lengthwise with the head, will give this motion by twisting the pole in the hands of the holder (see Fig. 33).

The head may, of course, be got up with more or less care, according to circumstances—from the carefully-elaborated production of a day's effort, shaped and painted according to the best zoological resemblance, to a sheet of brown paper cut and twisted into a kind of rough likeness of the animal. A grocer's paper

bag may easily be wrought into a tolerable resemblance by a little trimming with the scissors, and fastening with pins or thread; some holes cut out for the eyes, and the nostrils and mouth the same, or marked with ink or water-color; the ears and horns are small pieces of paper twisted or folded into shape, and fastened on with pins; the whole marked with ink or water-color to imitate the spots of the animal. The head thus made

FIG. 33.

may be stuffed with cotton or thin paper to stiffen it a little and hold out its shape, while the rod and cross-piece, when inserted, materially assist this result. Over the top of the pole the end of a piece of cloth (something of a brownish color with a large spotted pattern, would be best as resembling the color and markings of the animal; but almost any chintz pattern would answer) is placed and the head put on over it, com-

pressing the drapery to the form and size of the throat. The drapery then descends, enveloping the stick loosely, being narrow at the top or throat, and spreading or enlarging as it descends, so as to cover the heads, arms and bodies of the two figures, about to the knees. A string or narrow band may then be tied loosely around the whole at the neck and shoulders of the front figure, thus gathering the drapery to complete the neck of the giraffe and give the swell to the foreshoulders of

Fig. 34.

the animal; the rest of the drapery may be left loose as in the case of the Centaur (see page 43), or be gathered between the legs and under the space between the two figures, and fastened with pins, as represented in Fig. 34. In this case a little stuffing would be useful in filling and rounding out the sides and

stomach of the giraffe. A tail is easily made and fastened, and requires no special instruction. Thus completed, nothing is visible of the performers but their legs. Two persons with the longest endowments as to legs, and wearing tight-fitting pantaloons of a drab or fawn color, would make the resemblance very complete; or the pantaloons may be removed and tight-fitting drawers be the only covering of the lower limbs. But even with ordinary costume, if the upper part is got up well those deficiencies will be easily overlooked, and if the characteristics of the animal are well given it cannot fail to be amusing, while the positions of the actors are so easy that the representation can be long sustained without fatigue. As, however, the heads of both figures are covered, it would be well if the drapery were of some thin fabric, so that it would not obstruct the breathing, and give more or less light to enable the principal figure to move about freely. In any case a keeper or guide would be a valuable adjunct, who might, while the animal is moving about or examining the high objects in the room, entertain and instruct the audience with the natural history of the creature, or show off his paces in the most amusing manner he can think of.

The long-necked animal having made his parting bow to the company, a clever trick may be performed, which will occasion much wonder and merriment if neatly executed.

A lady might easily learn it, but, as needlework seems to be the special province of the gentle sex, the trick is more absurd when manipulated by a gentleman performer.

The Needle and Thread Trick.

A piece of calico, woolen or linen, or even a pocket-handkerchief, is taken in the left hand, a needle is threaded in the usual manner before the company, and a knot, even a double or treble knot, is made at the extremity of one of the ends. The operator then proceeds to sew by drawing the needle and thread quite

through the fabric in his left hand, continuing to make several stitches in like manner successively.

The method of performing this seeming wonder is as follows: A piece of thread eight or nine inches long is turned once round the top of the middle finger of the right hand, upon which a thimble is then placed to keep it secure, as shown in the illustration.

This must be done secretly, before the trick is commenced,

FIG. 35.

and the thread must be kept concealed while the needle is threaded with a piece of thread of similar length and appearance. The thread in the needle must have one of its ends drawn up nearly close, and be concealed between the forefinger and thumb; the other should hang down nearly as long as, and by the side of, the thread which is fastened under the thimble so that these two may appear to be the two ends of the thread actually in the needle.

The end of the thread that is fastened under the thimble is then knotted, and the performer begins to sew by moving his hand quickly after he has taken up the stitch. It will appear as if he actually passed the clumsy conspicuous knot through and through the cloth.

Mary's Lamb.

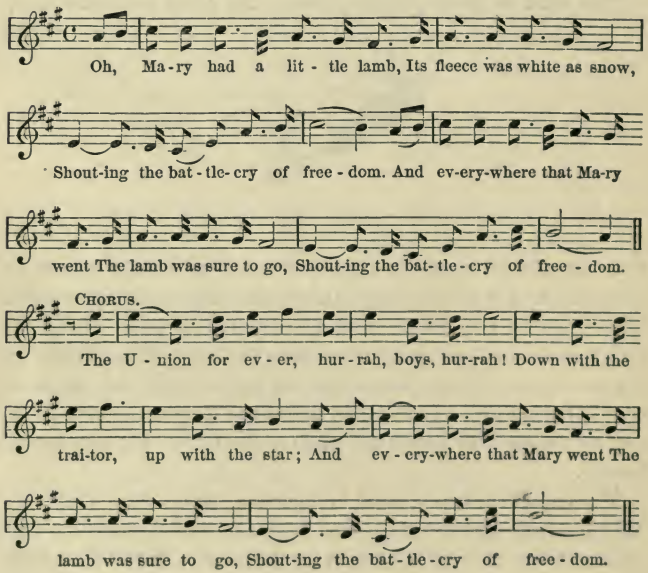
One of the most ludicrous combinations imaginable, is setting the words of some nursery-rhyme to a popular patriotic air, and singing it in trio or quartette parts, introducing the chorus of

the song, and sufficient of the original words, to make absurd combinations.

EXAMPLE:

AIR: "*The Battle-cry of Freedom.*"

This tune is remarkably well adapted for the arrangement of almost any nursery-rhyme, with but little alteration.



SECOND VERSE.

It followed her to school one day, which was against the rule,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
It made the children laugh and play, to see a lamb in school,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

CHORUS:—The Union forever; hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star
It made the children laugh and play, to see a lamb in school,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

THIRD VERSE.

And so the teacher turned him out, but still he lingered near,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
And nibbled all the grass about, till Mary did appear,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
CHORUS:— The Union forever; hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, and up with the star.
And nibbled all the grass about, till Mary did appear,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

FOURTH VERSE.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the little children cry,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know," the teacher did reply,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
CHORUS:—The Union forever; hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, and up with the star.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know," the teacher did reply,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

FIFTH VERSE.

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to get a pail of water,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
CHORUS:—The Union forever; hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star.
Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

SIXTH VERSE.

Sing a song a sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Four and twenty black birds baked in a pie,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
CHORUS:—The Union forever; hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star.
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

When the company have shouted themselves hoarse, puzzle as many as possible by the amusing catch-game of

Right is Wrong.

The simplest thing in the world to do, and yet not often done rightly! Commence by standing exactly opposite a person and gravely informing him that he cannot imitate you in actions of the simplest description without making mistakes. To show how easy the movements are, you may go through them as follows: Hold your left arm well forward, with the extended forefinger draw an imaginary circle around your face, accompanying the action with the words, "the moon is round;" next, point to each of your eyes in succession, saying, "two eyes;" then touching the point of your nose, say, "a nose;" and lastly, point to your mouth with the words, "and a mouth." You now assert to the person opposite you that he cannot go through the same routine without a mistake. Unless he is naturally "left-handed," he is almost certain to perform the action with his right hand, which, of course, will warrant your telling him that it is all wrong; and he may repeat it many times over without discovering in what the error exists; in fact, he will fail to see that "right" is "wrong." If, however, he should use his left hand, you may say "now, try again; and this time watch the motions very closely," repeating the motions with your *right* hand. His left-handed imitation will then fail, because "it was the only way which was left."

Sixth Evening.

Again the lovers of fun having assembled, the hostess has her ingenuity taxed to prevent those ill-concealed yawns, those stealthy glances at the watch, or the polite forced smiles, that assure her the demon of weariness is visiting her brilliantly-lighted parlors. To prevent the fiend from even a sly peep inside the doors, she must exert all her skill, and by way of breaking the first tiny coating of ice that may follow the first meeting of her friends, let her start them into animation by a game of

Musical Surprise.

Clear the centre of the room, and having counted your guests, place two rows of chairs, back to back, the length of the apartment, having two chairs less than the number of players. Request one of the party, who is a good performer, to take a seat at the piano and play some merry tune, as "Virginia Reel," or "Yankee Doodle." The remainder of the company, one more than the chairs in number, join hands and dance in a circle round the chairs, keeping time to the music.

Suddenly, always in an unexpected place, the pianist stops playing. Every one must then try to get a seat, and, as the players exceed the chairs in number, one will be left out. This one now requests the company to rise, takes a chair from the row, and sits down outside the circle of dancers. The music and dance are resumed as before, again losing one player and one chair when the music ceases.

Continue until all are out of the game excepting one, who will have the privilege of claiming a forfeit from each of the players who were unsuccessful in securing a seat.

While this game is in progress, let two of the gentlemen have everything ready to perform the following extraordinary transformation-tricks:

One of them, addressing the players, resting after the fatigue of the last game, says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you may not be aware that in my medical researches in Paris I learned the wonderful art of compressing and elongating the human figure, and can, by a simple and painless process, reduce a man of six feet to three feet in height, or lengthen one of five feet to seven or eight feet in height. Incredulity is mirrored upon your faces. Mr. W., you are a tall man about my own height, I should judge. Would you have any objection to taking the character of.

The Compressed Man.

for the amusement of the company?"

MR. W. Will you inform me what I am to do?

FIG. 36.

LEADER. Merely to allow me to throw you into a deep

trance, by means of mesmerism and a little *diablerie.* I will then squeeze you down to a height of three feet, and exhibit you to the audience, restoring you to your proper proportions before you are awakened. I must request, however, the most perfect silence in the room, as a sudden awakening would result in leaving you compressed for the rest of your material existence.

Mr. W., consenting to the operation, is led into an adjoining room, from whence proceeds a sound of sawing, a few groans, and a perfume like sulphur or burning matches.

When the company are all on the *qui vive,* the compressed

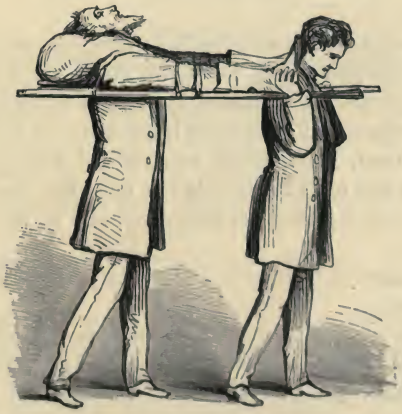


Fig. 37.

man is slowly borne into the room (as seen in Fig. 36), a perfect dwarf.

If we follow the bearers of this compressed man into the dressing-room, we shall find the supernatural operation fully explained.

Mr. W. and another gentleman of the same height have put upon their shoulders two horizontal bars, their heads coming

up between. A cradle-pillow being put under Mr. W's head, he rests upon it with his eyes closed. Stretching out his arms upon the bars, a pair of boots are put upon them, and a pillow placed under Mr. W's chin and down to his new legs. Over this is thrown a cradle-quilt, and the heels of the boots are made to rest upon the foremost gentleman's shoulders. The illustration (Fig. 37) will show the method of compression.

While Mr. W. is being restored to his proper allowance of feet and inches, a short man is persuaded to enter the dressing-room, for the purpose of being again presented to the company as

The Elongated Man.

The same noises, the same perfume, are followed by the appearance of the gentleman, apparently about nine feet high, and carried as before in a deep trance, upon the shoulders of two men.

The arrangement of this figure is the same as before, longer bars being used, larger quilts required for covering, and the boots being tied upon the bars to rest upon the foremost man's shoulders, while the head, as before, appears at the other end of the bars.

It is necessary in both cases to have the performers of exactly the same height.

While this wonderful dwarf-and-giant-in-one is being restored to his normal proportions, the remainder of the company may start a pleasant game in which the children can take part, called

Traveling Alphabetically.

The players should be seated in a circle, and a leader chosen who asks the questions.

The answers must be given in regular alphabetical order, and should be original, and may be humorous if the spirit of fun moves the party speaking.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. Ladies and gentlemen, you are all invited to make a journey to any part of the world you may prefer, and tell me your mission; but you must name your destinations and errands in the order of the alphabet.

Miss A., where are you going?

ANS. To Alexandria.

LEADER. What will you do there?

ANS. Apply for Amusing Anecdotes.

"I am going to Baltimore," says the next.

LEADER. What will you do there?

ANS. Bake Bacon and Beans.

Each one is asked in turn by the leader, "Where are you going?" and "What will you do there?"

C—goes to Constantinople to Call for Citron.

D—to Danforth to Dress, Dine and Dance.

E—to Europe to Eagerly Enjoy Everything.

F—to Flanders to Fish for Flounders.

G—to Greenpoint to Garden and Groan.

H—to Hazlehurst to Hunt Hopping Hares.

I—to Ireland to Imitate Irishmen.

J—to Jersey to Join in a Jubilee.

K—to Kensington to Keep Kittens Kindly.

L—to Louisville to Love Loyally.

M—to Maryland to Marry a Musician.

N—to Newton to Nod Nervously.

O—to Ottawa to Own Outrageous Onions.

P—to Paterson to Patronize Pastry.

Q—to Queenstown to Quarrel Queerly.

R—to Rahway to Rove and Roam.

S—to Siam to Sell Seven Shawls.

T—to Toronto to Tell Tedious Tales.

U—to Uruguay to Upset a Usurper.

V—to Vienna to Vex a Vixen.

W—to Waterloo to Weep and Wail.

Y—to Yarmouth to Yawn.

Z—to Zante to Zig-zag Zealously.

When the alphabet has been round two or three times, a clever trick may be performed with a pack of cards, called

The Interrupted Housebreakers.

This trick is performed in a similar manner to the "Embarrassed Landlord" (given on page 58), and is dependent upon the same principles, but, as it employs the entire pack of cards, its effect is still more surprising. From a pack of fifty-two cards select the four aces, the four kings, etc., down to the four twos.

Then inform the company that "here are four houses (laying down the four aces separately), which four knaves enter for the purpose of robbing (laying a knave upon each ace), and take with them their implements for housebreaking (and upon each of the knaves you lay a two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight). The mistresses of the houses come home (laying a queen upon each of the heaps), bringing their money with them (laying a nine upon each queen). Shortly after, their husbands also return (laying a king upon each nine), also bringing money with them (lay a ten upon each heap.)"

You have now disposed of all the cards, which form four distinct heaps. Then lay one heap over the other, and let as many persons cut them as please.

"The arrival of the husbands had the effect of driving the burglars out of the houses; the noise they made in dropping their implements brought out the husbands and wives, who in their hurry also dropped their money (while you are saying this, arrange the cards into thirteen heaps, of four each, putting one card at a time to each of the heaps in rotation, and face upward; each heap will then contain the four cards of the same denomination, the four aces, the four kings, and so on). Thus you see the four houses are empty (pick up the four aces); the burglars (the four knaves) are all together; the husbands (the kings) are here; their

money (the four tens) is here; the ladies (the queens) are here; their money (the nines) is also here; and (throwing the remaining cards together) the tools are here just as they were thrown away by the terrified burglars."

The conjurer, having the "floor," may still further perplex his audience by another clever feat of skill, called

Telling the Dice Unseen.

This trick is performed with an ordinary dice-box and three dice. Place the dice and box on a table, and request one of the company to throw the dice. While he is doing this your back must be turned to the table, so that it is evident to all that you cannot see what he throws; tell him to remember carefully how many spots he has thrown; then, reaching back with your hand, but without turning round, pick up one of the dice, turn up the side of it which was on the table, and tell the person who threw the dice to add that to the number he threw; now tell him to put the die, which you hold in your hand, into the box and throw it again, and add that also to his count. You now turn round, count the uppermost spots on the dice as they lay, add seven, and announce the sum, which will exactly tally with the count made by the person who threw the dice.

EXAMPLE:

We will suppose the first throw to consist of five, four and one, together ten; you pick up the four and turn the bottom up, which is three, this makes the count thirteen; this die is again thrown and turns up a six, making nineteen in all. On turning round, you see on the table, five, one and six; that is, twelve spots. Add seven to twelve, and the result is also nineteen.

This is a good trick, and depends solely on the fact that the spots on the two opposite sides of a die always count seven. It may be varied, to avoid repetition of the same thing, by picking up two dice instead of one, causing the spots on the under side

of both to be added to the amount of the first throw, and then both thrown again, only that you privately add fourteen, in place of seven, to the dice on the table. The bottom sides of all three may even be shown and all thrown again, and a correct result will be obtained by adding twenty-one to the last throw.

The effect of this apparent marvel of "second sight" may be still more increased by using five or six, or more, dice instead of three. The method of procedure is precisely the same, as you have to add, for every die that you pick up, seven points to the spots exposed on the dice when you finally look at them.

EXAMPLE:

Suppose six dice have been thrown on the table behind you. The throw consists of six, three, two, six, five, four; altogether, twenty-six. You pick up, say, the six, five and four, and expose their underneath spots (one, two and three) to be added to the count. These added to the original twenty-six make thirty-two. You now give these three dice to be thrown again, say, four, two, six; making a total of forty-four. On turning toward the table you see six, three, two, four, two and six; together twenty-three. Add twenty-one (*three* sevens, or *one* seven for each die picked up), and you declare the total to be forty-four.

Seventh Evening.

The early part of a social evening is apt to drag, especially during the interval between the arrival of a few punctual guests and the majority of those invited, who come an hour or so later. It is like the half-hour before the bell rings at a dinner-party, when every-body is in the anxiety of waiting.

It is well in this interval for the hostess to have some amusement started suitable for a small number of guests, and which will allow that easy chat and comparison of opinions not always practicable in a larger company.

One of these is the

Hat Measurement.

After leading the conversation skillfully to the subject of optical illusions, remark, that very few people are aware of the actual height of the crown of an ordinary high silk hat. A hearty laugh may be raised by testing it in this way:

Fig. 38.

Ask a person, or several persons, to point out with a finger or

walking-cane, on a wall, above a table, about what he supposes to be the height of an ordinary hat. You will find he will place his mark about a foot above the table. Place the hat under it, and he will find, to his surprise, that the space indicated is more than double the height of the hat. An inch is said to be a considerable addition to a man's nose, but no one would realize, without testing it, what a material difference it would make if added to a man's hat.

The height of a common flour-barrel is just the length of a horse's face, and much merriment may be made by asking the company to mark their idea of the height of a flour-barrel upon the wall. In nine cases out of ten the mark will be several inches, or even a foot, too high.

The company having had an opportunity to gather in greater number, there is probably sufficient for the very pretty game of

Insects and Flowers,

which offers occasion for the interchange of compliments, as well as the exercise of wit, fluency, and narrative.

The players divide, and sit in a circle, or in two rows facing each other; the gentlemen being together on one side, the ladies on the other.

Each gentleman must select an insect which he is to personate, as a wasp, a bee, a gnat, a fly, a hornet, mosquito, or other bothering buzzer.

The ladies each select a flower, as a rose, a violet, a pink, a pansy, or any other favorite of the garden.

One of the gentlemen selecting a butterfly must commence to recite an original story, the continuation of which forms the game.

Whenever any of the narrators mention the gardener, the insects shield their faces with their hands as if in fear, while the flowers extend their arms as if welcoming him.

When the watering-pot is named, the flowers stand up for a

moment as if refreshed, while the insects kneel down as if crushed.

When the sun is mentioned, all rise and clap their hands three times, as if pleased.

As soon as an insect or a flower is named in the story, he or she must instantly continue the narration.

No flower or insect must be called upon twice in the same story.

Forfeits are paid, if any of the gestures are forgotten in their proper places, for any failure to answer to the assumed name, or for calling upon the same insect or flower who has already spoken.

EXAMPLE:

BUTTERFLY. How charmed I am that summer has returned, when I can again display my beautiful wings in the sun (*all rise and clap their hands three times*), and flit from flower to flower, enjoying their beauty and sweetness. I wonder if during the long winter I have been forgotten by the exquisite white Lily.

LILY. Did I not hear my name called? I must have imagined it; unless, indeed, I was mentioned by that odious Caterpillar.

CATERPILLAR. You may scorn me now, haughty flower, but remember that the brilliant insect who spoke your name was but lately a humble worm like myself. I have not many friends in the garden. The gardener (*ladies extend their arms in welcome, gentlemen hide their faces in fear*) spends hours trying to drive me and my brothers from his flowers; and yet, did they but guess the devotion I feel for the beautiful Rose—

ROSE. How, sir! Do you dare to speak of devotion to me, when the whole garden knows I am the betrothed bride of the Honey-bee—

HONEY-BEE. Really, I shall have to call that fellow out, when my wings are dry. They were drenched this morning, for when I was asleep the gardener (*ladies extend their arms*

in welcome, gentlemen hide their faces in fear) came upon me suddenly with his watering-pot (*ladies stand and gentlemen kneel for a moment, when all resume their seats*). I must not let my betrothed know that I was flirting a little to-day with the Violet—

VIOLET. Was there ever such a vile slander! I never flirted in all my life! I appeal to my friend the Wasp—

WASP. Who will certainly bear testimony to your disinclination to flirt. If the honorable member wishes for a flirtation I would refer him to that saucy little coquette, the Pansy—

PANSY. Really, sir, your candor exceeds your politeness. Do you for an instant imagine one of royal descent would condescend to coquette? Mark my golden crown, my royal purple robes, if you doubt my claim to kinship with the aristocracy. But your sting is proverbial, and I shall appeal for protection to the valiant Hornet—

HORNET. Who comes at your call, gorgeous flower. How! are we to be insulted by plebeians, we of the nobility? Let me but say farewell to my fair betrothed, the Camelia—

CAMELIA. Who will never keep you from the field of honor.

And so the story passes from one to another, until each has contributed a share. If the forfeits are not too numerous, or the players are interested, let another Butterfly commence again.

While this game is in progress, a few of the ingenious gentlemen, mysteriously vanishing, prepare

The Wonderful Giant,

who is announced by the showman as he enters.

SHOWMAN. Ladies and gentlemen, this is the most marvelous production of Nature ever produced in this or any other country. This wonderfully-tall and superbly-proportioned member of the human family is but nine years old, measures ten feet in height and has a moustache three feet from end to

end, which he ties at the back of his head when he eats his daily repast of eleven pounds of fresh beef, two dozen eggs, one bushel of potatoes, two gallons of strong coffee, and any little side-dishes, such as half a dozen chickens, three or four lobsters, or such trifles as it may be convenient to procure. He is, you will allow, rather an expensive boarder, and troublesome on account of the necessity for elongated bedsteads and high

FIG. 39.

chairs, but as a curiosity he cannot be surpassed. He is quite good-natured, and will answer any questions you may wish to put to him. His name is Johnny Tenphooter.

Johnny, how old are you?

JOHNNY (*in a squeaky voice*). Nine years, fourteen months, sixty-five weeks and three hundred and eighty-one days.

SHOWMAN. How long have you been in this country?

JOHNNY. Twenty-one years.

SHOWMAN. What is your native country?

JOHNNY. I was born in Russia, emigrated at an early age to Jersey, was raised in Canada, and grew up in Hindostan.

SHOWMAN. Grew *up*, I think you said.

JOHNNY. Yes. I am still growing the same way. I expect to be quite tall when I come to my full growth.

FIG. 40.

SHOWMAN. H'm! Yes. Any lady or gentleman like to talk to the giant?

A smart boy for the giant's head and shoulders will make considerable merriment by absurd answers to even the most common-place questions. The giant is easy to produce in any family where there is a tall man capable of steadily carrying a small boy on his shoulders.

The boy being in position, and having been ornamented with an immense false moustache, a hat is put on his head and a very long cloak on his shoulders. The very best of giants' cloaks is the water-proof circular of a very tall lady, and a deep cape is important. Give the monster a cane to suit his height, and you have him as represented in Fig. 40, where he is shown without his cloak.

The legs are the most trying ordeal, as any attempt to get a breath of fresh air will surely result in spoiling the giant.

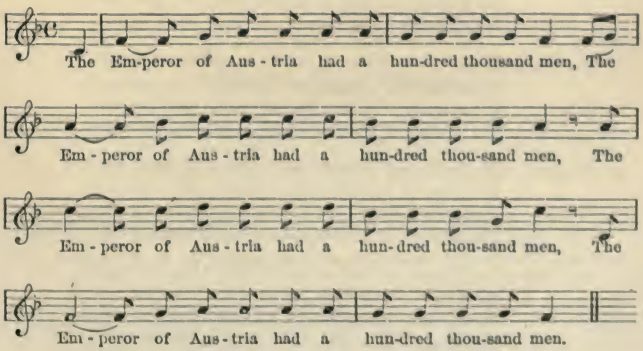
A military cloak and tall military hat with a feather are very imposing additions to this family of giants, and stripes upon the trousers will add materially to the appearance of great height.

The giant having retired in order to rest and draw a long breath, a few of the company, who have previously practiced the song, take a position, solemnly and with dolorous faces, at one end of the room, and sing:

The Emperor of Austria.

The great requisites for this funny performance are, some knowledge of music and the keeping of *perfect* time.

The tune should be monotonous, but well accented, and the song consists of the repetition, four times, of one line, as follows:



The second time the four lines are sung, the first word is omitted in the first three lines, the fourth line being given entire.

The third time, the first two words are omitted in three lines, still singing the whole of the fourth.

In this way the song proceeds, dropping word after word in the first three lines, but always singing the fourth line entire, till the whole of the time for three lines is dead silence, the fourth line being sung in its proper time.

The following is the song, all the words in italics being silent, but the audible ones coming upon the note and at the time they would if all were sung. The slightest error of time ruins the effect entirely.

1ST TIME.—The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

2ND TIME.—*The* Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

3RD TIME.—*The Emperor* of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

4TH TIME.—*The Emperor of* Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

5TH TIME.—*The Emperor of Austria* had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

6TH TIME.—*The Emperor of Austria had* a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

7TH TIME.—*The Emperor of Austria had a* hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

8TH TIME.—*The Emperor of Austria had a hundred* thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

9TH TIME.—*The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand* men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

10TH TIME, and last—
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men;
The Emperor of Austria had a hundred thousand men.

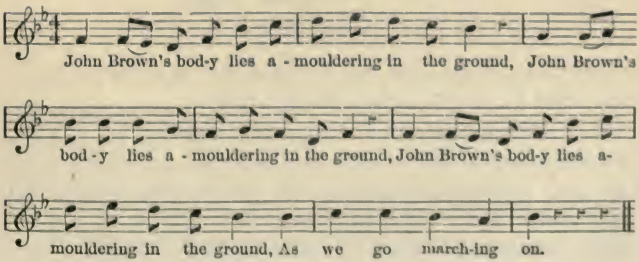
When well sung, the effect of the song is ludicrous to the extreme. Some performers beat time with hand, foot or head, but it is much funnier if they stand perfectly motionless, their eyes fixed in a steady stare and nothing moving but their lips.

"John Brown," to the tune of "Glory, glory, Hallelujah," is very funny sung in the same way, omitting in regular order the last words instead of the first, and singing only the first verse.

EXAMPLE:

The words in italics are omitted, after the song has been sung once entire.

John Brown.



John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the *ground;*
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the *ground;*
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the *ground,*
As we go marching on.

The next time omit the two last words, then three, then four till all the first three lines are silent, as in "The Emperor of Austria," which is also very effective if sung in the same manner as "John Brown," dropping last instead of first words.

Hocus-Pocus

may now be introduced by an expert performer for the amusement of the others, and rarely fails to gain laughing applause.

You commence this spirited performance by proving your

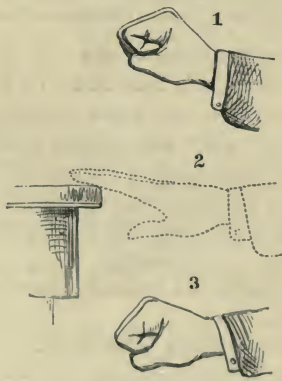


FIG. 41.

knuckles to be of wood or iron, by striking them uninjured against the edge of a marble mantel-piece or table.

You perform this trick by raising your clenched fist very high, allowing the spectators to see that it is well doubled, and then bringing it down very quickly, with sudden sharp force, but as you reach the marble open your fingers quickly so that they strike, closing the fist again instantly, as shown in Fig. 41.

This feat requires some practice, otherwise the knuckles will actually come in contact with the marble, when, although the effect will be quite as funny for the spectators, the performer will probably not see quite so well where the laugh comes in. But if done rapidly and expertly, it rarely fails to call forth a

FIG. 42.

scream or two from the ladies, and a rigorous examination of the performer's knuckles by the gentlemen.

Another piece of hocus-pocus consists in appearing to hit your head against the door with great force; you gravely inform the spectators that it does not hurt the door in the least, and your head can stand it as long as the door can.

This *ruse* is very similar to the preceding one and will certainly

surprise a company if well done. The performer should introduce the feat by some speech.

"Would you desire, ladies and gentlemen, to learn my secret for making impromptu verse? It is to irritate the forehead well, not by rubbing with the hand, as Horace did of old, but by giving your head some good sound blows against a wall."

He then proceeds to knock his head three or four times against the edge of an open door, as shown in Fig. 42.

He then puts his hand to his forehead, as if to deaden the pain produced by the violence of the blow.

Of course the operator does not really knock his head; he merely permits his head to touch, or *nearly* touch, the door, and at the same moment he strikes with his fist a smart blow upon the side of the door which is concealed from the company.

The correspondence of the movements of the head with the noise of the blow given by the fist produces a perfect illusion on the minds of the spectators.

We have seen a whole company running for water, camphor or vinegar, to relieve an unfortunate sufferer who sat holding his head, a picture of distress, after appearing to run against an open door, and performing this trick without giving any warning or preparation.

A lady after witnessing these performances may now ask if any one of the company can balance a thimble full of water upon a pin stuck in the wall. The chances are that no one can do so. The thimble is brought, and the lady, carefully holding this in one hand and the pin in the other, invites some very exquisite cavalier to come to the wall and hold the thimble while she drives in the pin. Just as she reaches the designated spot the pin drops from her fingers. The gallant must then search for it, and as he stoops, the lady performs her feat of hocus-pocus by emptying the contents of the thimble upon the head of her unsuspecting victim. It is not often that a lady can get so fair a chance to do a little harmless mischief, and she will be entirely excusable in using ice-water for the occasion, in order to intensify the ef-

fect, and raise the gentleman up, with a start, an exquisite "of the first water."

When the laughter subsides, you may introduce

The Mysterious Release.

This trick is so ingenious and interesting, that while it will probably require your closest attention to the explanation in order to comprehend it, will yet amply repay you for the trouble.

You get a string about three feet long, tie the ends together, and your preparations are complete.

First you require some one to hold up his finger. Place the string over it, winding it once around (the way of the clock, from right to left) forming a loop which completely surrounds the

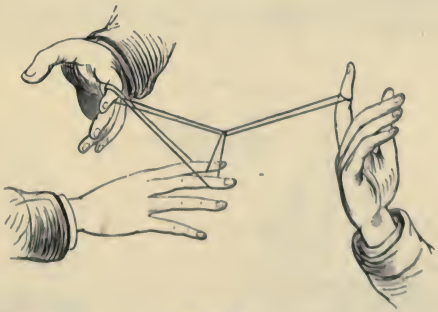


FIG. 43.

finger and clasps it tight. Then, with the right hand draw the remaining part of the string out straight, pulling it a little to show that it is securely fastened and cannot come off. You now propose to release the string from the finger, without taking it off over the top.

This seems an utter impossibility—and the uninitiated would undoubtedly so declare it. But it is not so. Holding the string

out straight with the fingers of the right hand, lay the forefinger of your left hand across the double string, about half way between your right hand and the finger on which the string is fastened. Then, with the right hand, carry the end it holds forward, over the forefinger thus placed, laying it across the double string half way between your left hand and the finger to which it is attached. This single loop which you thus carry over, and lay across, being slack, hangs down on each side of the double string, forming two loops, or one on each side, so that you can pass your right hand, which is now free, underneath, with the palm downward, and inserting the forefinger in the left-hand loop, and the second finger in the right-hand loop, pressing them down, the string being held across the top, you have the string in the position as represented in Fig 43.

In Fig. 44 the same position is shown as viewed from above by the operator.

As the string is thus held, you observe that the loops are pre-

Fig. 44.

Fig. 45.

cisely alike; that is, the inside strings pass under your forefinger, and the outside strings pass over it.

What is wanted now is to change or reverse the right-hand loop.

To do this, pass the second finger from beneath, between the inside and outside strings of that loop (see Fig. 45), letting it off

from the forefinger until it is fairly caught upon the second, (see Fig. 46), and then transferring it back again to the forefinger,

FIG. 46.

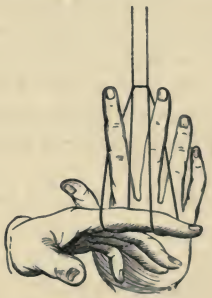


FIG. 47.

and you will see that by these movements the loop has become reversed; that is, the *inside* string passes *over* your forefinger, and the *outside* string passes *under* it, the left-hand loop

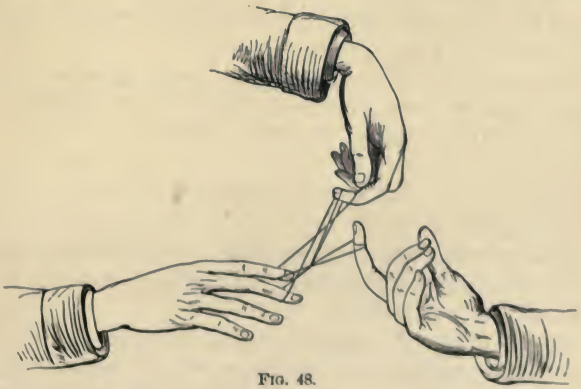


FIG. 48.

remaining as it was; so that now they are no longer alike (see Fig. 47).

Holding the loops on your forefinger thus arranged, and drop-

ping your hand to a perpendicular position, keeping the palm toward you, carry the loops forward and pass them over the finger to which the string was attached at the beginning of the trick. This movement (see Fig. 48) twists the loops into a sort of cat's-cradle appearance as seen by the operator. Then request the party holding them to be careful not to let the string slip over the top of his finger; and, in order to make that impossible, place the forefinger of your disengaged left hand on the top of his finger.

To pull now with both fingers would not effect a separation, but the string would seem be to still more firmly fastened, and the release a far greater impossibility, but let go the loop on the forefinger and pull upon the loop held by the second finger, and as if by magic the string comes entirely free from the finger on which it was wound, and is exhibited to the gaze of the spectators entirely in your own possession.

If neatly and quickly performed, this trick can remain a mystery for a long time, if the *reversal of the loop* be rapidly and neatly effected. A smooth and flexible piece of cord is almost indispensable to a rapid performer.

The ingenuity of the company having been expended in the attempt to guess the "Mysterious Release," a new game, requiring some thought, may be started, called

Century Court.

Century Court is played, by one of the party leaving the room and having a century assigned to him during his absence, such as Sixth, Tenth, Nineteenth.

Upon his return he is charged with all the crimes and abuses of his century, which he must explain, extenuate or acknowledge, according to his wit; or he is praised for its redeeming events, noble examples or fine characters, all of which he must gracefully accept, trying at the same time to discover what century he represents.

When he succeeds, he selects the party whose last speech gave him the hint from which he gained his information, saying:

"The Eighteenth (or other) Century, begs leave to retire, introducing Mr.——— to the court," and the new victim leaves the room, while another century is selected.

EXAMPLE:

We will suppose a gentleman has left the room, and the company have agreed on assigning to him a certain century. Mr Century is now called in, and proceeds to listen to the remarks made to him by the others.

MISS SMITH. Oh! How could you assassinate one of the best men that ever lived? (*William the Silent.*)

MR. JONES. Well! If he did, he produced one of the greatest poets. (*Shakspeare.*)

MRS. SMITH. Yes, and tried to introduce the inquisition into Holland.

MR. COYLE. That was nothing to compare with the fearful massacre he caused. (*St. Bartholomew.*)

MISS COLE. He was a good hand, too, at sinking ships—

MR. WELLS. Which made the most gentlemanly duck imaginable almost crow for joy. (*Admiral Drake.*)

MISS LAMB. Oh, yes; and laid the foundation for roast goose on Michaelmas-day.

MR. CENTURY. Thank you, Miss Lamb. I see. Roast goose, sinking ships, and Michaelmas. That means the Spanish Armada and Queen Elizabeth, thus making me represent the Sixteenth Century. Miss Lamb, you may take my place.

This game may be continued during the remainder of the evening.

EIGHTH EVENING.

Hats and hoods having been deposited in the dressing-rooms, and the little touches given to each fascinating toilet, suppose our friends once more assembled in the drawing-room, ready for another evening of amusement.

The opening entertainment, which includes all the merry-makers, is the game of

Justice is Blind.

Blindfold one player (we will suppose, of course, a lady), to represent Justice; she must then take a seat in the middle of the room, and the leader takes up to her each one of the company. Justice must then pass an opinion upon each, and the leader is to decide whether the opinion is sufficiently applicable for Justice to transfer her bandage to the person described.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER (*taking meek Miss A— to Justice*). Will you please give your opinion of this prisoner?

JUSTICE. I think he is too talkative.

LEADER. That will not do. It is Miss A— (*leading up Mr. B—, who treads lightly*). What is your opinion of this prisoner?

JUSTICE. She is a good housekeeper.

LEADER. Will not do. It is Mr. B— (*leading up Mrs. R—, who makes a noise with the heels of her boots*). What is your opinion of this prisoner?

JUSTICE. She is deceitful; she tries to make me believe she is a man, by treading heavily.

LEADER. A righteous decision. Mrs. R—, I think you must submit to be blindfolded.

Mrs. R— now tries her skill at blind judgment, and the game continues, until all have been blindfolded once.

After the company are tired of this game, a most amusing exhibition, arranged in an adjoining room, or behind a screen, may now be given. It is called

The Table Orator,

and never fails to create shouts of merriment when well performed.

Two persons are required to make the dwarfish orator. A deep window is the best place for the exhibition, or, if that is not available, a doorway, draped with full curtains, is the next best.

FIG. 49.

A table is drawn to the window or doorway, and the curtain arranged so as to conceal the person behind it.

The speaking actor then buttons a loose jacket around him, his arms hanging down inside instead of being in the sleeves,

which are pinned back out of sight. The assistant, who stands behind, as shown in Fig. 49, places his arms over the shoulders of the speaking actor; the latter thrusts his hands into a pair of boots, or stockings and slippers, and rests them upon the table; a hat is placed upon his head, while a third person carefully pins a cloak or shawl so as to conceal the assistant, all but his

Fig. 50.

arms, and arranges the curtain in such a manner as to allow nothing but the compound mannikin to be seen.

They now appear as seen in Fig. 50, and the audience now being admitted, the fun commences.

The visible orator speaks, and selects some deeply tragic or sensational speech, while the acting orator makes the gestures.

Occasionally the speaker may move his boots in some ludicrous manner to add to the effect.

EXAMPLE:

Acting orator puts his finger upon his nose, while the speaker commences "Rolla's Address to the Peruvian Soldiers."

"My brave associates (*acting orator scratches his head*)! Partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame (*blows his nose, the acting orator performing all the gestures, while the speaker keeps up the expression of countenance suited to his words*). Can Rolla's words add vigor (*doubles his fist*) to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts (*takes a pinch of snuff*)? No! you have judged as I have the foulness of the crafty plea (*twirls his moustache*) by which these bold invaders would delude you (*puts his thumb on his nose and shakes his fingers*). Your generous spirit (*takes a cent from his pocket and puts it back again*) has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours (*picks his teeth*). They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power (*takes off his hat and bows*), for plunder (*rubs his eyes with his knuckles*), and extended rule (*slaps an imaginary mosquito on his cheek*). We, for our country (*adjusts his neck-tie*), our altars (*fans himself with his hat*), and our homes (*puts his hat on just over one eye*)."

And so on, making the gestures as absurd as possible in their incongruity with the subject of the oration.

Many subjects for good speeches will suggest themselves: Mark Anthony's eulogy to Cæsar's mantle, Hamlet's soliloquy, and others; or an impromptu speech may be attempted; but let the words be always of tragic or solemn import, leaving all the fun for the hands.

At the conclusion of the speech, a verse or two of a song or dance, such as "Love among the roses," etc., may be introduced, with immense effect, the dancing steps being executed very neatly and quietly.

The oration over, a clever trick may be performed for the amusement of the merry-makers, entitled

What's O'clock?

Request any person to think of some hour of the day; tell him to deduct it from twenty, and remember the remainder. You take out your watch, and inform him that you are going to count around on the dial, and that when you have counted the number corresponding with the remainder that he was to remember, he must stop you.

EXAMPLE:

Suppose he thought of five o'clock; five taken from twenty leave fifteen remainder. You now count promiscuously (mentally, not aloud), pointing at each count with a pencil to one of the hours on the dial, but taking care at the eighth count to

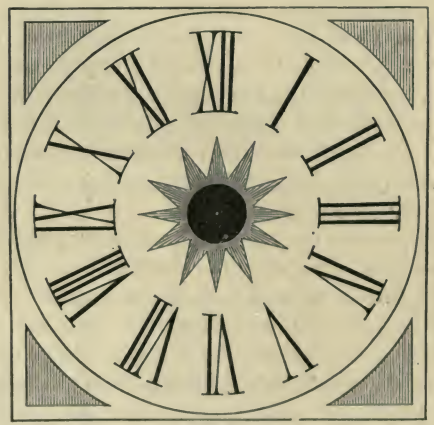


FIG. 51.

point to the "Twelve," and thence in regular rotation backward to the left. When you come to the figure "Five" you will be stopped, as this will be the fifteenth count, corresponding to the

remainder *fifteen* which he was to remember. You will thus know that five o'clock was the hour thought of.

If this trick be repeated more than two or three times, it is well to vary the number from which the deduction is to be made. Thus, instead of deducting, as in the foregoing example, five from twenty, the person addressed may be told to deduct the hour thought of from eighteen; but as eighteen is only six more than twelve, you must make your *sixth* (not the eighth) promiscuous count be at figure "Twelve" on the dial. In the first example, with twenty, the eighth count was made at figure "Twelve" because twenty is *eight* more than twelve. If twenty-two be the number adopted, the *tenth* count must be made on figure "Twelve," twenty-two being *ten* more than twelve; and so on for any other number.

The players are now requested to sit in a row and join in a

Russian Game of Gossip.

One of the company invents and writes down a short, striking narrative, say in about a dozen lines. This he reads to himself carefully, and then folds away out of sight. Taking the person on his left aside, he repeats to him as accurately as he can what he has written.

Number Two repeats this to Number Three, and so it passes round till it reaches the last player. The last person recites the story, and it is then compared with the original record. It is never the same, and the variations are generally very amusing.

EXAMPLE:

Thus, one end of a row gave:

"All over Dublin homes it is written eloquently cross the American Atlantic monthly because a suffering freedman is about to take the life of Snobbs, who has given permission and a fortune of fifty thousand pounds."

While the original document was:

"Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has written so eloquently in

the American Atlantic Monthly for the cause of the suffering freedmen, is about to relate the life of Snobbs, who has a commission and a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds."

Another was given, after passing round the circle,

"Dobson and his cousin Mary are in love. The family are opposed to the match, but the young couple intend flying to the Continent together, if they can hear of some pleasant party which they might quietly join. Now Dobson is of a violent disposition and very unreliable in every way, and the Hendersons are doubtful as to his social standing. But Mary, like a true woman, believes him to be an injured man, and so trusts her life and happiness to his keeping."

Which started as:

"Dobson and his cousin, Mary Henderson, being on quite friendly relations, think of visiting the Continent at the same time, if they can persuade some of their relatives and friends to make up a pleasant party to go abroad next summer. The Henderson family, knowing that Dobson is of a hasty temper and probably somewhat unreliable, as hasty persons are wont to be, object to her going. All things considered, however, Mary holds to her purpose, if the rest of the party are to her liking.

The evening concludes by a most interesting performance called

A Musical Recitation.

A kind of monologue, introducing fragments of popular airs, the words of which are generally so familiar to every-body, that the mere performance of the melody on an instrument suggests words which fill up the pauses in the speech, and form a continuous narrative. In its performance, a flute or violin, or even an accordion, will answer the purpose, but a pianoforte is a great deal better; and the musical portions should be brought in with precision, so as to fall in with and continue the speaker's narrative; not abruptly, but blending in with the text.

The following is furnished as a specimen, the *well-known* songs

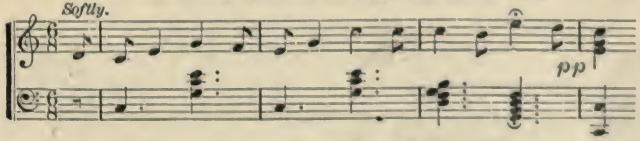
of the day affording abundant material for any-one possessing a little musical knowledge and ingenuity to arrange a variety of similar recitations. The musical quotations introduced are arranged as simply as possible, in order to be within the capabilities of a mere tyro in music, or to serve as hints for the guidance of the finished musician.

EXAMPLE:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I propose to relate to you this evening a few of the events and adventures of my life. I labor, unfortunately, under the disadvantage of being far from a ready speaker; so much so, that I should despair of making my remarks interesting or even intelligible, were it not for the promised assistance of my friend there (*pointing to the musical performer*), who has undertaken to support me when I stumble, and pick me up when I fall. Another drawback, and no light one, is the fact that my narrative must, from the nature of the case, be an unfinished one. I cannot prevail on myself to end my life just yet, not even for the gratification of my friends and hearers. It will be necessary, therefore, to break off in the middle; leaving it for my administrators and assigns to strike the closing chord of my composition. As I cannot go to the end in that direction, I will, at least, begin quite at the other end, and take it for granted that I was born. Of that fact I suppose I can speak confidently, as I was present on the occasion.

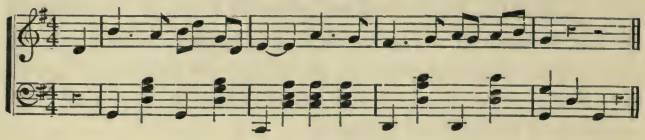
My earliest impressions are inseparably blended with recollections of my mother.

(*My Mother dear, my Mother dear, my gentle Mother dear.*)



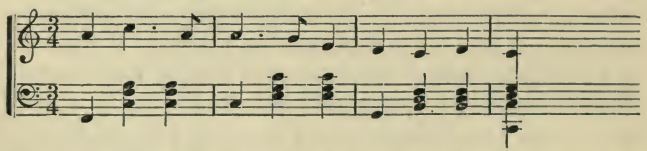
I have also some dim remembrance of my sister, a little mite of a child in those days, begging very earnestly to be allowed to

(*Put me in my Little Bed.*)



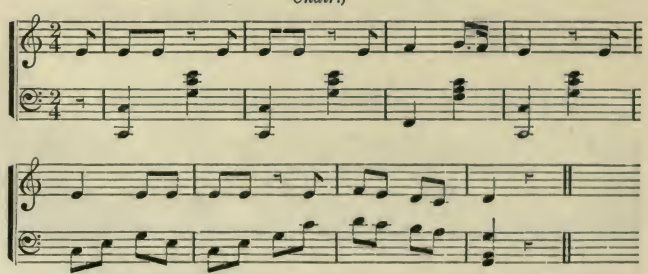
Of course, in those early times, my little bed was a cradle of ample size to contain my few pounds avoirdupois. Before long I would rub my eyes with my little dimpled knuckles, baby's way of saying:

(*Rock me to Sleep, Mother; Rock me to Sleep.*)



Then my mother used to sit down in her old arm-chair by my side and watch me as I slept. That chair became so familiar to my sight, so thoroughly associated in my mind with my dear mother, that I never can think of it without a certain degree of veneration and affection, for

(*I love it; I love it; and who shall dare to chide me for loving that Old Arm-Chair.*)

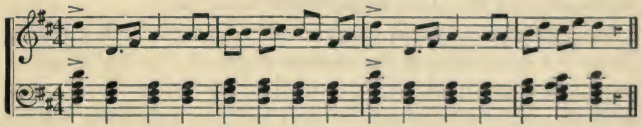


The first event of my life, the first real sorrow, was when

nature's sweet fountain was denied me; in short, as Mr. Micawber would say with a sudden burst of confidence, I was weaned; and then I made my first acquaintance with the bottle. I flourished and grew fat and strong under its influence, but I can't help thinking that it might have been the first cause of my liking the bottle too much later in life.

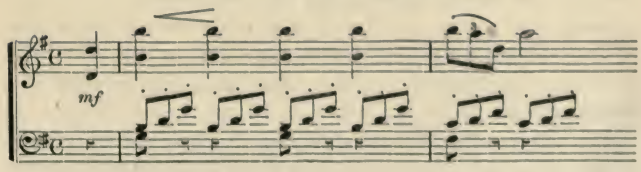
The next notable era in a boy's existence is his first day in school. It is when a boy goes to a boarding-school that he first comes in contact with a little world outside of his home; his active life may be said to date from that day. If ever he had any mischief in his little composition it is developed there. He has in all likelihood been hitherto duly corrected at home for his wrong-doings, but with a mother's soft, dimpled hand. Now, if he lets his slate drop a few times, or misses his lessons, or has been guilty of any other faults of commission or omission, the schoolmaster fetches out his favorite little rattan, and its

(Whack! fol de rol; Whack! fol de riddle; Whack! fol de rol, fol de rol de riddle day.)



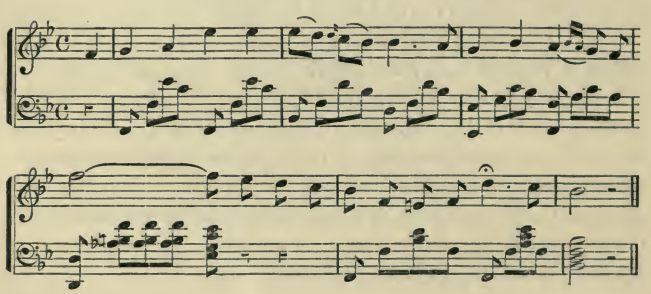
Yes, whack! is no word for it. Oh, that was misery! I felt in those moments as if I were the victim of all the sorrow and woe in the world. I felt

(The Heart Bowed down with Weight of Woe.)



I may be wrong, but I really do think the old pedagogue took a sort of morbid pleasure in whacking us. When he had put us through our cane-dance, he'd tell us that, when we felt like offending again, we should pause and reflect; and he'd say

(In such a moment all I ask, That You'll remember me.)

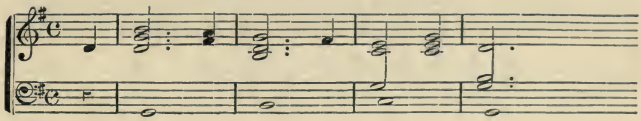


And then he'd give us one more whack, as a final clincher, to remember him by. Oh! I can almost feel it now.

Still, taking it all in all, those school-days were happy times. There is a peculiarity in the various stages of life, that, in passing through each one, that particular stage seems to be a life in itself. In leaving school we seem to leave a lifetime behind us; and in entering into business or other pursuits, we feel as if we begin life again anew. The pleasures and troubles of school-life dwindle into comparative insignificance when looked back upon from the stage of early shaving, tight boots, and the other absurdities of adolescence. That's my experience, at least, and the first real serious epoch of my life was of course the love and jealousy, the sighs and hopes of a premature maudlin love affair. I met her *(tragically)* and submitted to my fate. Oh, Julianna; your cruelty was the cause of all my troubles and wretchedness.

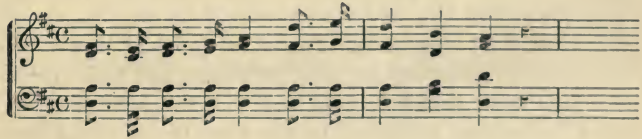
The presents I made her exhausted all my spending-money; in fact, Julianna's residence became to me in more ways than one

(*The dearest Spot on Earth to me.*)



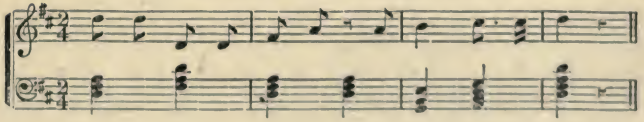
We met frequently; in fact, as often as I could get an hour to spare, I was at her side. In those happy moments I used to forget time, season, everything; once, for instance, never thinking it was early in February, I was so entirely oblivious as to say to her

(*Meet me in the Lane, when the Clock strikes Nine.*)



adding, as an inducement, that I would arrange matters so that we could

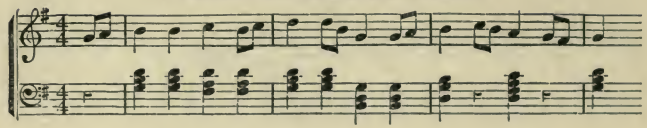
(*Jump into the Wagon, and all take a Ride.*)



'That would be delightful,' said she, 'if it were July or August instead of February. I'm afraid your head isn't right;' and I really don't believe it was.

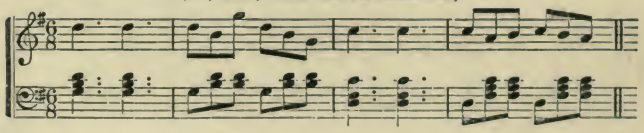
It was not long before her respected papa opened his parental eyes and perceived what was going on, and he took an early opportunity to question me as to my intentions. He was a fine old gentleman of fifty or thereabouts, with fine flowing gray whiskers, a clear blue eye and a smooth shining pate, for

(He had no Hair on the Top of his Head.)



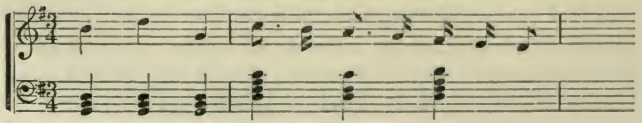
But he also possessed a dignity of deportment calculated to strike awe into a youngster like me. I defined, in a trembling voice, my position in regard to the world in general, and my sentiments toward his daughter in particular. He seemed to doubt somewhat the reality of the latter; but I felt that a crisis was reached in my existence, and my hopes of future happiness depended on the old gentleman's consent; and when I fell on my knees before him, and with my hand on my heart entreated him not to blight the existence of two fond beings, he could no longer withstand my urgent pleading, and said, 'Take her, young man; take her; that is, if she will have you.' I waited for no other words, but on the wings of the wind I flew to my Julianna. I rushed through the door of her boudoir, tripped over her favorite black-and-tan, and fell flat on my face. She screamed

(Oh, dear; what can the matter be.)



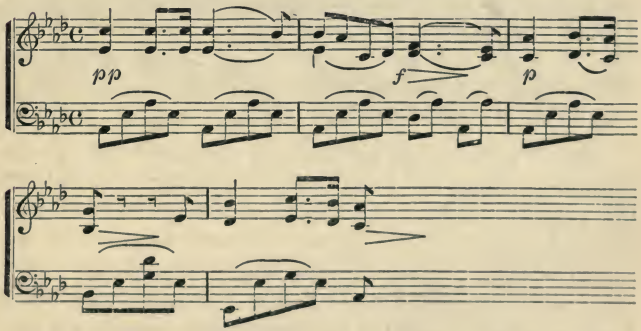
I picked myself up, somewhat the worse for wear as to my nose, cheek and knees, and gulping down a great lump I felt rising in my throat, said 'Oh, Julianna! Take pity on me; be mine!'

(Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.)



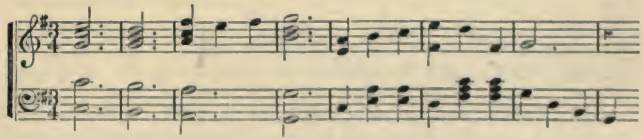
If you only knew how my whole being is absorbed by the thoughts of you!

(Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming; Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer.



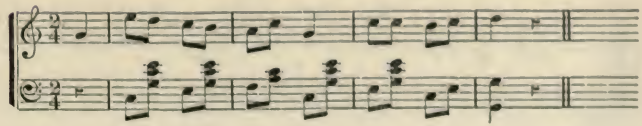
Yes, lend thy voice to cheer my drooping spirits. Say, oh, say thou wilt be mine!' I stretched out my arms toward her; she rose from her seat, and bashfully reclining her head on my left shoulder, said

(Yes, yes, yes, yes; Am I not fondly thine own?)



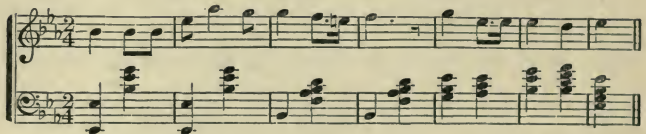
I pressed her to my heart, speechless for happiness, when she whispered softly in my ear. What do you think she said?

(Kiss me quick and let me go; Kiss me quick, my honey.)



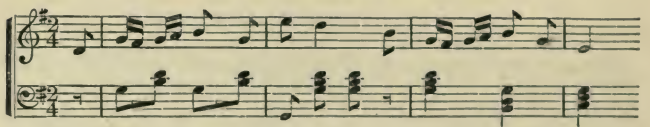
Well, if any of you think I didn't, just keep on thinking so. She bridled up though, when I whispered back

(Ever be happy, and light as thou art.)



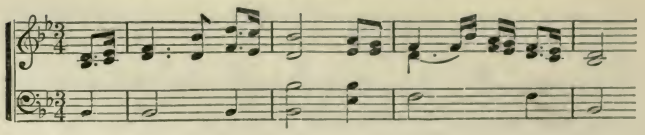
'What?' said she, 'do you dare call me light?' You see she misunderstood me, and I had no end of difficulty in explaining that I meant light-hearted. This happened on Valentine's day; the one day which all are supposed to devote more to Cupid and less to cupidity, than on the other days of the year. Things remained in this blissful state for about a month, during which I had occasionally hinted in the most delicate manner the disadvantages of a long courtship, etc., but without getting any satisfactory answer. At last, I was seized by the demon of jealousy; I began to suspect that, in my absence,

(There's some-one in the house with Dinah.)



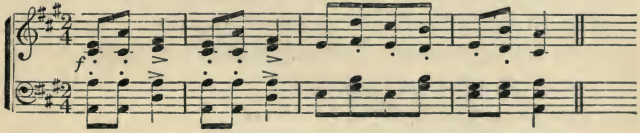
And I determined to bring matters to a crisis. The next time I called, I urged her with all the soft eloquence at my command to name the day. Judge of my extreme disappointment and dismay when she promptly replied

(When the Swallows homeward fly; When the Roses scattered lie.)



'What!' cried I, 'wait till autumn? No, Julianna.'

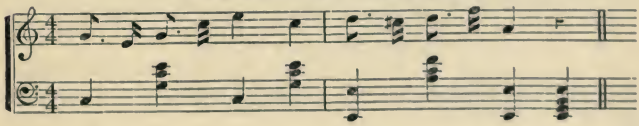
(No, no, no; Not for Joe. Not for Joseph; oh, dear, no.)



But she stood to her decision as firm as a rock.

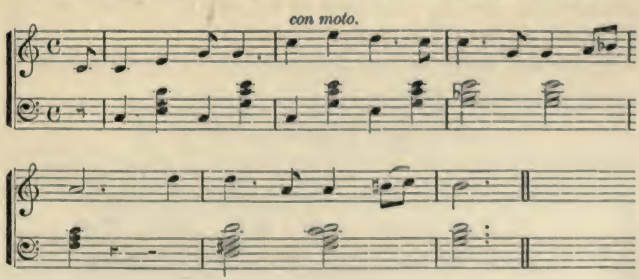
On a subsequent occasion I entreated her once more to shorten my term of probation, with no better success. Well, this was not exactly what I had expected, and I had also casually heard that her papa had managed to get his affairs into a state of inextricable confusion; in fact, as the boys call it, had gone

(Up in a balloon, boys; Up in a balloon.)



so I told her that I had determined to say to her, then and there, for the last time,

(For time doth thrust me from thine arms. Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.)

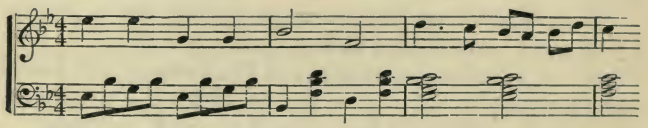


and, with an aching heart, I rushed from her presence.

When I reached home, I must say I felt miserable. The

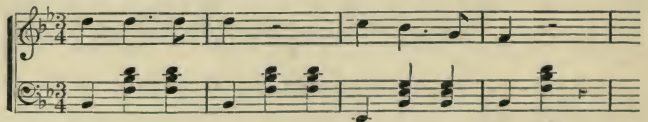
bottom seemed to have dropped out of everything. It seemed as though the whole object of my life were gone. Had I not, perhaps, acted somewhat hastily? I pictured to myself my poor Julianna sitting in her boudoir, where I had passed so many happy hours in her presence; in my mind's eye I could see her little black-and-tan endeavoring to attract her attention, but in vain. She, too, was perhaps as miserable as I,

(Weeping, sad and lonely.)



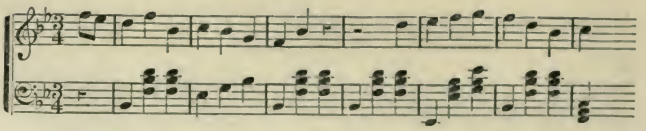
ever and anon seizing another pocket-handkerchief to wipe her fast-falling tears, and sighing, as with a fresh burst of grief she cried

(No-one to Love; None to Caress.)



The thought was bitter to me, and I wandered about, aimless, purposeless, longing to go back to her and cast myself at her feet, and yet hesitating for fear of meeting the repulse I deserved. I could not sleep. I paced up and down my room, saying, in the misery of my despair,

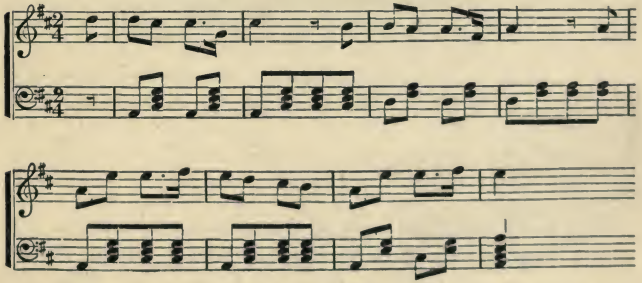
(Oh, I'm Lonely To-night, Love, without Thee.)



I neglected my personal appearance most disgracefully; I forgot even, in my anguish, to shave.

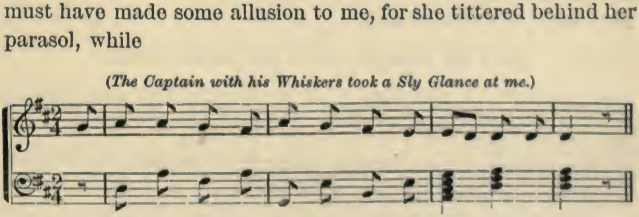
Next day, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw her with another young man, resplendent in a captain's uniform, and with a luxurious beard that made me fairly squirm with envy. They were chatting and laughing; she, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. Where do you suppose I saw them? Why,

(Walking down Broadway.)



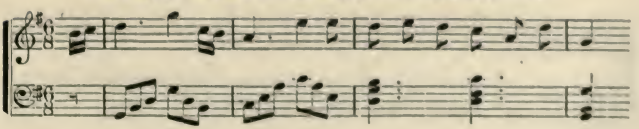
The sight so astonished me that I stood rooted to the spot. She saw me, and made a remark to her companion. I know she must have made some allusion to me, for she tittered behind her parasol, while

(The Captain with his Whiskers took a Sly Glance at me.)



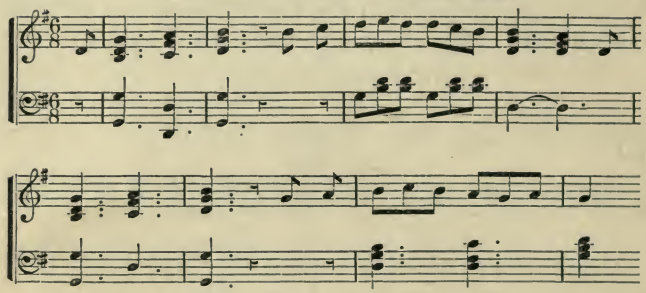
Then came a reaction, and I began to think the matter over carefully. The more I thought, the more I became satisfied that she had not treated me rightly, and I exclaimed indignantly,

(She may go, She may go, She may go to Hong-Kong for me.)



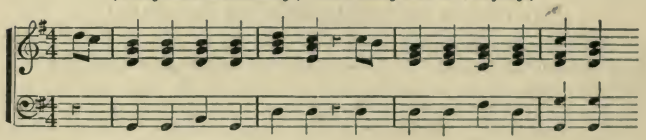
Yes, I'll wipe all old scores off the slate, and begin afresh. Why, of course!

(Begone, dull Care ; You and I can never agree.)



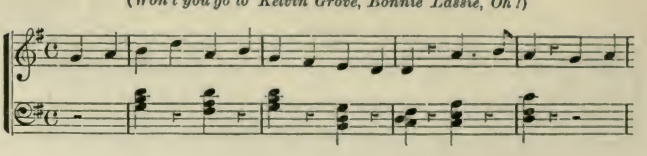
Very soon after I had come to this sensible conclusion, who should drop in but Tom Smith, one of my former chums. 'Scruggs, my boy,' said he, 'I'm glad to see you. Why, you begin to look like your former self again. I've heard all about it, and didn't know whether I should laugh at you or pity you. But come ; it's all over now.

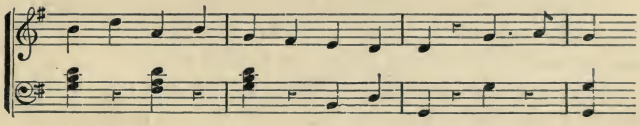
(Away with Melancholy ; Come away and let's be jolly.)



'Don't you remember the punch we used to drink, and the jolly times we used to have round at the Grove, old Johnny Kelvin's place, you know? Come.'

(Won't you go to Kelvin Grove, Bonnie Lassie, Oh!)

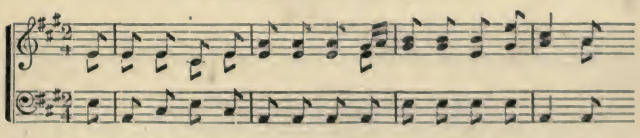




'Will I go?' said I, 'try me. Lead on; I'll follow.'

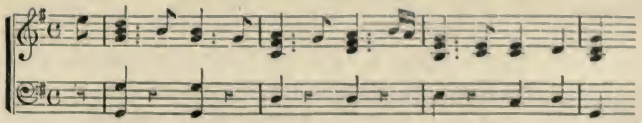
A few moments' brisk walk brought us to the *Grove*, a spot sacred to Bacchus, Momus, and a jolly crew generally. I like this classic style of naming houses of entertainment for man, and sometimes, alas! beasts. It is so handy to be able to shake a tedious acquaintance, or an uninteresting company with an 'Oh! 'pon honor, quite forgot; most pressing engagement at the *Office* (or *Bank*, or *Exchange*, as the case may be), Excuse; By-bye.' And all without raising unpleasant suspicions; on the contrary, perhaps create an impression—'What a busy young man that must be!' But this is a digression. Well, we had a hearty welcome from old Kelvin, who made us comfortable as in old times. We seated ourselves in a snug corner, and Tom sang out

(Come, Landlord; fill a flowing Bowl.)



'Here's our old backslider, Will. Scruggs, come back to us to

(Take a Cup of Kindness yet, for days of Auld Lang Syne.)



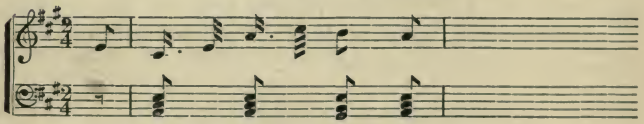
Now this was really comfortable. Oh, thought I, what a fool I have been! Here have all my companions been having a

good time, while I was moping and driveling about a shallow flirt with a bankrupt father. 'Come, Tom,' said I, 'let's wait till the other fellows come, and make a night of it.'

'You won't have to wait long,' said he; 'there's one of them on the stairs now.' This was true, for in came a tall, exquisitely dressed fellow in a magnificent uniform (a style of uniform, by the way, that I had never seen before), his moustache beautifully curled, his whiskers long and wavy; and as he raised his fatigue-cap he revealed a glossy head of hair, parted in the middle, and redolent of the barber's last finishing touches. He gracefully seated himself, after shaking hands with Tom and bowing distantly to me.

With much diffidence I introduced myself to this superior being, and hinted that, having been latterly absent from the Grove, in fact enjoying the sea-breeze,

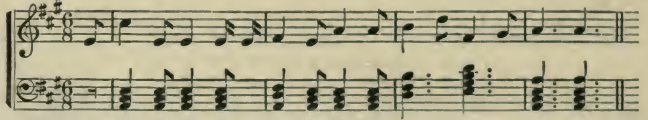
(On the Beach at Long Branch.)



I had not the pleasure, etc., etc.

'Oh,' said he languidly, 'you don't know me? Is't possible? Why,

(I'm Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines.)

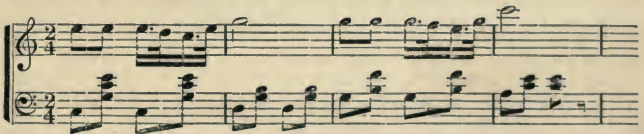


'Horse Marines,' said I, 'Ah! that accounts for the neat uniform. I regret that I am not dressed with uniform neatness myself, but, you see, I have had a good deal to worry me lately and—' but the rest of my remark was drowned in a clatter as if a small regiment of boots, or a squad of disorderly sergeants,

were stumbling up the stairs. The door was dashed open, admitting a rollicking fellow, with a curly head and a rattling voice. He slapped Tom on the back, gave a military salute to the captain, made two skips and a pirouette and dropped himself into a chair on the opposite side of the room.

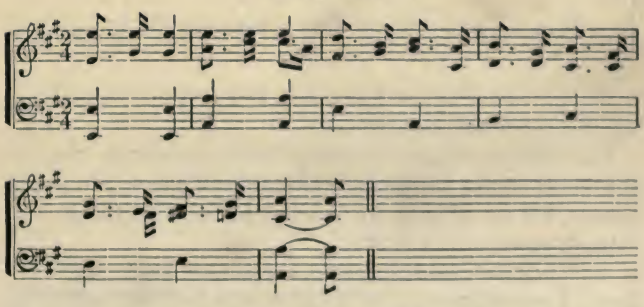
I looked at Tom in surprise, as if asking for an explanation, when this eccentric individual burst out into the jolliest of laughs, and said,

(Champagne Charley is my name.)



His entrance had raised such a hubbub, that I scarcely noticed the arrival of half a dozen of my old acquaintances. In fact, I had no idea there were so many in the room until I heard them shout in chorus,

(Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd; Head or Tail, I'm sure to win. Hurrah! for Tommy Dodd.)



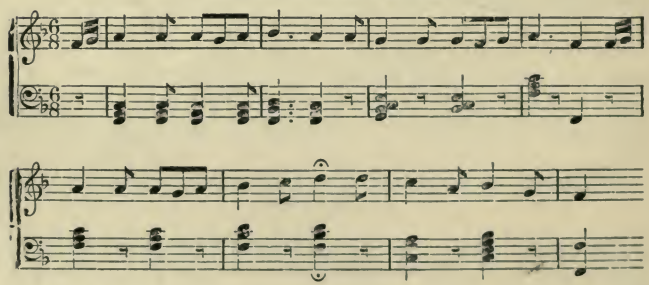
Sure enough, there was our old friend, Tommy Dodd, already seated in the midst of us. After that, more arrivals, more punch, more everything; until the fun began to be fast and

furious. The captain insisted on showing us how he taught the ladies how to dance the last new redowa-step, and I shall never forget his look of unutterable disgust when one of the boys called for a plate of pork and beans.

'Pah!' said he, 'what I give to my-ah-horses!'

Tommy Dodd showed us, under a pledge of strict secrecy, the two pennies he always carried, one both heads, and the other both tails. We all looked at one another with surprise; a light broke in on us. Now we knew how he always managed, heads or tails, to always win. Well, it would take a book to hold all the fun, wit and nonsense that filled up the evening. It was daybreak before we separated, with the old refrain

(We won't go Home till Morning.)



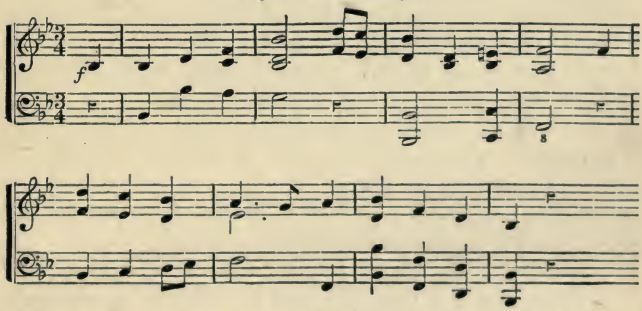
We started homeward in knots of two or three together, as we all lived in the neighborhood.

The distance we had to go didn't bother us near as much as the width of the pavement, which seemed to us ridiculously narrow, but nevertheless we managed to make, all things considered, pretty good headway.

As Tom Smith and I separated, each to go to his respective home, I ran up against Joe Muggins, who had been attending Jennie Watson, an old flame of mine, to a ball at the Apollo Rooms. Joe had escorted her to her house-door, when she discovered that she had dropped her waterfall; and, as she was

positive that it was all right when she left the ball-room, she was satisfied that it must have fallen off in the street on her way home. She hurriedly explained all this to us, and begged us with piteous accents to tell her

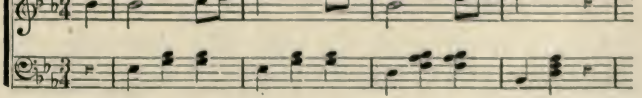
(Oh say, can you see, by the Dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the Twilight's last Gleaming?)



It caused us real sorrow to be able to give her no information about her lost chignon. In fact, we got our ideas so mixed up with star-spangled banners floating from women's heads, and waterfalls flying from flag-staffs, and confused notions of all we had been doing since the twilight's last gleaming, that we offered her our 'con-(hic)-dolence, and re-regrets, you know,' and went home.

These jovial re-unions, occasionally indulged in at first, began to succeed one another with increasing frequency, and I received sundry hints in relation to them from my mother. One morning, when I appeared at the breakfast-table with a considerably swelled head, I could not help noticing a gloom that seemed to hang over us like a cloud. I thought I detected a tear in my sister's eye, which forced from me the question

(Oh! Sister, dear, say why that Tear.)



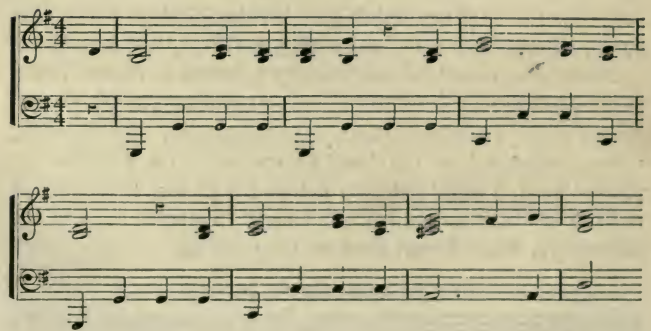
She said that my irregularities were causing my dear mother serious mental trouble, and that my conduct was certainly calculated to have that effect. She added, that I had better avoid in future the company of those who were evidently leading me astray, to the injury of my health and the regret of my real friends. Curiously enough, the first person I met afterward in the street was Tom Smith, who had for some time been missing from our meetings at the 'Grove.' 'Hullo! Tom,' said I, 'what's come of you lately? You don't mean to say you have given up the Grove?'

'Ah!' said he, turning up the whites of his eyes, 'Mr. Smith, if you please. *Tom* was all very well in those days of sin and sorrow; I have seen the folly of my ways and have joined the Young Men's Christian Association; indeed, I am running for the office of Treasurer of that noble band—ah!'

'Why, Tom!' said I, 'this is a new departure on your part.'

'Yes,' replied he; 'and it's time you followed my example. Return to the paths of innocence and duty, recollect your mother and the other loved ones at home.

(Be kind to your mother.)



'You have sown enough wild oats. If you plant much more, and they come up, you'll have such a crop to carry as will crush

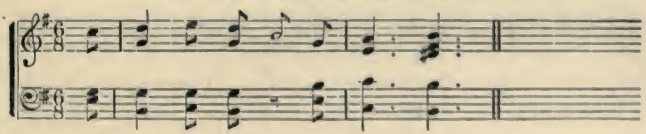
you. Reform, young man, and ponder over my words of wisdom.'

And with a ponderous bow he passed on.

This set me thinking. 'Oats!' thought I, 'and especially wild oats! Wherefore oats? Ah! I see! Wild conduct—wild oats. But why oats? Why not corn, or rye? There's surely more Bourbon in rye than in oats. I'll join a debating club, and have the first subject of debate, *Wherefore oats?* I've heard of people acknowledging the corn, but I never knew any-one who pleaded guilty to oats.' Well, this, as I said before, led me to having a good think. Those of my hearers who have read in the 'Wandering Jew,' that magnificent soliloquy of the Jesuit Rodin, when he was gazing on the portrait of the Pope, will recall the wonderful development of a train of thought; how one idea insensibly leads to another.

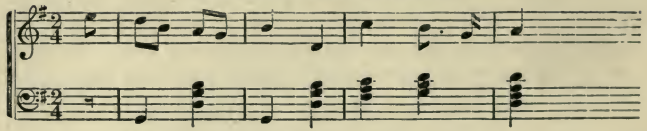
Thus, in following up my reflections on oats, I was led to think of corn, and, naturally, its development; first the blade, then follows the ear. This brought me to think of ears, and the conclusion came on me like a thunder-clap, 'Ears! Ha! What an ASS I have been to fritter away my time in following vain, empty and hurtful pleasures. I'll stop it. I'll have no more staggering home, and scratching the door all over with my latch-key to find the key-hole. No more stumbling up-stairs to my bedroom, disturbing the family

(At Five o'clock in the Morning.)



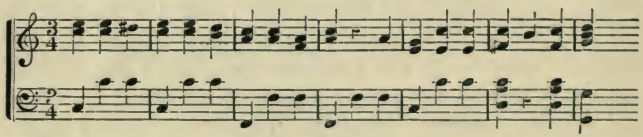
'No. It's over!' I hadn't got quite up to the point of joining the Y. M. C. A. exactly, but I went to my mother and explained my virtuous resolves. The dear soul received me with outstretched arms, and said, with tears of joy rising in her eyes,

(Oh! Willie, we have missed you.)



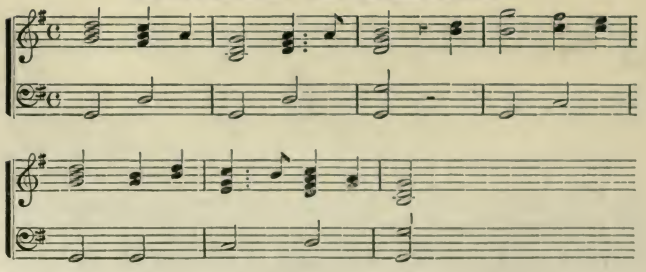
'I know,' continued she, 'I know, my poor boy, that you have had a heavy disappointment, which has made you careless; and you have got among a dissipated set of fellows. Bad habits grow on a young man, and make it very difficult for him to cast them off. What a fine young man your friend Charley used to be, six or seven years ago. Now look at him! Haven't you told me yourself that almost every night his poor wan, ragged little child creeps up to his side, and pulling him by what is left of his coat-sleeve, says,

(Father, dear Father, come home with me now.)



'It is a piteous spectacle for a father of a family. Remember, my dear son, that henceforward you should let nothing induce you to neglect your—'

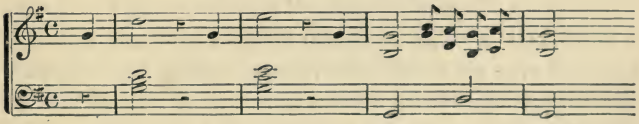
(Home, sweet Home; There's no place like Home.)



I took my mother's words to heart, left my companions of the Grove, turned over a new leaf, and became again the steady, respectable member of society you see before you.

You will all, I am sure, in conclusion, join with me in the parting word

(The word? Good-night; All's well!)



As I suggested at the commencement of my 'few remarks,' this rambling sketch of my 'life's fitful fever,' having been brought down to the present time, must now come to a close; and, with thanks to my able musical assistant for his prompt and timely aid, I beg to wish you all 'Good-night,' hoping that you will extend to me your indulgent encouragement by answering 'All's well' to my modest endeavors to contribute my mite to your evening's amusement."

Ninth Evening.

It is cold! We come in, chilled by the frosty atmosphere outside, and even the warmth of a cordial welcome will not start the circulation. In such a freezing emergency there is nothing like a good game of romps; so prepare for a series of

Railway Accidents.

The players are to take the following names (as they please), and whenever in the course of the story (which is read, or invented at the moment) their several names are uttered, they must do whatever duty is attached to the name, or pay a forfeit.

Train, when mentioned, must rise and turn round once.

Rails must rise when named, and extend the two arms quite straight in front, like the rails of a track.

Ladies'-car must rise and make a graceful bow.

Sleeping-car must nod the head three times, as if falling asleep.

Smoking-car must rise, sit down on the carpet and rise again without touching anything.

Newsboy must rise and cry "New York Herald." "Horrible Murder!" "Times!" "Tribune!" "Witness!"

Engine must rise and whistle. (A gentleman or boy should take the part of the engine.)

Conductor must call the name of a station.

Station must rise and bow, or courtesy.

The Station-master must rise and bow.

The Porter must rise, cross the room, and return to his seat.

Passengers must all change seats.

Telegraph must rise and make a sharp clicking sound with the mouth three times.

Wheels must rise and turn round.

Every player must now listen attentively to the story, and answer the name or pay a forfeit. When the smash comes, all rise and change seats, the leader securing one, and thus leaving out a new leader, who must tell the next story.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. Starting last week upon a Southern journey, I took the Washington train (TRAIN *rises and turns round once*) at seven o'clock for a moonlight ride over the rails (RAILS *rises and extends arms in front*). The ladies'-car (LADIES'-CAR *rises and makes a graceful bow*) was quite full, as a Woman's Rights Convention was going to visit the President. The smoking-car (SMOKING-CAR *sits down on the carpet and rises again without touching anything*) was also packed with passengers (PASSENGERS *all change seats*), so I was obliged to secure a berth in the sleeping-car (SLEEPING-CAR *nods three times as if falling asleep*). Unfortunately, there was some delay at the first station (STATION *rises and bows*), so that we were very much behind time. I noticed that the conductor (CONDUCTOR *calls the name of a station*) seemed very nervous, so I spoke to a newsboy (NEWSBOY *calls—"New York Herald!" "Horrible Murder!" "Times!" "Tribune!" "Witness!"*) who informed me that the engine (ENGINE *rises and whistles*) would have to put on all speed in order to avoid a collision with the return-train (TRAIN *rises and turns round once*). This was a cheerful prospect. I quite resolved to pass the remainder of the night with the next station-master we passed (STATION-MASTER *rises and bows*), and telegraph (TELEGRAPH—*Click! click! click!*) to the party who was to meet me at Washington that if I committed suicide I would rather do it in some other way than the one in prospect.

Looking from the window nearest to me, I could see the wheels (WHEELS *rise and turn round*), fairly flying round, striking sparks every moment as they grated over the rails (RAILS—*as*

before). The porter (PORTER *rises, crosses the room and returns to his seat*) spoke to me in a low tone. "Bad look-out, sir," said he; "Bad!" I was in cold shivers from head to foot, and had only too good cause. Just as we turned a sharp curve I heard a whistle far ahead. Another moment passed, when, with an awful noise I can never describe, the two engines (ENGINE *whistles*) crashed together in a horrible collision. (*All rise and change seats, and the new leader commences another story.*)

If there are more players than the number of parts specified, including three or more passengers, give them some other part of a railway-furniture, and invent a movement for it, as:— Trunks, valises, baggage-car, tender, hat-rack, water-cooler, stove, refreshment-room, tickets, brakes, engineer, lantern, locomotive-bell, wood-box, seats, ventilators, windows, etc.

But what is the horrible tragedy that rouses us from our merriment, causing all to stand silent and horrified to listen to the ominous sounds from an adjoining room.

Cries of—"Oh, how horrible!" "Who can it be?" "How did it come here?"—excite curiosity to such a pitch, that a rush is made for the room, where we are dismayed to find, under the table, the head of a man completely severed from his body. It seems to have been put under the table-cloth for concealment, but has rolled out, and lies exposed in all its horror, as seen in the illustration, Fig. 52.

The Severed Head

always causes a sensation and should not be suddenly exposed to the nervous, but the operation is not so terrible as might be imagined.

A large table, covered with a cloth sufficiently long to reach to the floor all round and completely hide all beneath, is placed in the centre of the room, as shown in Fig. 52. A boy with soft silky hair, rather long, being selected to represent the *head*, must lie upon his back under the table entirely concealed,

excepting that portion of his face above the bridge of his nose. The rest is under the table-cloth.

His hair must now be carefully combed down, to represent whiskers, and a face must be painted, as in Fig. 53, upon the cheeks and forehead; the false eyebrows, nose and mouth, with moustache, must be strongly marked with black water-color,

Fig. 52.

or India-ink, and the real eyebrows covered with a little powder or flour. The face should also be powdered to a death-like pallor, and the effect is very startling.

The horror of this illusion may be intensified by having a subdued light in the room in which the exhibition has been arranged. This conceals in a great degree any slight defects in

the "making-up" of the head; and adds, therefore, greatly to the appearance of reality. Of course no one should be permitted to touch or disarrange the cloth, as it would destroy the effect entirely.

When the apparently decapitated lad has crawled out from

FIG. 53.

under the table, to wash his face and comb his hair, the company may return to the drawing-room, and, after fully discussing the wonderful surgical operation they have seen, join in a game of

Who Was He?

One of the company starts the game by a very brief sketch of some prominent person, and requesting the others to name him from the description.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. I know a person who lived in the last century, was a great military leader, had strong admirers and powerful enemies, and died in exile. Who was he?

ANS. Napoleon Bonaparte.

LEADER. Right.

NUMBER TWO. I know of somebody who lived in the last century, was distinguished for courage and treason, was execrated for his crime, and is the abhorrence of all patriotic Americans. Who was he?

ANS. Arnold.

NUMBER THREE. I know of somebody who lived B. C. 30, distinguished for her rare beauty and famous love-story, and committed suicide. Who was she?

ANS. Cleopatra.

The deep thought of this game may now be varied by a laugh raised by the catch,

"Or any other Jackass."

Inform one of the gentlemen present that you have a difficult question to settle and would like to have his decision in the matter. You put it to him thusly:

Given, a field, say an acre of ground,
Completely enclosed on all four sides around;
On two sides fenced in by a twenty-foot wall,
That could not be scaled by a donkey at all;
On the other two sides, a ditch, deep and wide,
Far beyond any quadruped's length of stride.

While the workmen were busy laying the bricks,
A jackass, as usual, full of his tricks,
Strayed into the field, and in it stayed
Till the very last brick of the wall was laid.
Thus the jackass was penned in on every side.
To escape from his prison he vainly tried.

Now to you I appeal. Pray what—in this case,
If you had been in this poor jackass' place—
Pray what would *you* do to get out of your plight,
Since the wall and the ditch bar completely your flight?

"Give it up?" Does no plan in your head lay hid?
Why, that's just what the OTHER *jackass* did

This constitutes a very neat sell, if well done. Of course the last two lines should not be spoken until the party to whom you appeal has had a fair time allowed for reflection. You must inform him that he has but two alternatives; he must either show how to get out of the field or else "give it up." This leads him easily into the same dilemma in which the *other* jackass found himself.

The conjurer being always supposed to be present, now favors the company with

The Hat and Quarter Trick.

Having placed a table before him, he puts a tumbler, a hat, and a silver quarter in the position shown in Fig. 54 and invites

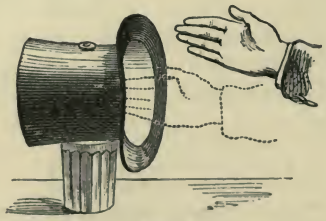


Fig. 54.

the company to strike the hat so that the coin will fall into the glass.

It will be as well not to select a hat of the finest finish, as it will probably be sent rolling over the floor with each unpractised blow.

When every-one has declared the trick impossible, the conjurer strikes the hat, and the coin falls with a musical jingle into the glass. The trick consists in making several feints, as if about to strike the hat upon the *rim*, and finally giving it a sharp blow upon the *inside of the crown*, when the quarter drops into the glass.

This is a very pretty trick if skillfully executed.

As the table is there, produce a pack of cards and bring up the subject of

The Royal Marriages.

Select the four kings from a pack of cards and lay them down in a row, faces upward, the King of Diamonds being placed at the right-hand end, and the other three in any order you please. Next, arrange the four queens in a pile, in the same order of suits as the kings; for instance, Hearts, Clubs, Spades, and lastly Diamonds. Now take the Queen of Hearts, lay the card down below the king of the same suit, saying, "This queen will marry her king because he is the happiest-looking of all the kings; he is a brave man, always ready with uplifted sword to strike down the wrong-doer; he wooes her with his hand on his heart, and she cannot oppose his *suit*." Then lay the Queen of Clubs below her king, and say, "The Queen of Clubs accepts her prince without hesitation; he bears a royal sceptre; his conduct is as upright as his sword, and he is within an ace of being the leading man of his race. The Queen of Spades," you explain, as you lay that card down, "next appears with clenched fist and stern features, no doubt influenced by *pique*, but she cannot refuse her dark lord, for she knows that at matrimony, as in all other games, he can take her without appeal, unless some one is *trump* enough to destroy his power. The Queen of Diamonds," you add, in explanation of that card, "declares peremptorily that she will not marry her king, as he has altogether too much advantage over her."

You now ask your audience to guess what great disadvantage the queen of diamonds labors under. If no one can tell, the queen will speak for herself, and explain that she never will consent to marry a man with only one eye, as he can see twice as much as she can. He can always see two eyes on her face but she can never behold more than one on his. She affirms that she is a fair woman, and demands fair play, and prefers to look square in the face of the man she marries.

TENTH EVENING.

Not always aspiring to lofty subjects in our round of entertainments, and believing that a hearty laugh, if not exactly sound sense, is most acceptable to our sense of sound, we propose to start this evening with a game of

Nonsense;

pure, simple nonsense; and woe betide him who tries to introduce any other element therein.

The company being seated in a circle, one starts by whispering to his neighbor on his left an article; this one whispers to the one on the left an adjective; he whispers to the one on his left a noun, and each whispers to the one on the left the following parts of speech, in regular order:—an article, an adjective, a noun singular, a verb, an adverb, a number, another adjective, and a noun plural; the last one ending by whispering to the first.

When each has had the word whispered in his or her ear, the second one tells his word aloud, then the third, fourth, and so on, until a complete sentence is spoken.

EXAMPLE:

The first player whispers the article *A;* second one, the adjective *Magnificent;* third one, the noun *Leopard;* fourth one, the verb *Contemplated;* fifth one, the adverb *Pensively;* sixth one, the number *Nineteen;* seventh one, another adjective, *Exasperated;* and the eighth one, a noun in plural, *Kangaroos,* to finish the sentence.

Each one now speaking his whispered word aloud, the nonsense is:

"A magnificent leopard contemplated pensively nineteen exasperated kangaroos."

This profound addition to the accumulated wisdom of ages

having been duly appreciated, the leader whispers again an article, and the adjective, noun, verb, etc., follow as before, in regular order, until a new absurd combination follows.

When a sufficient number of ridiculous statements have been made, the door of the room is opened, and the lady of the house is asked if the gentleman who is to hang the new pictures may come in. A reply in the affirmative being given, the door opens again to admit

The Rising Man,

who, entering slowly and solemnly, proceeds to examine the walls, turning his back upon the company, and going around the

FIG. 55.

room, now stooping to a distance of three or four feet from the

ground to look through a key-hole, now rising to a height of nine or ten feet to examine the high places, as seen in Fig. 55.

After gravely inspecting the entire room he marches back to the dressing-room, where he is found to be a gentleman of the average height, who, like the old woman tossed up in a basket,

"In one hand he carried a broom."

A stick is tied firmly amongst the straws, so as to rise above them to the depth of a man's hat. Over the broom, and buttoned

Fig. 56.

around this stick, is a water-proof cloak and cape, with a smooth lining to allow it to slide up and down over the lower cloak without hitching, and above them a hat is nicely balanced upon the stick (see Fig. 56). By raising and lowering this, the ef-

fect is produced of a man who can lengthen or shorten his body at pleasure, his own head and shoulders being hidden under the cloak. The party performing this should first put on another cloak, so that the upper one, which is supported on the stick, may slide easily up and down over it.

An optical illusion of a very diverting character may be produced by persuading a gentleman to perform

The Long-Necked Gentleman.

It will add greatly to the effect of this trick if the performer should happen to have by nature a long thin neck, and submit to have painted upon it two black stripes about half an inch

Fig. 57.

wide. Putting on a high collar, he buries his chin in it, enters the room, and stands before the audience. The neck is very slowly drawn out to its utmost length, and as slowly allowed to sink down again. It is then shot out suddenly to its full length, as suddenly withdrawn, and the performer retires. The bars of

black give an appearance of immense length, and should be painted on about an inch on each side of the middle of the throat, as shown in Fig. 57.

When this gentleman has retired, the company can join in a game of

Proverbs in Chorus.

One of the party leaves the room, and the remainder agree upon a proverb, the words of which are divided amongst them. If there are more persons than words, let the same words be taken by two or three, but the words must not exceed the number of players, as no one can say two words at once.

The leader, standing near the door, gives the word of command:

"When I drop my handkerchief each one of you must shout his or her word, and you *(to the party entering the room)* must guess the proverb chosen, from the din."

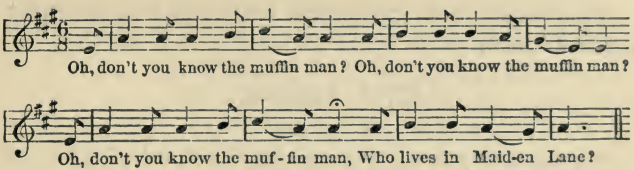
This is a very amusing game, and proverbs should be chosen, if possible, that are short, that each word may have a good loud chorus.

If the guesser can name the speaker whose voice or word gave him the clue to the right guess, that one must leave the room next time; if he does not guess correctly he must go out again; if he cannot name any one in particular who led to a correct guess, the next one going out must depend upon the good-nature of the company.

For a game of hearty laughing, depending entirely upon its utter absurdity, we would now recommend

The Muffin Man.

The chairs being drawn into a circle, facing inward, the leader, warning the company that every smile will cost a forfeit, turns to his left-hand neighbor, and singing the words to a monotonous tune, asks him very seriously, in the following verse:



The next player must reply, to the same tune, and with perfect gravity, looking his questioner full in the face,

Oh, yes; I know the muffin man,
Oh, yes; I know the muffin man,
Oh, yes; I know the muffin man
Who lives in Maiden Lane.

Then with a sudden jerk he turns to face his left-hand neighbor, and staring in his face, asks,

Oh, don't *you* know the muffin man?
Oh, don't *you* know the muffin man?
Oh, don't *you* know the muffin man
Who lives in Maiden Lane?

The third player replies, staring in his questioner's face and without smiling,

Oh, yes; I know, etc.,

and in turn asks his left-hand neighbor. When the entire circle has been thus questioned and answered, they must all sing gravely, and in chorus,

We all well know the muffin man!
We all well know the muffin man!
We all well know the muffin man
Who lives in Maiden Lane.

If any circle of players can finish this absurd performance without producing an enormous pile of forfeits, they had better put on their hats and wraps and retire at once to the solitude of their dreary homes, for they will have proved conclusively that there is not a laugh in their whole composition. But such things "mote" not be.

When the gravity of the company is restored, let some expert conjurer exhibit

The Rabbit.

The rabbit may be made of a pocket-handkerchief, a fur cuff or glove, or any twisted fabric that can be coaxed or tied to imitate the little animal. It must be placed in the palm of the left hand, and it is surprising to see how far it will jump, or appear to jump, when thrown by a quick, jerking contraction of the fingers. Up the arm to the shoulder, into the lap of one of the ladies, over the chandelier, or under the piano. always starting from the position shown in Fig. 58.

FIG. 58.

A little practice will enable the performer to aim it scientifically, and the merriment is increased by a little conversation :

"I have here a dear little pet, a rabbit that was chased by my dog Ponto in the woods last week, and sprang into my arms

for protection. He is very tame; will you stroke it, madam? Hi! (*Rabbit jumps over the chandelier.*) Why, sir (*replacing it on his hand*), is that the way to behave when a lady offers to caress you? Lie still now, and let Mrs. G—— see what a nice little pet you are! (*Rabbit jumps over the lady's head.*) Dear, dear; how naughty you are! Now do be quiet, sir (*replacing it*), and show the company how well you can behave. (*Rabbit jumps into a lady's lap.*) Oh, you want to go to Miss B——, do you? But you should not jump in that abrupt way. You quite startled the lady. Come here now, and see if you cannot run nicely along the floor. (*Rabbit jumps under the piano.*) What! you want to hide? Are you shy? Well, then, jump up on my shoulder and I'll carry you back to your box. (*Rabbit jumps on shoulder and is carried away.*)"

The canton-flannel rabbits made for a child to play with can be bought for a trifle, and may be made to perform all sorts of antics with a little practice.

The household pet having had his day, we propose a little

Magic Music.

This is a very pleasant game. One of the players is sent out of the room, and some small articles, such as a handkerchief, ring, bracelet, or some such thing, is hidden away. The signal is then given for the banished one to return; and a lady or gentleman acquainted with music takes up a position at the piano. It is for the musician to indicate, by the strains on the piano, when the seeker is approaching the hidden object. As he recedes from it, the music falls to a low tone, and a mournful cadence; as he approaches it, the notes swell out, loud and clear, bursting into a triumphant strain as he finally puts his hand upon the prize. If properly managed, the magic music may be made to have almost magnetic power in drawing the seeker to the hidden treasure.

Another variety of playing this game is to set the absent

player some task to perform, instead of hiding an object for him to seek.

EXAMPLE:

A—— being absent, the others decide that he is to take a book from the book-case, and present it to a lady. As he walks around the room, the music increases in volume as he approaches the book-case, but falls into lower tones as he passes it. He thus is informed in what locality his task lies. He takes out a book, and the music is loud and lively; he begins to read; the music is subdued and slow; he is faltering in his task. He carries the book around the room. As he approaches the lady the music rises in volume and rapidity, ending with a triumphant crash, as he hands her the volume with a graceful bow.

In case of entire failure a forfeit is exacted, and each of the company should leave the room in turn.

Another amusing game may now follow in its turn, called

The Elements.

A handkerchief is twisted into a ball, or if there is a soft ball conveniently at hand it may be used in preference.

The players must learn the rules, and bear them in mind. They must sit in a circle, and the game commences by one throwing the ball at another, calling out at the same time an element.

The one whom the ball strikes must name something that lives in the element named, before the first player can count three; if *earth*, an animal; if *water*, a fish; if *air*, a bird; but if *fire* is named, she cries, "I burn."

Any mistake or hesitation costs a forfeit.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER (*throwing the ball at A*). Earth! One! two!—

A—. Lion! (*throwing the ball at B*). Fire! One!—

B—. I burn! (*throwing the ball at C*). Air! One! two! three!—a forfeit! I counted three before you answered.

C— (*pays a forfeit and throws the ball at D*). Water! One! two!—

D— (*flurried*). Elephant.

C—. A forfeit! Elephants do not live in water.

D—(*throwing the ball at E*). Water! One!—

E—. Salmon! (*throwing the ball at F*). Air! One!—

F— (*who has been studying*). Goose! I had that ready for any element (*throwing the ball at G*). Water! One! two!—

G—. A fish!

F—. Forfeit! You must name a fish.

G— (*throwing the ball at H*). Air! One! two!—

H—. Swallow.

It is astonishing how many forfeits can be collected in this apparently simple game; it must be played rapidly, or all the merriment is lost.

When the forfeits for this game have all been redeemed, the conjurer again makes his bow to exhibit

The Rose-colored Goat.

The "properties" needed for this exhibition consist of a white goat, and a white rose in full bloom. If a goat cannot readily be obtained, any other white animal, such as a cat, dog, rabbit, or even a mouse, will answer the purpose, provided only that it be white. The animal must be placed and secured near at hand, ready to be produced when the right time comes. The rose may be laid on the lecturer's table carefully covered with a handkerchief, or concealed in a drawer in the table. The subject should be approached or led up to by any little speech that may occur to the "lecturer." We will suppose something in the way of the following:

EXAMPLE:

"Ladies and gentlemen: We live in the age of wonders! I do not venture on this declaration recklessly, or without ample grounds. The wonderful appliance of steam to the innumera-

ble and widely-different purposes of art and locomotion are alone sufficient to warrant my assertion and prove its truth. More than that; we have chained the electric flash, and compelled it to do our bidding; we catch the fleeting shadows as they pass, and photograph them unalterably on a scrap of paper; we can—but why enumerate the thousand triumphs of ingenuity and skill! They are all nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with the natural wonders that, from their daily and hourly recurrence, are passed by unheeded and unnoticed. Nature, unaided by the puny hand of man, throws deeply into the shade the greatest achievements of genius and art.

"What hand can portray, what pigments can imitate the glorious hues of the setting sun? Why, in color alone her works are unapproachable. How little we appreciate the wonderful beauties of the objects with which nature has surrounded us: birds of magnificent plumage; fishes whose delicate coloring and lambent radiance are judged merely as covering so many pounds of food; animals we have, of every color of the rainbow. Is not a fox red? What purer shade of yellow can you find than that which nature introduces in the tints of a tortoise-shell cat? Where can you find a more perfect blue than the color which adorns the physiognomy of a blue-nosed monkey? What more beautiful object can you behold than a rose-colored goat (or cat, or whatever animal you have)? (*Pause.*)

"Ladies and gentlemen, why those signs of incredulity? Do you mean to say that you never saw a rose-colored goat? Why, they are everywhere! I can show you one this very moment. (*Fetch in the animal, covered over, all but the head, with a shawl or other covering.*) There (*withdrawing the covering*)! What is that? I affirm that goat is a perfect rose-color. Nature made it so, and nature *never* makes any mistake. Why, ladies and gentlemen (*surprised*)! You seem to doubt my word, and the evidence of your own senses. Must I prove (*indignantly*) such a plain, self-evident fact? This is harsh treatment; you push my good-nature really too hard. But I recoil not from the proof!

Not one moment need I hesitate. (*Produce the rose; hold it aloft with one hand, and point at it with the other*). Is not this a rose? Has not this rose the color that nature gave it? Now look at that goat. Has it not the same color as this rose (*deliberately*)? Do you STILL doubt me (*triumphantly*)?

The funny man may now finish the evening's entertainment by a conundrum,

Cain and Abel.

Lay a walking-stick on the table and place a bell by its side and announce that they represent two well-known historical personages (*Cain and Abel*).

When this has been correctly guessed you can challenge one of your active gentleman friends to accomplish

The High Jump.

Tell him to place two chairs back to back about three feet apart; then to take off his shoes and jump over them.

If the party finds it beyond his power to succeed, you can take off your own shoes, lay them side by side and jump over them. That was all the other party was expected to do, only he did not understand it in that way.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

After ten evenings of fun we find that there is a visible tendency to waste no time, after assembling, in talking. Everybody evidently means business, and we are no sooner seated than some one proposes to play at

Penny Post,

in order to give the company an opportunity to move about. One of the party is chosen for the postman, and provided with a pencil and sheet of paper. He goes to each of the company in turn, and each gives him the name of a place, which he writes down, no two persons being allowed to choose the same name. He then tries to get a seat and elect a new postman, by causing the company to change places, and trying to secure one of the vacated chairs.

There must be the same number of seats as there are players, omitting the postman. As soon as all are seated he consults his paper and says,

"The post is going between Boston and Chicago."

The moment the towns are named Boston and Chicago change places, the postman trying to secure one of the seats. If he succeeds he takes the name of the town chosen by the party who loses the seat, and who, in turn, becomes postman.

When the postman says "The general post is going," all the players must change seats, and in the general scramble the postman is almost sure to be changed. Any town not answering to its name pays a forfeit.

EXAMPLE:

POSTMAN. The post is going between Washington and Philadelphia.

Washington and Philadelphia change seats.

POSTMAN. The post is going between Troy and Albany.

Troy and Albany try to change seats, but the postman getting Albany's chair, Albany replaces the postman, and the first postman becomes Albany.

POSTMAN. The post is going between Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Cincinnati and St. Louis change seats.

POSTMAN. The post is going between Portland and New Orleans.

Portland and New Orleans change seats.

POSTMAN. The post is going between New York and Harrisburg.

New York and Harrisburg change seats.

POSTMAN. You are all too quick for me. The general post is going.

A scramble, ending in a change of postman.

The chairs should be placed in two rows facing each other down the room, and some distance apart, so that the postman may have a good chance. He has the privilege of walking up and down between the rows, and should have his names in two lines upon the paper, so that he may not make those in the same row change places.

While the Penny Post is in active operation one of the boys with an accomplice goes into another room to arrange for the amusing trick of

The Naughty Boy.

When all is ready the accomplice enters the room and informs the father of the naughty boy that master Tom or Bob, or whatever the name may be, is very sick, and the doctor has

ordered him to take some medicine and go to bed, but that he will do neither the one nor the other, and is behaving very badly in the next room.

The company all adjourn to the room to see what is to be done for such a dreadful child, and find master Tom seated in a high chair, securely tied in. His father takes the medicine in a bowl, and an immense spoon, and offers it to the boy, who roars, kicks his feet and makes horrible faces, but will not take

Fig. 59.

the dose. Persuasions, bribes and threats are tried, until the father, getting out of all patience, gives the naughty boy a smart blow on the head with the big spoon. With a fearful yell the head falls off behind the chair.

The horrified company, looking behind the chair, will find the naughty boy was composed of a pillow nicely dressed and fastened in the chair, the feet being the hands of master Tom or Bob thrust into a child's socks and slippers, and put upon the shelf of the high chair, and the head being that of the aforesaid Tom or Bob, who can thus kick, scream and grimace, and even

have his head knocked off without affecting that portion of his body represented by the pillow.

The illustration (Fig. 59), shows how the naughty boy is made, but the legs of the high chair should be covered to conceal those of the boy standing behind it.

When the merriment caused by this terrible child has subsided, start a game of

Why, When, and Where?

One of the players goes out of the room, and the others fix upon some word that has a variety of meanings for him to guess when he returns. He must go three times round the room, asking the players the first time "Why they like it?" the second time "When they like it?" and the third time "Where they like it?" The player whose answer betrays the word goes out next time.

EXAMPLE:

Supposing five players, who fix upon the word *train*.

LEADER. Why do you like it?

NUMBER ONE. It is convenient for travelers.

NUMBER TWO. It is becoming to a short figure.

NUMBER THREE. It is pleasant in rapid motion.

NUMBER FOUR. It is dressy for evening wear.

NUMBER FIVE. It is indispensable for making children good.

LEADER. When do you like it?

NUMBER ONE. When I am in a hurry.

NUMBER TWO. When I have a letter to send.

NUMBER THREE. When it carries provisions in the army.

NUMBER FOUR. When it is of velvet.

NUMBER FIVE. When it is not too long.

LEADER. Where do you like it?

NUMBER ONE. In picturesque localities.

NUMBER TWO. In a ball-room.

NUMBER THREE. On a pleasant route.

NUMBER FOUR. Not where it is connected with a magazine

NUMBER FIVE. Not in a muddy street.

Other words admitting several meanings may be chosen, but the questions must be strictly limited to "Why?" "When?" "Where?"

This game having taxed the ingenuity of all the players, propose now a game of

Characters.

One of the party retires from the room; in his absence the remainder of the company fix on some prominent literary or historical personage, living or dead. The person who retired is then called in, and endeavors to guess "who he is" by asking the members of the company any question he may consider likely by their answers to give him the desired information. Such questions as "Where was I born?" "How old am I?" "For what am I celebrated?" etc., will soon give a clue to the personage fixed upon by the company. The person whose answer decides or leads to the discovery of the personage fixed upon then retires, and the company unite on some other leading name to be guessed, in the same manner.

EXAMPLE:

MR. B——, leaving the room, is recalled, and told that a character has been assigned him.

MR. B—. Where was I born?

ANS. In London.

MR. B—. In what century?

ANS. The seventeenth.

MR. B—. What was my profession?

ANS. You started in life as a merchant, served also in the army, but finally became a distinguished author.

MR. B—. An author! Did I die young?

ANS. No. You died at seventy.

MR. B—. Did I write Robinson Crusoe?

ANS. You did.

MR. B—. Then I am Daniel De Foe.

All having tried their skill at guessing, the conjurer now shows us

The Cut Tape Made Whole.

Take a piece of tape about two yards long; draw the ends over the centre, as illustrated in Fig. 60, the right end being over the tape and the left end under it. Then hold the two loops thus formed, one in each hand, the two points *y* and *z*, where the tape crosses, being held between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, as shown in Fig. 61. The point designated by *x* will then be right in the middle of the tape. You now explain that by cutting the tape through at *x* the tape will, of course, be divided into two parts, and you request one of the company to cut it; adding, that when cut you will restore the tape to its former condition. Before the cutting takes place give the loops a shake, which affords you the opportunity of

FIG. 60.

dexterously making the following change, on which the success of the trick depends: Before shaking the loops you will place the second finger of the left hand on the point *x* (Fig. 61), to show where the tape is to be cut; at the same time shift the disengaged fingers of the right hand (hitherto holding the part above B) underneath instead of over the string, and right inside the loop; then give the shake, during which the part *x* is

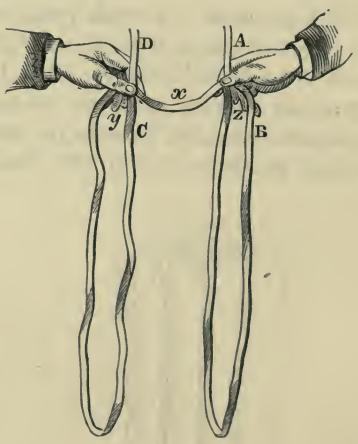


FIG. 61.

drawn down by the second left-hand finger; the portion of the tape above B is dropped from between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and the tape at C is seized by the latter. On resuming your former position the piece held up to be cut is no longer the middle of the tape, but merely a short continuation of the end D. Next, let this be cut through, and immediately let the tape fall entirely from the right hand, which you now employ, with the aid of your teeth, to tie the cut ends (D, C, Fig. 62) in a double knot at *y*. After this is done (not before) you can remove the left thumb and finger and exhibit the tape apparently tied together in the middle, as in Fig. 62. You

now take hold of the knot with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and give one end of the tape to some one to hold; then place the thumb and finger of the left hand upon the tape close up to the right hand, apparently to hold the knot, which is slipped along the tape by the right hand; ask another person to take hold of the tape which you offer him with your right hand, and when placing it in his hand you slip the knot off the

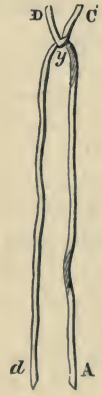


FIG. 62.

end, and conceal it between your fingers until an opportunity comes of pocketing or otherwise getting rid of it. The knot is supposed all this time to be under your left thumb and finger. Now, blow upon those fingers, and show the tape completely restored, and free from any knot.

You have thus proved your ability to do almost any wonderful thing, even

To make a Selected Card assume any Position in the Pack.

Take a euchre pack of thirty-two cards; hand them to one of the company to shuffle and cut, and lay them on the table,

faces downward. Inform him that you will withdraw from the room, and request him to lift, while you are absent, a few cards, say about a dozen, from the pack. He is to count how many cards he lifts, also to recollect the face of the card which lays at the bottom of the cards he lifted, and lastly to lay the lifted cards undisturbed on the rest of the pack. You then secretly write a number (say twenty-five) on a bit of paper, seal the paper in an envelope and hand it to one of the bystanders to keep. Having done this, you leave the room.

When you re-enter pick up the pack; and, while asking whether your directions have been carefully carried out, manage to get a glimpse of the bottom card of the pack. Then let the pack be cut (not shuffled) as many times as you choose; pick up the pack again, and run through them until you find the card which you observed at the bottom of the pack before they were cut. Mark the place with your finger; conceal your hands behind your back, or under the table, and cut the cards at the place marked with your finger; this will restore the pack to its exact condition before the cutting took place. Now count off twenty-four cards (one less than your written number) from the pack, face downward, one at a time, in such manner as to reverse the order of these twenty-four top cards; replace them, in their inverted order, on the top of the remaining cards; and put the pack on the table. Ask the person to count off the cards, one by one, from the top of the pack, commencing with the number of cards he first lifted:—thus, if he lifted seven, the first card of the pack would be eight; the next, nine, and so on. When he has counted off twenty-four cards stop him, and ask the party who has your envelope to open it and read the number on the paper. His reply will be (in this instance) twenty-five. You then turn to the former person and inform him that, having already counted off twenty-four, the next (or number twenty-five) will be his card. This he will find to be correct. This is a trick that will bear repetition; but another number (say nineteen) should be enclosed in the envelope. The number of cards

to be reversed in their order will then be eighteen, one less than the nineteen. In all cases, let it be understood that the number of cards lifted should not exceed about half the pack. If, however, you fix on number thirty-two, no restriction is needed, as, in this case, he may lift as many as he pleases, provided at least one card be left on the table. The number thirty-two will, of course, involve the reversal of the order of the entire pack of cards.

This trick admits of a variation, which may be introduced instead of an exact repetition of the same thing. You give the same directions and proceed the same as before, up to the point of withdrawing from the room; but when you re-enter omit the cutting, and take the pack at once for the purpose of reversing the necessary number of cards, finishing the trick as before. This way is, perhaps, not quite as effective, but it is always a good point to avoid performing any trick with cards more than once in exactly the same manner.

This trick will furnish something to speculate upon for the company as they go home. The more they try to solve the puzzle the less they will find out about it.

TWELFTH EVENING.

The social circle being once more in readiness for suggestions from a leading spirit, the amusements this evening had better commence with the exhibition of a most wonderful animal who is introduced by a showman, as

The Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus,

OR

Duck-billed Platypus.

"This curious animal," says the showman, pointing to a figure similar to that seen in Fig. 63, "was discovered in the South

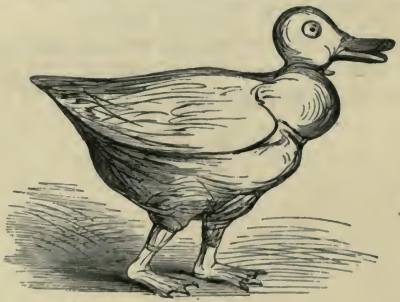


FIG. 63.

Sea Islands, just after the kitchen clock had struck midnight, upon the thirty-first of June, 1647, by Christopher Crusoe, who sent this one specimen to my very great, greater, greatest, grandfather, over two hundred years ago.

"The animal is amphibious, living equally well in the duck-pond or in the back attic, where he usually roosts. He is carnivorous, subsisting chiefly upon rats, mice and kittens. Indeed, one or two babies disappeared very mysteriously in my

grandmother's family, soon after this extraordinary bird was imported.

"His habits are very peculiar; he sleeps at any hour when he can find a comfortable roost, and eats whenever anything eatable comes in his way. I shut him in the dressing-room for an hour, and regret to state that he has devoured all the hats in the room, and was half through with the over-shoes when I discovered the mischief. He is like a parrot in his ability to speak separate words. Say "Pretty duck."

BIRD (*in a muffled voice*). Pretty duck.

After some further wise observations by the exhibiter, and a few more words spoken by the bird, this wonderful production of boy and high art retires to the dressing-room, where his "make-up" is revealed.

First a small boy, with a board bound to his back, crouches down, as shown in Fig. 64. He is then stuffed with small pil-

FIG. 64.

lows, wadding and rags, to the required shape, and a sheet tied over the duck-shaped figure. A large ball is made of rags, and two flat pieces of stick fastened upon it for a bill, a pair of eyes painted on with India-ink, and this head is neatly pinned to the body. A tail is then cut from strips of paper, and web feet manufactured from an old pair of leather driving-gloves, or, if these cannot be procured, of stout brown paper.

When this extraordinary animal has retired from the public gaze the company can indulge in a very ingenious game called

What does my Thought Resemble?

The leader writes upon a strip of paper his thought, folds the paper and hands it to the umpire. He then goes to each player, and asks of every one the question:

"What does my thought resemble?"

Each one must name some article or fancy in answer, and, when all have answered, the umpire opens the paper, and reads the "thought" written upon it.

The leader passing again round the circle requires of each one to explain why the thought is like what they have named, and the umpire decides whether the answer is sense or nonsense. If he pronounces it nonsense the speaker pays a forfeit.

When one thought has passed round the entire circle of players a new leader and new umpire are chosen, and another thought is written, as before.

EXAMPLE:

Suppose a party of ten players.

The leader, after writing his thought and giving it to the umpire, approaches Number One.

LEADER. I have written out my thought. What does it resemble?

FIRST PLAYER. Happiness.

SECOND PLAYER. Napoleon Bonaparte.

THIRD PLAYER. My new hat.

FOURTH PLAYER. A horse-car.

FIFTH PLAYER. Mustard.

SIXTH PLAYER. An axe.

SEVENTH PLAYER. A silver dollar.

EIGHTH PLAYER. The kitchen clock.

NINTH PLAYER. The Sultan of Turkey.

TENTH PLAYER. An old coat.

LEADER. I thought of the *sun*. Why does it resemble happiness?

FIRST PLAYER. Because our lives would be utterly dark without it.

LEADER. Why does it resemble Napoleon Bonaparte?

SECOND PLAYER. Because both were sometimes under a cloud.

LEADER. Why does it resemble your new hat?

THIRD PLAYER. Because both are overhead.

LEADER. Why does it resemble a horse-car?

FOURTH PLAYER. Because it would be difficult to do without either.

LEADER. Why does it resemble mustard?

FIFTH PLAYER. Because both can draw a blister.

LEADER. Why does it resemble an axe?

SIXTH PLAYER. A stroke from either would be likely to prove fatal.

LEADER. Why does it resemble a silver dollar?

SEVENTH PLAYER. Both are round and bright.

LEADER. Why does it resemble the kitchen clock?

EIGHTH PLAYER. Because both mark the hours as they pass.

LEADER. Why does it resemble the Sultan of Turkey?

NINTH PLAYER. Both rise in the East.

LEADER. Why does it resemble an old coat?

TENTH PLAYER. Because there are spots on it.

The umpire now decides which answers are sufficiently nonsensical to pay a forfeit, and a new thought is written. When pencil and paper are not convenient, the thought may be whispered to the umpire.

When each one has given a thought, let some one who is expert entertain the company with a few

Hand Shadows.

These are soon learned in great variety, by simply experimenting with the hands placed between a bright light and a clear

space upon the wall. The two shown in Fig. 65 are easily made, and others may soon be discovered with a little patient observation.

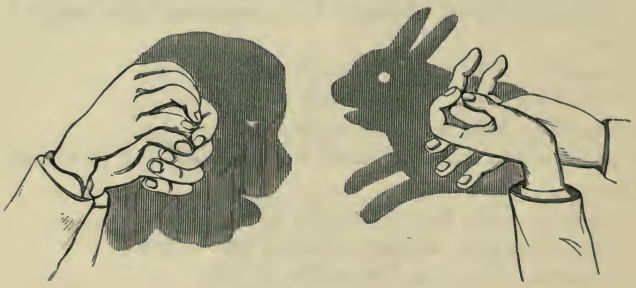


FIG. 65.

A little magic may now be given to astonish the "country members," the conjurer proving he possesses

Second Sight.

"Ladies and gentlemen: We have all doubtless heard a great deal about second sight, or, in other words, the faculty of seeing what may be visible to others but apparently invisible to the gifted seer. It really is not as difficult as some might suppose. Now, for instance, here is a piece of ordinary writing-paper, without a mark upon it; here is a common lead-pencil; any one may take these away from my sight—out of the room if he pleases—and write a sentence, or anything he likes, upon the paper, fold it carefully, so that the writing cannot be seen from the outside, and I will tell him at once correctly and exactly what he has put on the paper. Allow me to hand you the paper and pencil, and some of you will kindly watch me closely to prevent my being, by any possibility, able to see what is written on the paper."

Having got thus far, you give the paper and pencil to some

one of the company, and request him to retire out of your sight and write something on it; and we will suppose all this done. You now continue:

"Well, sir, you of course are fully aware what is on that piece of paper; and you are also quite satisfied that I could not see what you wrote. Have the kindness to fold it up and hold it firmly closed in your hand. Pshaw! that is too easy; you must conceal it better than that if you want to hide it from *me*. Fold it up still smaller. That's good. Now place it on the carpet and cover it completely with your foot. Very good. But it's all of no use; I can see better than ever what you have put on the paper. Why! you put your foot on it."

Supposing the guests sufficiently recovered from the effects of the last outrageous sell, we will pass on to a game of

One! Two! Three!

One of the company leaves the room, and the others name three famous people. When the absent one returns he is asked what he wishes to do with One, Two, and Three. When he has answered he is told who were the individuals named. If his wishes are impossible he pays a forfeit, but if *possible*, however absurd, he escapes, and another of the party leaves the room.

EXAMPLE:

ONE. George Washington.
TWO. Grand Duke Alexis.
THREE. Queen Victoria.
When the leader returns he is asked:
"What will you do with *One*?"
ANS. I will send it to Africa.
"What will you do with *Two*?"
ANS. I will put it in the ash-barrel.
"What will you do with *Three*?"
ANS. I will make it President of the United States.
You must pay two forfeits. *One* is George Washington; it

would be possible to send him to Africa, as we make no allowance for heroes being dead and buried. But our *second* is Duke Alexis; you cannot put him in the ash-barrel. And our *third* is Queen Victoria, whom you cannot make President of the United States.

LEADER. I'll pay the forfeit for Victoria, but not for Alexis. It is absurd to talk of putting him in an ash-barrel, but I will not admit it to be *impossible*, provided the barrel is big enough and the Duke willing.

The next party goes out.

ONE. Byron.

TWO. Louis Napoleon.

THREE. Florence Nightingale.

"What will you do with *One?*"

ANS. Let him drive an express wagon.

"What will you do with *Two?*"

ANS. Send him to Siberia.

"What will you do with *Three?*"

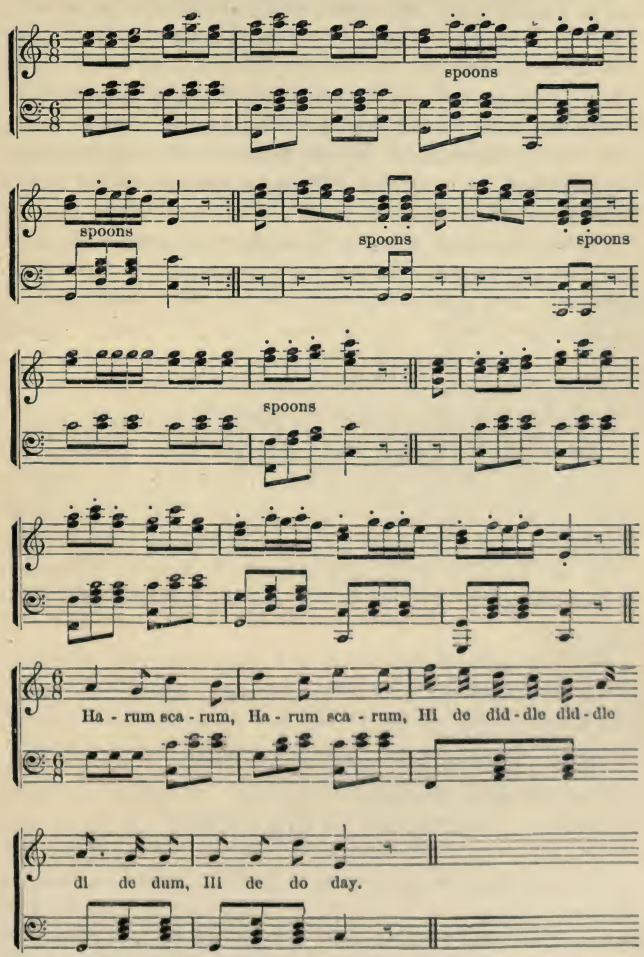
ANS. Impale him on a church steeple.

Did he pay any forfeits?

When the company have each had the disposal of three distinguished characters invite them all to join in a comical concert called

The German Chorus.

Provide each guest with a wine-glass and a spoon, and tell them at what point in the music they are to strike lightly upon the edge of the glass with the spoon. When the music is repeated they clap hands at the same place the second time; the third time the gentlemen are all to whistle; at the fourth repetition all are to laugh; and the fifth is a grand *finale* of the spoons. The air is to be played upon the piano, from the following music, the dotted notes requiring the spoon (or other) accompaniment, which all must perform with perfect precision:



This ludicrous concert should be practised together by a sufficient number of the performers to lead the new ones, and when

this is accomplished, the more spoons, hands, whistles and voices are added, the better, as the idea is not exactly to produce melodious effects.

Familiar airs, such as "Yankee Doodle," "Tramp, tramp, tramp," or others that are well accented, may be tried with the same accompaniments at regular intervals, and will be found very amusing. It must be remembered that *perfect time* is absolutely essential.

Another recreation may now be started, to close the amusements for the evening, and give all a good chance for a final exercise of their powers of puzzling and guessing, before breaking up.

The Hidden Word.

In this game a player leaves the room. While he is absent the others fix upon a word, which they are bound to introduce into every answer they make until it is guessed. The absent player returns and can ask each player a question until he guesses the hidden word, or until he has had an answer from every one, when, if he fails to discover it, he must go out again. If he guesses, the speaker whose answer betrayed the word must go out.

The word selected should not be a remarkable one, but something easily introduced, as *and*, *but*, *for*, or some such word. The speaker must be very careful not to emphasize it in any answer.

EXAMPLE:

The word selected is *all*.

LEADER. Have you selected a very difficult word for me this time?

ANS. I believe we all tried to make it as puzzling as possible for you.

LEADER. May I inquire your opinion of the ancient Greeks?

ANS. My opinion is, that they were all dead and buried so long ago that it is useless to try to revive them.

LEADER. May I inquire what you had for dinner?

ANS. Meat, vegetables, dessert, bread, butter, pickles; in short, all that is usually placed upon a dinner-table.

LEADER. Do you admire Offenbach?

ANS. Some of his operas please me very much, but not all of them. I suppose everybody has a favorite one.

LEADER. How is your grandmother?

ANS. Thank you. When I last heard from the old lady she and all the family were in good health.

LEADER. Who do you like best in this company?

ANS. That is scarcely a fair question to put so publicly; I like all so well that I really must decline to make a selection.

LEADER. Who is your favorite author?

ANS. Let me see. I cannot recall all my favorites at a moment's notice. My favorite novelist is Dickens; my favorite poet is Byron; my favorite historian is Prescott.

LEADER. I think I find the word *all* in each of the answers, and the fact began to dawn on my inquiring mind when Mr. G—— gave me his answer.

Mr. G—— then leaving the room, a new word is selected and the game goes round again.

Thirteenth Evening.

Ladies and gentlemen: Being assembled together for festive purposes, premeditatedly and with malice aforethought, we will inaugurate the performers of this evening by an introduction to

The Hutchinson Family.

Several of the party who do not know the trick of the game must be selected to leave the room, while the others are instructed in their parts. One of the absent ones is then recalled and introduced as Mr. or Miss Hutchinson.

The remainder of the party must then imitate exactly every movement made by this member of the Hutchinson family, even of the most trifling description. If the unconscious leader moves an arm, every arm in the company makes the same movement; if any play of feature, such as a look of surprise, follows, every one in the company assumes the same expression; if a wondering look is given around the room, the head moving to each side, all make precisely the same gesture. This procedure is continued until Mr. or Miss Hutchinson Number One sees into the little game, and ends it by taking a seat in motionless quiet. Hutchinson Number Two is next ushered in to go through the same ceremonial, and the game is repeated until the Hutchinson family is extinct.

It sometimes happens that a quick-witted Hutchinson will find out the trick before acknowledging the discovery, and lead the others a dance they did not anticipate, as one merry young lady, "seeing the point," walked slowly and with great gravity up and down a long drawing-room, and out of one door into the

hall, across this into the room again, and round the room, all the others following her till they cried for mercy.

A gentleman, after staring, yawning, and making horrible grimaces at his imitators, suddenly commenced a series of taps on each side of his nose with the forefingers of both hands, and with constantly increasing rapidity, all trying to follow him, till they were so convulsed with laughter that they were forced to admit the joke was all in his hands.

When the game has been played with all the victims produce two packs of cards, and deal them out to the company for a game of

Catechism Cards.

The party must be divided into two parts, and one pack is divided amongst each, being dealt out as in whist.

The leader then asks a question, at the same time names a card, and whoever possesses that card must answer the question.

It is sometimes played by giving one pack to the leader, and letting him ask all the questions, but it is a more interesting game to have the questions put in regular rotation all round the circle.

If the company are divided, by the ladies taking one pack and the gentlemen another, the questions and answers may be saucier and more pointed.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER (*holding one pack*). Nine of Hearts! Who has not paid for the suit he is wearing?

NINE OF HEARTS. That's me!

LEADER. Whose boots are too tight? Ace of Clubs!

ACE OF CLUBS. Mine.

The fun is decidedly increased by the cards being all dealt out, and the player who makes an answer giving the next question.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. Ten of Spades! Who staid from church on Sunday, because her new bonnet was not becoming?

TEN OF SPADES. 'Twas me (*asking a question in turn*). Four of Diamonds! Who eats onions?

FOUR OF DIAMONDS. I do (*asks question in turn*).

Thus each one holding answering cards has a chance for a question.

Where the ladies hold one pack, and the gentlemen the other, there is also much scope for funny questions.

EXAMPLE:

ACE OF CLUBS (*lady*). Five of Hearts! Who secretly adores me?

FIVE OF HEARTS (*gentleman*). I do! Too bad of you to betray me, Miss ———. Seven of Spades! Who sent me an anonymous bouquet yesterday?

SEVEN OF SPADES (*lady*). I did.

And so on.

When the players tire of this game, and while the cards are still out, let some expert player show the party an interesting trick, which he must study a little beforehand.

Taking only one pack, and performing all preliminary flourishes, he exhibits

The Tell-Tale Ten.

Ten cards are arranged in a row, faces downward, on the table; a spectator is requested to transfer, in the performer's absence, as many of the cards as he chooses from the left end of the row to the right end, one at a time, and in regular rotation. The trick consists in turning one of the cards face up, the spots on which will correspond with the number of cards transferred. This may be repeated as often as wished, the spots on the turned-up card always corresponding with the number of cards *last* transferred.

To perform this effective trick, select privately ten cards,

commencing with the ace, followed by the deuce, trey, etc., up to the ten (it is not necessary for them to be all of the same suit; in fact, it looks better to have all the suits represented); lay them down in rotation from left to right, the ace at the left end, the deuce next, etc., ending with the ten to the right. Invite some person among the spectators to transfer from the left end to the right end, in your absence, any number of the cards he wishes, under the condition that he must move the cards one at a time, and in regular rotation. Having explained (and, if necessary, shown) how it is to be done, retire. On your return turn up the right-hand end card; the spots on it will show how many cards have been transferred. Thus, if four cards were moved the four-spot will be the end card, and when turned up will tell its own tale. Recollect the number of cards that have been transferred this time (in this instance four), request some other party to make a fresh transfer from the cards just as they stand, and again retire. On your return count four cards (the number first removed), commencing with the right-hand end card, from right to left, and turn up the next (the fifth) card. Supposing that, in this second transfer, three cards have been moved, the fifth from the right will be the trey-spot. Now, recollect seven, the sum of the previous transfers (respectively four and three); repeat the trick by requesting another transfer of the cards, then count from right to left as before, seven cards, and turn up the eighth. If six cards have been moved this last time, the eighth card will be the six-spot. This makes thirteen (four, three, and six) cards removed altogether; drop the ten, and recollect three, counting off next time three cards, and turning up the fourth. This may be repeated as often as desired, always recollecting the total number of cards previously transferred (rejecting ten, whenever the sum exceeds ten). If at any time the turned-up card is the ten-spot, this shows that either none at all, or all, have been moved. In this case it is best to declare that *none* have been moved; if this is not so, then the entire ten have been transferred, and you must

explain that it was a useless transfer, as it leaves the cards virtually as they were before.

While this trick is being exhibited an ambitious boy has been transformed into a

Midnight Screecher,

and is led into the room with an impromptu speech, describing his origin, habits and peculiarities. His appearance, as represented in Fig. 66, being sufficiently commented upon, the showman may introduce a short speech, explaining its manners and habits.

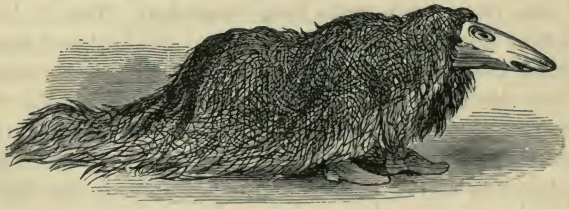


FIG. 66.

"His name, ladies and gentlemen, was given him in consequence of the peculiarity of his voice, which resembles that of no other known animal. (*Screecher gives some unearthly groans, screams, and whistles.*) He is not an agreeable neighbor, or inmate of the family, on account of his regular habit of giving

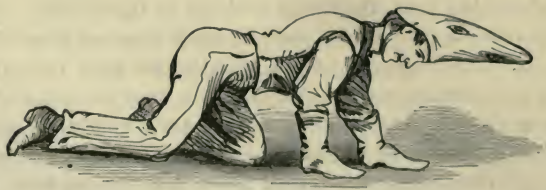


FIG. 67.

a little solo concert, of the kind you have heard, precisely at midnight."

The novel quadruped having retired to the dressing-room and removed a large black railway blanket, which covered him, reveals a boy, as seen in Fig. 67.

Upon his hands are a pair of boots, and on his head a cap made of stiff brown paper, with a mouth of vermilion, and eyes of lamp-black.

The company, having complimented the smart boy, are ready for a game of

Twenty Questions.

One of the company leaves the room, and the others fix upon some word or object that he is to guess when he returns. The absent one, then coming in, has the privilege of asking twenty questions, which must be answered truthfully, by the players, each of whom answers one question in turn. If the guesser is enlightened by any player's answer that player goes out. If, after twenty questions, he cannot guess the word or object, he must go out again, while a new word is chosen.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER (*having gone out while a word was selected*). Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?

ANS. It can be made of all three or any one.

LEADER. It is a manufactured article then?

ANS. Invariably.

LEADER. Is it round or square?

ANS. Both round and square.

LEADER. Can it be made in any other shape?

ANS. Yes, the variety of shape is very great.

LEADER. Is there one in the room?

ANS. Yes.

LEADER. With how many legs?

ANS. One with four legs, and one with only one.

LEADER. The tables! You must go out.

When the questions have been asked by each in turn the conjurer may again win a triumph by proving he is able to play

Dominoes Blind-fold.

It is a simple thing to play a game of dominoes, each player laying his domino face upward, as both players can see plainly what they have to do; but to play a game, setting the dominoes *faces downward*, and yet, on subsequent examination, find that the dominoes match each other perfectly, is *apparently* a difficult feat; and still nothing is easier to accomplish or more likely to create a genuine surprise to those looking on.

Having selected an opponent from among the company (one, of course, with whom you have had a previous opportunity of explaining the matter), you sit down opposite one another at a small table, lay out the dominoes, *faces down*, as usual, and request one of the company to shuffle them thoroughly; each player then selects seven dominoes and looks at them exactly as in the regular, open game.

During the shuffling you and your opponent have been quietly arranging your feet under the table in such a manner that each player's right toe rests on his opponent's left toe. You now lead, say double-five, *face downward*, informing the other player of the fact by five gentle taps on his toe with your right foot; he plays, say five-three, which you know by feeling three taps of your opponent's right foot on your left toe; and so the game continues until one or the other makes *domino*. The winner then makes some remark, asking, for instance, whether at the third set his opponent is sure he did not make some mistake, etc., merely to give the loser time to toe-telegraph to the winner how many spots he has left in his hand (say eight), which the winner coolly announces to the spectators, saying, for instance, "Well, if no mistake has been made, give me eight," which, of course, is found correct.

When a blank is played no toe-signal is given, and when you find you cannot play you may sagaciously smell the dominoes on the table and say you cannot play; if both cannot play, a little conversation must be made up to give each time to tell the

other how many spots he holds. We will suppose the game blocked; you hold eleven spots in your hand, and your opponent fourteen; to gain time you raise a question about the second set in the game, and tap eleven on his toe, in answer to which he taps fourteen on yours; you then say, "Well, it's no use talking; you've got fourteen;" your opponent says, "I know; take them; you've only eleven."

This game should rarely be repeated, as enterprising bystanders *might*, a second time, look under the table, and your little game would be really blocked.

This is a good game to play at the close of an evening's entertainment, as it sends the company home with a knotty puzzle to ponder over, and keeps up a lively recollection of it, as well as of the other performances that have been introduced during the evening.

Fourteenth Evening.

Tableaux Vivants.

The arrangements for an evening's performance of *tableaux vivants*, or living pictures, afford a scope for almost unlimited expenditure, or may be made effective and pleasing at comparatively trifling expense.

Where the means will allow, a platform stage, with footlights, and some scenery, is the most desirable; but if this cannot be managed, a parlor with folding-doors will make an excellent stage, while the other parlor, opening into it, makes an appropriate auditorium. In either case the following directions will be found useful in the arrangement of stage, scenery, furniture, curtains, background, costumes and light.

It must be borne in mind that a *tableau vivant* is a *living picture*, and is intended to resemble, as closely as possible, a painted picture upon a large scale. Artistic rules and taste are therefore invaluable in their direction, and the stage-manager should have an eye for color, graceful grouping, and general effect. Light and shadow, bright and sombre coloring, must be contrasted and combined to make the pictures perfect.

The first requisite is a frame, which must fit exactly into the front of the stage, whether this is a raised platform, or merely a parlor. Four pieces of wood, an inch thick, and about one foot in width, are neatly joined at the corners, and over the entire open space is fastened a coarse black lace, through which all the pictures are to be seen. The wooden frame must now be covered with glazed cambric, bright yellow in color, which is drawn tightly over the wood and fastened securely, being

neatly drawn over the edges. At regular intervals fasten large, full rosettes of the cambric. It is a great improvement, though not necessary, to mix black with the rosettes, and carry a narrow strip of black all round the inner and outer edges of the frame. Upon the inside of the frame fasten several curtains of colored gauze, blue for ghostly scenes, and rose-color for fairy scenes. Arrange these so that they can be lowered or raised easily when required. The frame is now ready to put up.

If you have a pair of full, handsome crimson curtains, they are very effective placed upon a bar inside the frame, about one foot from it, and looped at the sides, high enough to clear the heads of the performers. The curtain to be raised and lowered should be hung about two feet from the frame on the inside.

When your frame is up, fasten at regular intervals little candlesticks for the candles to light the tableaux, and small shelves or brackets to hold the saucers of colored fire.

The frame now being ready, stretch across the sides of the stage and background dark gray or brown muslin, or woolen cloth.

The best arrangement for a background is a semi-circle of strong wire, supported at regular intervals by posts, from which the dark muslin or woolen falls in scant folds. One at each side, and one at the back of the stage, form a perfect background for any style of picture.

The frame at the back should be sufficiently removed from the wall to allow the furniture that will be required to be completely stored out of sight until it is needed.

If the parlor is used as a stage the floor should also be covered with plain dark cloth, that can be removed when the scene requires a parlor carpet.

It must be remembered that carpet and background must be of woolen material, or *unglazed* cotton. Any material that will shine in a strong light will ruin the effect of a tableau. Woolen is by far the best, as it completely absorbs the light.

The stage now being in readiness, the next subject for consideration is the furniture.

For such tableaux as do not require painted scenery, the arrangement of such a stage as described is very simple, but a few scenes will be given as guides.

For a garden scene, a couple of rustic benches, one at each side, a vine trailed over a large open frame in the background, a few flower-pots at the sides and back, and a pair of rustic chairs, are very effective. If the scenery can be painted, this scene may be made into an out-door scene by the introduction of a painted house at one side, such as a cottage door, a tavern door, or even the door of a country house, with high marble steps.

It can be transformed into an effective moonlight scene by cutting a large round hole in the curtain at the background, covering this with silver gauze, and throwing all the light through this opening, having immediately behind it a globe of clear water, through which the light strikes. If this does not sufficiently light the stage, two candles, one on each side of the frame, may be lighted, but a strong light in front will completely destroy any moonlight illusion.

For a farm kitchen, place in the background a large, unpainted pine table, having upon it some homely crockery, a brown pitcher, and one or two tins. The chairs should be of unpainted wood, and an old-fashioned arm-chair or rocking-chair is an effective addition. A rustic bird-cage, a churn in one corner, or any article of country use may be introduced. A spinning-wheel is very good, and can easily be imitated by even an imperfect artist.

A good gypsy scene may be made by introducing upon the stage a rough tent made from a sheet, a table with bottles, glasses and cards, and a few cooking utensils. The interior of a tent can be imitated by hanging white drapery from the sides and background, and placing a long pole upright in the centre of the stage, being careful that the top is out of sight. If a

military tent is wanted, a low iron bedstead, a table with writing materials, a camp-stool, and some articles of military use, as a sword and belt or musket, should be introduced. If a gypsy tent, cooking utensils should lie carelessly upon the ground, and a rough mattress be spread for a bed in one corner.

A market-place is a very effective scene, but somewhat troublesome to arrange. The stalls should run up and down the sides of the stage, and vegetables made of colored tissue-paper, meat of painted wood, and flowers be arranged with due regard for artistic effect.

Where a court-room is required the background must be raised by means of a platform, and the judge's seat, witness-box, prisoner's stand, and so on, arranged as nearly as possible in imitation of the actual court-room.

Many very effective tableaux require this scene, as "The Trial of Effie Deans," and others of the same description.

For a prison scene, a low pallet bed, a stone pitcher standing upon the floor, a chain and a wooden bench, are all that are required.

An attic scene is most easily represented, as a poor wooden table with a candle upon it, stuck in a porter-bottle, a chair with a broken back, and some mean article of diet, are sufficient for the purpose.

A drawing-room scene merely requires the usual furniture of a drawing-room, but care should be taken not to crowd the stage. The lighter the articles, and the fewer in number, the better.

A bedroom scene is managed by draping white muslin curtains from a frame, as if hanging from an old-fashioned four-post bed. The usual articles of bedroom furniture should be added, in keeping with the scene to be given, of rich or poor character.

A boudoir scene requires a table draped with white over pink or blue, supporting a showy mirror; a lounge or sofa, a table, and a few chairs.

A nursery scene requires a cradle, low rocking-chair, and a few large toys, such as a rocking-horse or baby-house.

A scene at a well is very effective for a tableau, and very easily arranged. The well is made of a flour-barrel covered with gray cloth, or a large round table with gray cloth fastened smoothly around it. From each side rise wooden posts, and a round bar is placed across, from which hang the chain and bucket. Over the gray cloth are drawn narrow white cords to imitate mortar between stones, and a vine carelessly running along the side gives a pleasing finish to the scene.

For a studio, an easel, a chair or two, a lay-figure, and one or two pictures appearing to rest against the walls, are all necessary furniture. If a sitter is introduced, a chair upon a small raised platform is needed.

For a royal court, have a raised platform across the background, and upon this arrange two thrones or one, according as the occasion requires a king, a queen, or both. The throne should be made of large arm-chairs, draped with crimson or purple, and the platform upon which they stand should be covered with drapery of the same color. The throne is all the furniture required for royal scenes, and should be made as superb as possible. One of the best arrangements for the background of a throne is the head-board of a modern French bedstead, covered with gilt paper pressed into the carving, the lower part draped to match the covering of the platform and seats.

A convent cell should be furnished with a small table, upon which is a crucifix, an antique lamp, a skull (if procurable), a stone pitcher, and a prayer-book. An iron bedstead and low chair complete the scene.

An office scene requires only a desk and one or two chairs, a few books, papers, pen and ink upon the desk, and a calendar against the wall.

The parlor of an inn needs only a table, heaped with shawls, satchels and baskets, a hard, uninviting-looking sofa, and a few chairs.

A very pretty scene for a tableau is that of a fancy fair. Two stalls are quite sufficient, and may be made by covering two small tables with white cloths prettily decorated with colored ribbons or muslin. Flowers and fancy articles can be placed upon these tables in artistic profusion, and no other furniture need be used.

The costumes for tableaux, though they must be effective and artistic in color, contrast and combination, certainly would be useless for any other occasion. The black lace which is stretched over the frame gives a softness to all materials, and gorgeous effects may be produced from very cheap materials.

As the figures stand perfectly motionless, the drapery for the character may often be arranged to be seen only from the front. We have seen one side of a superb royal mantle drape Queen Elizabeth for the audience, while her majesty presented to the manager's gaze a very pretty modern evening silk, her robes only covering one arm and shoulder, and falling only on one side. Crowns, helmets and shields need be finished on one side only, and we have even seen one magnificent boot of the last century in full view, while a mantle hid a modern dancing boot.

Ermine can be perfectly imitated for the edge of royal robes, by white canton flannel, with little tabs of black worsted sewn upon it. Paper muslin, or very glossy cambric, is a perfect imitation of satin. Cotton velvet is quite as rich-looking as the finest silk from a Lyons' loom, and a very perfect imitation of lace can be cut from white or black paper.

One of the most superb court costumes at a recent tableau party was: A white-satin petticoat (of glossy cambric), with a crimson (cotton) velvet train with broad ermine border (of canton-flannel with black-worsted tabs). The waist of the dress was of crimson, with a very deep berthe of white lace (made from one of the strips of white tissue-paper that are sold to hang from the ceiling in fly-time). The boots were of the same material as the petticoat, stretched over the usual walking-boot. The crown of gilt paper and heavy bracelets of the same costly material.

In dressing for a country scene the stage peasant is better for a model than the actual inhabitants of a modern farm-house.

Costumes for very old men require wig, beard and eyebrows made from cotton-wadding, while old ladies will want a neat front, straight or curled, of white horsehair.

In grouping, the color must be very carefully selected to prevent either glaring or gloomy effect. Often a piece of gay drapery thrown over a chair will enliven a picture where all the figures are in the dark evening-dress of a gentleman of the present day, but where ladies are grouped their own dress is usually sufficiently bright.

Never bring two bright colors against each other. If they are necessary in the same group, introduce between them some white, black, or neutral-tinted drapery. If they are light, as well as bright, use gray or brown to harmonize them.

White should always be sparingly and judiciously used in tableaux, and should be of either very glossy fabric, or very thin material, as tulle, book muslin or lace. Thick white material, like lawn, marseilles or piqué, is not effective in tableaux.

The arrangement of color in tableaux must be governed by the same rule as in painted pictures, and it must be borne in mind that not only the personages who are grouped for the picture are to be considered, but the accessories and background will also strike the eye of the spectator at the same time.

A few hints upon color in tableaux dresses will aid the stage-manager.

Scarlet has a brilliant effect trimmed with gold; it harmonizes well with white, and trims drab, gray, or light neutral colors. Is effective with black lace, fur, or swan's-down. Being vivid and dazzling, should be used sparingly.

Crimson, being more subdued, will bear contrast with very dark blue.

Pink should be subdued with black lace, and is effective with silver trimming; suits only the young, and may be worn of a vivid tint by brunettes.

Blue must be very deep or very bright. Gas or candle-light entirely destroys light blue, and it is a very poor color for tableaux.

Yellow is entirely lost, but the deeper shades of orange are effective relieved by black velvet or lace.

Green is a poor tableau color, being lost in candle or gas-light.

Deep purple is a valuable color, and may often be effectively used in masses. It trims well with gold, gold-lace or fur.

Black can be often effectively placed to throw out or subdue more vivid tints, and all the neutral colors are of great value.

The style of the performers, masculine and feminine, should be carefully considered in tableau costumes, as what will call for loud applause upon one style of beauty will be utterly lost upon another style, though an equal proportion of beauty may exist.

The brunette has her rich black hair and olive complexion emphasized and heightened by rich bright colors, diamonds, and golden ornaments, while the blonde will enhance the *spirituelle* style of her loveliness by thin white draperies, pearls, and light soft coloring.

The "make-up" of faces for tableaux requires the use of good water-colors, some fine white chalk or "lily-white," camel's-hair pencils and dry rouge.

The expression of the face may be heightened by standing before a mirror, assuming the required smile, frown, grin or scowl, and tracing the lines in fine reddish-brown water-color with a camel's-hair pencil.

The forefinger should mark the rouge, and soften the edges by gentle rubbing.

A hollow hungry look may be given to the jolliest of faces by smearing under the eyes, the sides of the cheeks, and under the lower lip with burnt cork, being careful to soften the edges. A decided line of burnt cork running, from the corner of the nose to the corner of the mouth on each side will produce the effect of emaciation.

A tableau dressing-room should be well provided with wigs, false whiskers and moustaches, and other important additions to the natural face.

Colored lights are a very effective addition to many scenes, and are not difficult to manufacture or use.

Red light, which adds greatly to the beauty of martial, heroic, or fairy scenes, is produced by this receipt, *exactly* followed:

Five ounces of dry nitrate of strontia; one and a half ounces of finely-powdered sulphur; five drachms of chlorate of potash, and four drachms of sulphuret of antimony, powdered separately in a mortar. Mix the two last-named ingredients upon paper. Mix the other ingredients together, having powdered each separately; add the two last and rub all well together on paper. For use, mix a little spirits of wine with the powder, and burn in a flat iron pan standing in a large dish of dry sand.

Green fire, which suits the poverty-stricken scenes, and any sea views, may be made by powdering separately, and afterwards mixing well together, thirteen parts of flour of sulphur, five parts oxymuriate of potassa, two parts metallic arsenic, and three parts pulverized charcoal. Then take seventy-seven parts of nitrate of baryta, dry it carefully, powder it, and mix the whole thoroughly.

These preparations all being objectionable, on account of the smell and danger of fire, a substitute may be made by filling large globes with colored water, and allowing the light to strike through them.

Where a ghostly effect is desired, it can be obtained by the following light:

Mix some common salt with spirits of wine, in a metal cup, and set it upon a wire frame over a spirit-lamp. When the cup becomes heated, and the spirits of wine ignited, shade the spirit-lamp and extinguish all the other lights. The scene then seen by this ghostly flame will be unearthly in its pallor, all color being reduced to a dingy yellow tint. When expense is not an

objection, a calcium light is by far the best for tableaux, on account of its perfect purity and brilliance, and the heavy, well-defined shadows it throws; and any color may be produced by passing its rays through a piece of the requisite colored glass.

Supposing now, that our readers understand all that is necessary for preparation, we will give a few tableaux, for our evening's entertainment.*

A very beautiful tableau is that of a wreath of young girls or children, called

Living Flowers.

A number of wooden boxes, rising in height one above the other, are arranged so as to form a circle; or a number of seats are built to effect the same purpose, reaching from the front of the stage to the ceiling in the background. The gallery of an infant-school might be borrowed for the purpose, and the foreground managed with boxes. This circle should be ten feet in diameter. The boxes or seats should be entirely covered with white cloth; the space in the centre of the circle with pink cambric.

The "Living Flowers" should be dressed in white muslin, with low neck and short sleeves, and not very wide or full skirts. The hair of each one should be worn in curls or loose crimped waves, and crowned with a wreath of flowers, real or artificial, each one wearing only one kind of flower, with its appropriate leaves. Thus one wears white roses; one, pink roses; another, violets; another, fuchsias; and so on, suiting the colors of the flowers to the complexion of the wearer, the brunettes appropriating the geraniums, the crimson roses and camelias; and the blondes, the violets and blue-bells, leaving the brown-haired beauties the soft-tinted hues of the carnations, and the auburn-haired ones the pure white jessamines, the lilies of the valley, and the ivy leaves.

* A large collection of tableaux of every description will be found in the "Book of Tableaux," published by Dick & Fitzgerald.

The smallest performer must be placed at the top of the wreath, exactly in the centre of the background. She must recline in an easy position, resting her head on her hand, the elbow touching the box; the next in size must take her place on the box, or sit beneath, on the right side, and rest her arm upon the lap of the first child, her head leaning on her hand, her face turned toward the centre of the circle, the eyes raised to those of the figure above. The remaining figures take similar positions on the right and left of the central figure, until one-half of the circle is completed. The other half of the circle is arranged in a similar manner, but the figures face the audience, as in the half at the background; the smallest, as before, starting this half of the wreath from the centre of the foreground. A large wreath of spruce, fir, holly, ivy, and trails of paper flowers, must be put inside the circle and fastened up to their seats. Small festoons of green are to be placed between, and wreathed round the figures. The light for this picture must come from *foot-lights*, across the front of the stage, and should be very brilliant.

This tableau, when finished, appears, at a little distance, like a beautiful wreath of lovely faces, but the arrangement of the seats require a carpenter and some outlay. We therefore suggest two or three more tableaux of an easier description.

Tell, Shooting the Apple from his Son's Head.

The scenery must be painted.* An Alpine landscape with a Swiss cottage, in the distance, must be represented. A green cloth must cover the foreground, on which Tell stands, his arrow fixed in the act of shooting. His young son, with bandaged eyes, stands firmly at the given distance, with the apple upon his head. In the background sits Gessler in armor, sur-

* Full descriptions for painting scenery are given on page 293.

rounded by his guards. At the sides stand Swiss peasants, young and old, as many as the number of the performers will allow.

The dress must be that of the Swiss peasantry of the period, while Gessler and his guard wear the Austrian uniform of the time. The faces must all be turned toward Tell and his son, and should express fear, pity and anxiety. Gessler should lean upon a huge sword, with an air of haughty disdain.

Titania and Puck.

The stage may be made a perfect green wood, by putting boughs of trees, and large pots of shrubs and small trees in it. A mossy bank may be made of green cloth. Flowers of gay hues should be dispersed among the scenery. On the bank, Titania, represented by a beautiful sunny-haired child, may lie asleep, folded in a regal mantle of crimson or purple, and crowned with flowers and crystallized sprays. Her suite, represented by a group of little girls, stand around her. They must be smaller than herself, and dressed in different colors, their dresses being made of thin tulle, gauze, or other light material, spangled, and looped with flowers. Wreaths should be worn on their heads, and their hair crimped or curled and floating free. Their wings should be made of silver gauze, and their tiny wands of hazle and flowers, or tipped with silver stars. On the left side Puck is seen, peeping mischievously at them. He holds a heartsease in his hand, the magic flower which he has been ordered to rub on the Queen's eyes. He wears a quaint dress of gay silk of different colors, cut in points at the edge of the short trousers and skirt of coat; upon his head a pointed cap of the same gay colors; and upon his feet crimson or scarlet boots with gilt heels.

On the other side Helena and Hermia are just visible in the distance, represented by older girls, dressed in Greek costume. They stand looking angrily at each other, as if quarreling.

The light should be soft, to resemble moonlight, in this picture, or moonlight may be thrown upon the scene, as described in the stage directions on page 178.

King Alfred in the Swineherd's Hut.

The King is seated upon a low, rough stool, leaning his head on his hand, and looking at the fire. The cakes lie burned upon the hearth. An old woman is standing near, her hand raised to strike him. In the distance you perceive the Saxon thanes approaching. The scenery of this tableau must also be painted. It is the interior of a rude Anglo-Saxon hut. Painted red-hot logs of wood are lying on the hearth. The dress of all the figures must be of the period. Alfred, as a peasant, wears a smock frock, and long fair hair on his shoulders. The old woman wears the peasant costume of the times, with coif, petticoat, etc.

In the arrangement of tableau groups, the best plan is first to consult all the good paintings or engravings that are attainable, then the poets and novelists, selecting striking situations and scenes. Guard against overcrowding the scene. Two or three figures, with very little furniture, will make a far more effective tableau, than where the stage is crowded with figures and "cut up" by furniture. Masses are better than scattered effects, as the time allowed must necessarily be short, and the eye should be filled at once, not obliged to dart rapidly from one point in the picture to another.

Shakspeare offers scene after scene for beautiful tableaux. Every play is full of them, and there is unlimited scope for beautiful dresses.

Ophelia's madness, Lady Macbeth washing her hands in sleep, Hamlet and the Queen when the ghost interrupts them, and many others. Scott also offers innumerable tableaux; Ivanhoe, Woodstock, The Heart of Mid Lothian, and other novels, are filled with scenes suitable for living pictures, and his

poems are peculiarly adapted to them. Marmion might be represented almost entire in scenes, so full is it of striking situations. Dickens offers the stage-manager a variety of humorous pictures to vary the programme.

It requires great tact to manage these mimic scenes, so that the audience will not be wearied by long pauses between them. Each should be so arranged that the next one will be ready instantly to succeed it, and the same performers should never be in two tableaux that are near together.

One programme is offered as a guide for the desirable variety in an evening's performance. Ten or twelve are as many as should be attempted for one evening.

First, a historical subject, as

Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

The famous treaty-tree may be represented by a column of wood, covered with imitation bark, and reaching above the top of the tableau frame. William Penn, in full Quaker dress, stands near this, holding a parchment in his hand; while near him are grouped three or four Indians, their fine feathers, paint, beads and gay blankets offering a strong contrast to the simplicity of Penn's costume.

Second, a scene from Byron:

Gulnare Visiting Conrad in Prison.

The prison scene must be in a dim light. Upon a mattress, centre of stage, Conrad lies asleep, facing audience. He should wear a rich dress. Bending over him, holding a lamp in one hand, which she shades with the other, is Gulnare,* in a dress of pure white, loose hair, and an expression of great pity. Drop a curtain of blue gauze.

Third, a humorous scene, taken from Dickens' "Pickwick Papers:"

* Byron's Corsair, Canto II. Verse XII.

Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell Discovered by their Friends.

The scene selected is the one where the widow Bardell, supposing she has had an offer of marriage, is embracing Mr. Pickwick, who stands a picture of dismay and surprise, while he holds up her fainting form. Just entering the door, are the little Bardell, Messrs. Tupman, Winkle and Snodgrass. Each of the figures must be made up and costumed, as described in the Pickwick papers.

Fourth, a scene for children:

Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes.

Scene, a front kitchen. A little boy, in a picturesque country dress, sits with closed eyes and open mouth, while a little girl, holding a bunch of cherries near her own lips, puts the end of a tallow candle near her companion's yawning jaws. The children should wear bright dresses.

Fifth, a patriotic scene:

Liberty Freeing the Slave.

This requires no scenery. Centre of stage, a raised platform covered with white, upon which stands the Goddess of Liberty, dressed in white, with a wide sash of the national colors falling in folds on the left side; the hair is loose, and surmounted by a liberty cap. In one hand she grasps an American flag, while the other is extended to raise a kneeling figure, a negro woman in a ragged dress. Beside the negro lies a chain. The figures must be well contrasted; one radiant and bright, the other dark, ragged and wretched. Drop a curtain of rose-colored gauze.

Sixth, scene from the Vicar of Wakefield:

Sophia and Olivia Visiting the Fortune-Teller.

The scene is a sitting-room. Centre of stage, a chair, upon which is seated an old hag, profile to audience. Facing her, one of the girls is offering her hand for inspection, while the other stands a little back between them, facing audience, and watching the gipsy's face. The dresses should be those of the last century.

Seventh, a Scripture scene:

The Sacrifice of Abraham.

No scenery, excepting a table covered entirely with a dark cloth, to imitate the altar. Upon this is heaped some wood, some is also piled against the table. Isaac, a fair-haired boy, in a loose white robe, is bound to the wood, while Abraham, in flowing robes, with long white beard and hair, stands behind the altar, facing audience, with a knife raised to strike. He looks up, as if just hearing the voice of the angel calling him to stay his hand.

Eighth, and ninth, two humorous scenes, following each other as rapidly as possible.

The Inconveniences of Single Life.

Scene, an attic. Seated upon a low stool, centre of stage, facing audience, a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, and one bare foot, trying to darn a great hole in a stocking.

Second scene, the same attic, with the addition of a few articles of furniture, including a lounge.

The Conveniences of Married Life.

The same gentleman, neatly stockinged and slippered, lies upon the lounge, reading a newspaper, while his wife, in a cal-

ico dress and sunbonnet, is splitting a large log of wood with a heavy ax.

Tenth, a brilliant scene for a final one.

The Flower Queen.

A raised platform and chair, in the centre of the stage, is covered with white and festooned with flowers. Upon this is seated a beautiful girl, dressed in white, and crowned with roses, to represent the queen of flowers. Her sceptre is a branch of roses, and roses loop and trim her dress.

Kneeling upon each side of this central figure are children, dressed in white, each wreathed with a different flower, but none with roses.

They are in graceful attitudes, and offer baskets, boquets, garlands and wreaths, to the Queen.

Drop a rose-colored gauze curtain, and burn red light.

The curtain should never remain up for a tableau more than thirty seconds, as it is almost impossible to keep perfectly motionless for a longer time. Drop it then for two minutes, to allow rest; then raise it as before, a second and third time.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

Having given a great deal of thought, taste and ingenuity to the tableaux of the last evening, our circle of friends are probably ready for some round games and tricks that will not require so much preparation, and can open this evening by a game of

Mind Your P's and Q's.

The rule of the game is not to mention the name of any place beginning with a letter that precedes P and Q in the alphabet, and the historical name must be the native place of the person mentioned, or the scene of a battle in which he was engaged.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. Napoleon Bonaparte has gone to fight at ———. Mind your P's and Q's.

ANS. Waterloo! George Washington has gone to ———. Mind your P's and Q's.

SECOND PLAYER. Germantown!

FIRST PLAYER. A forfeit! G comes before P and Q.

THIRD PLAYER. Valley Forge! Charlemange has gone to fight at ———. Mind your P's and Q's.

FOURTH PLAYER. Roncesvalles! The Emperor of Russia has gone to fight at ———. Mind your P's and Q's.

FIFTH PLAYER. Sebastopol! General Taylor has gone to fight at ———. Mind your P's and Q's.

SIXTH PLAYER. Buena Vista!

SEVENTH PLAYER. A forfeit! Vera Cruz! General Grant has gone to fight at ———. Mind your P's and Q's.

EIGHTH PLAYER. Vicksburg! Frederick the Great has gone to fight at ———. Mind your P's and Q's.

NINTH PLAYER. Rossbach!

This game is an excellent test of the historical reading and accuracy of the performers, and is very instructive to children studying history, who will often remember names and events thus impressed upon them, where the usual routine of study is wearisome.

While the majority of the company are thus minding their P's and Q's, let one or two slip away to the dressing-room to prepare

The Wonderful Giantess.

This is a most amusing deception, and very easily arranged. The performer should be a tall, thin young man. Tie around

FIG. 68

his throat a skirt that is long enough to touch the ground all around. Cover an umbrella with a long shawl or waterproof

cloak, and tie a large ball to the point or ferrule. Upon this fasten a bonnet, or the hood of the cloak, and a thick veil. The umbrella is partly opened, to hold out the cloak as crinoline would do. The tall young man getting under it, in his long skirt, and holding it as high as he can grasp the handle, appears like a gigantic woman.

Somebody knocks at the door to announce an arrival; and a moment after a servant announces "Miss Shortcake."

The giantess then stalks into the room (see Fig. 68), to the amazement of the company, bowing. It has a very funny effect to enter holding the umbrella low down and raise it very slowly, giving a comical appearance of growth. She may talk to the company in a squeaky, feigned voice.

In good hands a giantess can be made exceedingly funny.

While the giantess is stalking about amongst the company some of the company may close the folding-doors, and drawing a table before a curtained window, arrange a contrast in

The Dwarf.

Put a young lady's hands into a child's stockings and little boots or shoes. To disguise her face, put a small piece of court-plaster over one of her front teeth, darken the eyebrows with a little water-color, and arrange the hair in some unaccustomed fashion. Add a little rouge and powder to the disguise. Then put on a bonnet and shawl. As two performers are required, another young lady, carefully concealed by the window-curtains, stands behind the first, and passing her arms around her supplies the dwarf's arms and hands. A table is drawn up, and the booted hands rest upon it; and a perfect dwarf appears to stand upon the table (see Fig. 69). She may introduce herself as Mrs. Melchisidek Stady Canton, and speak in favor of extending "Woman's Rights" to all women less than four feet high, etc. In conclusion, she may dance a very genteel break-down in a most lady-like manner.

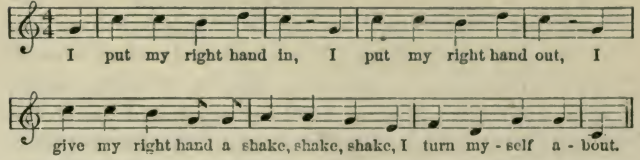
The dwarf may tell fortunes or "speak a piece," with funny gestures.

FIG. 69.

An amusing hour may now be passed, in a game of

The Ugly Mug.

A leader is chosen, and the remainder of the company must follow every motion that he makes, while he sings the description.



The leader should stand facing the others, and his gestures are exactly as he describes them.

LEADER. (*Singing and making the appropriate gestures, which all imitate.*)

I put my right hand in! (*extending the right hand before him.*)
I put my right hand out! (*turning half round, and again extending the right hand.*)
I give my right hand a shake, shake, shake! (*shaking the right hand.*)
I turn myself about! (*turns back to first position.*)

The same gestures are performed with the left hand while singing.

I put my left hand in!
I put my left hand out!
I give my left hand a shake, shake, shake!
I turn myself about!

The same performance is gone through with both hands, while singing:

I put my both hands in, etc.

At the conclusion of which, the leader continues the gestures with his right foot, singing:

I put my right foot in!
I put my right foot out!
I give my right foot a shake, shake, shake!
I turn myself about!

The same thing is done with the left foot, with the words:

I put my left foot in, etc.

The head is the next member brought into active service.

I put my ugly mug in! (*stretching the head and neck forward.*)
I put my ugly mug out! (*turning half round and repeating the same motion.*)
I give my ugly mug a shake, shake, shake! (*nodding the head vigorously.*)
I turn myself about!

If the gravity of the company will stand this test, knowing every smile must cost a forfeit, choose a new leader, and try again to collect some forfeits. This will, however, be scarcely called for, as the first time round will surely provide a pretty large crop of forfeits.

The conjurer may now amuse the party by exhibiting a specimen of

Invisible Suspension.

Take a quill or other small tube, closed at one end; near the closed end cut a small but perfectly round hole on the side of the quill, similar in position to the embouchure or mouth-hole of a flute. Next, select a nice soft piece of cork, and cut it into the form of a ball, say three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Now, place the open end of the quill in the mouth, with the small hole upward; blow gently through it, and hold the ball over the hole; on withdrawing the hand the cork ball will float in the air as long as the supply of wind is kept up.

Colored hollow glass balls may be introduced into the jet of a fountain, with the same pleasing effect; the more powerful the jet, the higher will the ball be suspended.

This may be followed by the trick of

The Obedient Egg.

Select an egg which has a good smooth shell; pierce a hole at each end, and blow the contents out. Next make a small hole on the side with a needle, and secure in it, with a wooden

FIG. 70.

peg, one end of a piece of very fine black sewing-silk about fifteen inches long; make a loop at the other end of the silk,

and pass it over one of the buttons of your vest (see Fig. 70), which should be black or dark-colored. Hold the egg in your left hand until you begin the performance.

Commence by borrowing two *black* hats. If there is a piano in the room, ask some one to play a lively tune, as "eggs are fond of lively music to dance to." Then, with the brim of a hat in each hand, interpose the round of each hat successively under the thread that holds the egg, moving them from your breast toward the egg. The egg will appear to move of itself over the hats, as you place them under it.

You must not allow people to handle the egg on the thread afterwards, for when they see the simplicity of the process they will undervalue the trick, whereas it appears marvelous as long as they do not understand how the movements are produced.

A fine, black horse-hair is better than sewing-silk, as it is less liable to twist or become knotted during the performance; but the best of all is a single long black hair, obtained (with full consent, of course) from some obliging lady who is gifted with this beautiful but rare ornament.

Sixteenth Evening.

While the arrivals are yet few, a pleasant hour may be whiled away by a few simple experiments, as

The Immovable Card.

An ordinary visiting-card is bent at the ends, as shown in Fig. 71, and placed upon a table. The company are then invited to blow it over. Easy as this may seem, it is usually tried for a

Fig. 71.

long time in vain. It can be accomplished, however, by blowing sharply upon the table itself, at some distance in front of the card, stirring the air under it, which upsets it.

Another curious experiment is

The Double Pea Illusion.

If a small pea be placed on a table, or in the palm of the left hand, and pressed or rolled between the ends of the first and second fingers of the right hand, a single pea only will be felt; but if the fingers be crossed, and the pea again felt as before, without looking at it, there will seem to be two peas.

The illustration shows the position the fingers are required to assume in order to experience this remarkable illusion

FIG. 72.

Supposing a sufficient number of players to be now assembled, start

The Story of the Trades.

The leader must be duly elected as the "President of the Board of Trade," and must have a sheet of paper. She takes her seat facing the circle of players, who then select trades, each having a different one. When all have chosen a trade, the leader, selecting any book she may prefer, copies an extract from it; whenever she comes to a noun, excepting any five she may wish to retain, she points her pencil at one of the company, who must give a noun from the trade he or she has selected. If preferred, the story may be original.

EXAMPLE:

Ten players take the following trades: Butcher, Milliner, Grocer, Florist, Plumber, Baker, Dressmaker, Hardware Dealer, Dry-goods Merchant, Carpenter.

The leader then commences her extract. As she points her pencil the Butcher gives her a *Leg of Mutton;* the Baker, a *Seed-*

cake; the Milliner, a *Straw-flat;* the Grocer, a *Pound of Raisins;* the Florist, a *Johnny-jump-up;* the Plumber, a *Lead-pipe;* the Dressmaker, a *Dolly Varden;* the Hardware Dealer, a *Gridiron;* the Dry-goods Merchant, *Socks;* and the Carpenter, a *Window-sash.*

The extract is from Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," and the nouns given being substituted for those of the great dramatist, it reads thus:

"If you have *Legs of Mutton* prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this *Seed-cake:* I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's *Straw-flat* in his *Pound of Raisins*
That day he overcame the *Johnny-jump-up.*
Look! in this place ran Cassius' *Lead Pipe* through.
See, what a *Dolly Varden* the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved *Gridiron* stabbed,
And as he plucked his curried *Socks* away,
Mark how the *Window-sash* of Cæsar followed it."

The extracts should always be of the most heroic, tragic, or sentimental character. We have heard the "Charge of the Light Brigade," under the auspices of a Grocer, Apothecary, Confectioner, Cabinet Maker, Milliner, Butcher, Tin-man Crockery-man, Notion Dealer, and Wine Merchant, rendered thus:

Half a *pound of candles,*
Half a *dose of salts,*
Half a *mint stick* onward,
All in the *easy-chair* of Death
Rode the six *pink bonnets.*
"Forward the Light *Beefsteak!*
Charge for the *saucepan,*" he said.
Into the *tea-cup* of Death
Rode the six *shawl-pins.*
"Forward the Light *Champagne*—"

and so on, nearly the whole poem having been written with these absurd interpolations.

While the circle have been laughing over Shakspeare, Tennyson & Co., served up with this new sauce, one of the gentlemen, entering the room suddenly, in breathless haste, exclaims:

"Have you heard of the dreadful railway accident? There is a poor fellow here who has been a horrible sufferer. His head is twisted! It was a terrible affair! He was thrown from the top of the baggage-car, where he had gone to take a quiet smoke and survey the surrounding scenery. A lurch of the train threw him down an embankment one hundred feet, and he revolved in the air so rapidly that he reached the bottom with his head fairly turned. Every effort has been made by the most eminent surgeons in the country to relieve him, but in vain. He will carry for life

A Twisted Head."

After this prologue, the victim, as seen in the illustration, **Fig. 73,** walks into the room.

FIG. 73.

This trick has a very funny effect if the double-faced party joins in dancing a quadrille. His fortunate (?) partner will be thoroughly bewildered by his "advance and retire," and other similar movements.

The "make-up" of this unfortunate individual is very simple. He requires a false face, and a wig that allows him the use of his eyes through its meshes. These are put on, the wig over his face, the face over his own hair, and surmounted by a hat. A vest and loose coat are then put on hind-side-before, and the gentleman is ready. He should walk about the room backward, forward, and sidewise, occasionally turning his head to one side or the other, but he must not speak, or his voice will come, apparently, from the back of his head.

When this unfortunate has retired, seat your company in a circle for a game of

Famous Numbers.

Give to each one of the company a small piece of paper, and pass round a lead-pencil to each in turn. Each one must write a number upon the piece of paper and fold it into a small square. The leader now collects the papers into a hat or a plate and shakes them all well together. They are then passed round the circle again, and the players open them in regular rotation, each one giving some reason why the number held is famous, or else paying a forfeit.

EXAMPLE:

After all the papers have a number written on them and are passed round, the first player reads: "Number Three. There were Three Graces."

SECOND PLAYER. Number Ten. The Council of Ten.

THIRD PLAYER. Number Five. There are Five Senses.

FOURTH PLAYER. Number Four. The Fourth of July.

FIFTH PLAYER. Number Nine. There were Nine Muses.

SIXTH PLAYER. Number Seventeen. The Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the seventeenth of June.

SEVENTH PLAYER. Number Seven. There are seven days in a week.

EIGHTH PLAYER. Number Twenty-five. Christmas is on the twenty-fifth of December.

NINTH PLAYER. Number One Hundred. Napoleon's hundred days.

This game requires some thought, but will be found very interesting in a circle of well-informed players, as there is scarcely a number that will not recall some association, and, if not, there are forfeits to keep up the interest.

How to Grow Tall Suddenly.

When the company are weary of this game, ask some of the gentlemen if they wish to be instructed in the art of looking

FIG. 74.

tall. It is a funny optical illusion that must be tried to be really realized or understood, yet it is very simple. It merely

consists in raising the shoulders, and it is astonishing to see how the simple movement will add to the appearance of height. The illustration explains the simple *modus operandi.*

When this hocus-pocus is over inquire if the company have ever played the

Egyptian Eye Game.

which seems so simple, and yet is so very puzzling.

A screen must be put across one end of the room, with holes cut in it about the height and size of a human eye, allowing a little variation in the height to include the tall, short, and medium-sized. A clothes-horse covered with newspapers makes a good screen for the purpose.

Introduce the game by inquiring of those present if they think they could recognize the eyes of their companions under any and all circumstances. You will find that most people are quite confident that they can do so. Invite half the company to step behind the screen, and place one eye at the opening cut for that purpose. Then allow each of the remaining portion of the company to examine the single eye and name its proprietor. It will be found almost impossible to recognize, with any degree of certainty, the eye of even the dearest friend or nearest relative. Noses and mouths visible by themselves through similar appropriate openings are almost as difficult to identify.

When the interest in the features of the company begins to flag, invite your conjuring friend to show the party a few tricks of legerdemain, such as are now described.

One of the Black Arts.

Stick a pin in the centre of the crown of a silk hat, allowing the head to project about half an inch, and desire some person to extract the pin with the teeth only. This is a good trick to introduce as a forfeit in some game, as the person selected to perform it will naturally think that he has been let off very

easily; but the fun consists in carefully blacking the crown of the hat with burnt cork. The performer will in all probability extract the pin and hand back the hat, remarking that he cannot see the point of the joke, this being reserved for the rest of the audience.

The Blowers Baffled.

Put a tumbler in the centre of the table. Take a small piece of paper, measuring, say, about an inch or an inch and a half each way; mold it into a hollow form over the top of the thumb, and place it upon the table, hollow downward. Now explain to the company that it is impossible to blow the paper off the table, because the glass has the effect of dividing or so disturbing the current of air on the surface of the table as to defy their utmost endeavors to blow it off.

To succeed in this, a single long hair from a lady's head must have been previously secured to the bottom of the glass, by means of a minute particle of shoemaker's wax; another particle of wax is placed in the centre of the piece of paper, by which the other end of the hair is fastened to it while molding it over the thumb. In order to avoid all possibility of detection, the table-cover and the hair should be dark-colored, and printed paper used, such as a bit of newspaper; this prevents the wax from showing, which might be the case if the paper were clean and white. The hair should be long enough to allow the paper to reach about eighteen inches or two feet from the glass.

Seventeenth Evening.

It is proposed to devote this evening to only one subject, as it requires a little more preparation than some of the other amusements. The subject selected is that of

Shadow-Pantomimes.

These pleasing shadow-illusions, that have of late years been brought into public notice, and afforded so much wonder and amusement, are by no means a new invention. They are only a revival of old ideas with modern improvements. Thirty years ago the little folks in London were amused with a shadow-representation then known under the name of the "Italian Fantoccini." This was an evening street-performance got up in the same manner as "Punch and Judy;" the shelf, or stage, on which Punch was wont to delight his audience, being replaced by a tightly-stretched white curtain, upon which the shadows of small puppets were thrown by means of a light placed behind them; the effects produced being similar to the "Gallanty-Show" of the present time. In this we find the first principles, in miniature, of the shadow-pantomime.

The same method is employed to produce the German Schatten-Bilder or shadow-pictures, only that in these the curtain is large enough to admit of life-sized shadows. The arrangement is the same as in the Fantoccini, enlarged in its dimensions; the light in both cases being placed at some distance from the curtain and in a central position, so as to subject the shadows to as little distortion as possible. The modern improvements mainly consist in locating the light much nearer the curtain, and close to the floor. This enables a performer, stepping over

the light toward the curtain, to appear as coming down from the ceiling; or, by passing back from the curtain, over the light, to appear mounting upward and disappearing in the air; and this was the secret of the "Harlequin in the Shades," "Shadows in the Moon," and other names under which the new illusion became known. In the public representations lately given on the shadow-curtain this illusion was the main point depended upon, and but little was attempted beyond a short incidental act at the close of a minstrel or other variety-performance; but we propose, in this place, to show how shadow-pantomimes may be made to afford amusement, and that of the most mirth-provoking kind, for an hour or more at a time.

The first thing to provide is a curtain of white muslin, not too thick, but of substance enough to allow no rays of light to pass between the threads. The seams must be made with a very narrow margin, with close and tightly-drawn stitches, and the number of the seams reduced as much as possible by using the widest muslin that can be obtained. The size of the curtain will depend on the place of exhibition; in a parlor, the space between the folding or sliding-doors affords a good place for it. A surface of six or eight feet wide, and eight or ten high, forms a curtain which will answer for small performers; but for full-grown persons it should be larger; and, where available, an area of twelve feet square will not be any too large.

The size of the curtain having been fixed upon, and the seams sewn, provide a frame a little larger each way than the opening to be covered. Secure the curtain to the frame with tacks, stretching it sufficiently to take out all folds and creases, and fasten the frame firmly against the casing of the door; this arrangement makes a neater appearance than making the frame to fit inside the door-casing. Just before the commencement of the performance the curtain may be wet evenly with a sponge and clean water; this renders the shadows much sharper and more distinct, and cannot well be dispensed with if the material of the curtain be thick.

The selection and management of the light are matters of the highest importance. Whatever kind of light be used, it is necessary to have a bright and steady flame; a large, dull, or flickering light being utterly useless. Where gas is burned in the room a flat-flame burner may be fitted to a stand placed on the floor, and arranged so that the gas-flame is not more than two or three inches from the ground; in fact, the lower the better. The stand can be connected with the nearest gas-fixture in the room by means of a flexible tube. In parlors where there is no gas the best substitute is a low, flat, tin kerosene-lamp, similar to those used in the street-cars; a glass lamp would involve too much risk of breakage and consequent danger of fire.

The position of the light is the next point which claims our attention. About six feet behind the centre of the curtain place a stool or box, whose height is sufficient to clear the top of the lamp. This is intended to protect the lamp and affords a convenient footing for stepping over the light; it should, therefore, stand firmly, or else be secured to the floor. Just in front of this step the lamp is to be placed; and, for convenient reference hereafter, we will call this the "first position." The edge of the flame should be presented toward the curtain, as a flat flame, especially if it be a wide one, will make the outline of the shadows on the curtain less distinctly defined.

Three or four feet behind the footstool, and in a line with the centre of the curtain, place another box about two and a half feet high, to serve as a stand for the light when needed. This will constitute the "second position" of the light, and will be used when an act is being performed in which there is no need for stepping over the light. In such cases the light in the second position throws shadows more natural, and less distorted in their proportions, than when used in the first position.

The lamp must be managed by a person who gives his undivided attention to the performance; he should understand thoroughly what is going to be played, and thus be able to give all the necessary stage-directions to the players, who should follow

his orders implicitly. No performance can be successful without a competent stage-manager, and, least of all, a shadow-pantomime. In transferring the lamp from one position to the other, it must be done *very gradually*, or the effect on the shadows caused by its change of place will be too apparent, and this must never be attempted without previous practice; in fact, no part of a performance can be made entirely successful in its effects without very careful and frequent rehearsal. Colored light may be thrown on the curtain by holding a strip of colored glass close before the light. Glass of a light color only must be used, and perfectly clean; dark colors deaden the light too much. During a performance the shadow-light must be the only one allowed to be burning; all others, both behind the curtain and among the audience, must be entirely extinguished.

Where it is not convenient to arrange a drop-curtain, the light must be masked before the performance commences and at its close. A small box, or even a large book, placed close in front of the light, will answer, provided it be large enough to shade the entire curtain.

The means employed, and the effects produced, in a shadow-pantomime, are so entirely different from those of a stage-performance, that a few general directions are indispensable:

First, as to the position of the body. The side of the head must always be presented to the curtain, as the profile is the only shadow that is effective; even when the rest of a performer's body is fronting the curtain, the head should be turned to one side or the other, so as to show its profile. He must never attempt to look at his shadow; this throws the face at once out of profile; during rehearsal only is this allowed.

When a performer is standing side to the curtain, especially with the light in the first position, he must be very careful how he manages the shoulder furthest from the curtain; unless he keeps both his shoulders exactly in a line with the light his shadow will be an astonishing one. A single trial will show how easy it is for a person to appear with a projection on his breast,

or a hump on his back, as the case may be; and this is not always desirable. Every thing should be done as near to the curtain as practicable without touching it; always bearing in mind that, at a distance of two feet from the curtain, the shadow of a person five feet high will be all of seven feet six inches, and would be rather more prominent than pleasing. When both arms are brought forward into shadow they must be held near together, and in such position relatively that the shadow of the one is not eclipsed by that of the other. If the arms are held wide apart the shadow of the one nearest the light will be greatly the larger. The same may be said of any articles or objects held in the hands; in order to bring them into shadow the hand must always be *above* or *below* the object held.

Next, as to action. All movements must be well tested by rehearsal, as their effects on the shadow-curtain are often widely different from what we might be led to expect. If a performer wish, for instance, to scratch his head, it must be done with the arm well curved to the front; in any other position the whole of the arm and most of the hand will be obscured by the shadow of the body and head. All motions must be made parallel with the curtain, or their effect is indistinct or entirely lost. Turning round must be done quickly and neatly, with an exact and complete reverse of profile. In passing one another (a thing which should be seldom done) performers should accomplish the movement close together, and rapidly, so as to prevent their shadows from getting mixed. When stepping over the light, either toward or from the curtain, it must be done sideways, presenting the profile to the light, and with a long stride, so as to step down close to the curtain, if going on, or clear over the lamp, if going off. Any halting midway between the curtain and the light will leave only the lower half of the body in shadow, and of colossal proportions; entrance or exit over the light should not be too often repeated, but confined to a performer's first appearance or final exit, or some other occasion when it may be done with good effect.

There are very few persons, comparatively speaking, who are gifted with a talent for pantomime. Performers on the stage having considerable command over their features, and a fair routine knowledge of mimic action, often fail to express their meaning accurately. How much more difficult must it be, then, to convey an idea by a shadow only; in fact, to make your shadow speak. In a shadow the expression of the eye is lost; the working or play of the features is imperceptible; the only really movable portion of the face is the lower jaw, affording the means of opening or closing the mouth. If ever you should meet with a lucky individual who can really (not metaphorically) turn up his nose, engage him for your shadow-pantomime on the spot, as one possessing a talent not to be despised.

As the facilities for emotional expression are so limited, it follows that a shadow-pantomime must depend entirely for success on a rapid succession of thrilling and ludicrous situations, all so exaggerated as to be unmistakable in their meaning.

Whenever any short dialogue or interchange of ideas occurs, between two performers, there is no other way to make it plain to the audience than to put your few remarks into words, repeat them *silently* in your own mind, and accompany them with thoroughly appropriate but greatly exaggerated action. This is really the secret of all successful pantomimists. Two parties, when in apparent conversation, should be careful to speak one at a time, as it were; that is, not to act both at once, but each wait for the other to finish what he is about, and then reply to it. Hence, the part each performer has to assume must be as thoroughly studied beforehand as though it were a stage-comedy; and the manager be always ready to prompt (in a low whisper) when the actor is at fault; this, of course, requires perfect order and quiet behind the curtain. Nothing should be done in a hurry, but, on the contrary, with the greatest deliberation; unless every action is distinctly and completely performed the whole thing degenerates into a confused jumble, utterly unintelligible to the audience.

All "Properties," or articles to be used in a performance, should be laid down on the floor or on a table, in exactly the order in which they will be required, within easy reach of the manager, and under his sole control. No person whatever should be allowed behind the curtain but those who are actually performing; and the performers, when not acting, must be provided with seats entirely out of the way of those who are acting, and remain seated, except when called by the manager.

The scenery used is of the simplest description, being cut out of stout paper and pinned, or otherwise fastened, to the curtain. Common wooden chairs will cast as good a shadow as if made of the finest rosewood, and will not be injured by rough handling. In cases where a table is needed for performance, it should consist of a strip of board, of length limited to a proper proportion to the size of the curtain, and not more than, say, nine inches wide; nail it upon four strips of wood to serve as legs, and, when in stage-use, place it close to, not touching, the curtain. Small articles must be put down on the edge of the table nearest the light, or they will not come fully into shadow.

Whenever any article of furniture is needed casually, in a performance, it should be handed over the light by the manager, high up, and as near the curtain as he can reach without bringing it prematurely into shadow, holding it steady for one of the performers to grasp it by the leg and lift it down to the floor close to the curtain.

As seen by the audience, the hand of the performer passes up out of sight, and fetches the chair, or table, as the case may be, down from the ceiling. The article may be passed off in the same manner by reversing the proceeding. All small objects, such as fishes, birds, mallets, kettles, etc., are cut out of pasteboard, and always held parallel with the curtain. To make a false nose, cut a piece of pasteboard to the required shape, and split open the back-edge sufficiently to allow the real nose to be inserted; it can be fixed securely, either by strings attached to each side and tied behind the head, or by gumming on with

adhesive plaster. The latter plan is the best, as it admits of the nose being apparently pulled off; and a handful of sawdust will make a good substitute for the consequent flow of blood. Costumes can be made of any old stuff, and trimmed, when needed, with paper.

STAGE-DIRECTIONS. The terms "right," "left," etc., are used in their theatrical sense, as explained on page 290.

In the following acts the stage-action is given in as few words as possible, the stage-directions being in italics, between parentheses.

The Feejee Islanders at Home.

CHARACTERS.

KAMEHA—King of the Cannibal Islands.

OCHEE—Kameha's son, a prince of the blood royal, and Commissary-general of the tribe.

AN INFANT FEEJEE—A two-year-old native.

SLEEK—A missionary, short, fat and sleek.

COSTUMES.

KAMEHA—In tights, with short skirt reaching just above the knee. Woolly head, and three feathers stuck upright on back of head. Projecting nose, with ring hanging from it. Woolly beard on chin.

OCHEE—Also in tights and short skirt; nose and ring having a strong family likeness. No feathers on his head.

SLEEK—Tight-fitting tail-coat and pantaloons. Silk hat. Exaggerated clerical lappels to his shirt-collar. Closely-fitting scalp covering his hair, and a decent wig over the scalp.

AN INFANT FEEJEE—In tights altogether, and tight-fitting scalp.

The costumes will require but little trouble to prepare. The tights may consist of ordinary merino elastic under-shirts and

drawers, and stockings. A horse-hair wig, such as is used by negro-minstrels, if at hand, is the very thing, but it may be made of cotton-wool sewed into a tight-fitting muslin skull-cap, or even on the elastic cotton caps used by skaters and bathers. If possible, however, a trick-wig should be obtained for Kameha, which allows of the hair on the top of the head being pulled upright by means of a string; this is very effective. The savage's feathers and Sleek's collars are made of stout paper.

A rag-figure resembling Sleek should be prepared; the head, arms and legs being sewn on in such a manner that they will hold together, but allow of being easily separated.

PROPERTIES:—Umbrella; Book; Bow and Arrow (of rattan); Tomahawk; Butcher-knife; Fan; Egg; Chicken; another Chicken, with an arrow stuck through it.

SCENE.

On right side, the entrance to a hut. On left side, a large pot hanging between poles.

The hut is made of stout paper, and should not take up an inch more of the width of the curtain than is necessary to show the entrance; this latter is cut out of the paper and covered with thin tissue-paper, which must be oiled if not sufficiently translucent. The entrance should appear only a little darker than the light part of the curtain. The height of the hut may be five feet, and the entrance four feet.

The pot or kettle is also made of thick paper, with a wire handle, and suspended by a stout cord from the two sticks which serve for poles. These are fastened at top, and secured against the frame of the curtain in such a position that the kettle hangs on the stove with its side against the frame. The kettle is about two feet high and eighteen inches wide, and rests on a square fire-place made of paper, a square portion in the front being cut out to represent bars. These bars are covered with red tissue-paper to imitate the glow of the fire within. The illustration, Fig. 75, represents the curtain stretched

on the frame, and the paper-scenery in position, the strips of wood fastened to the frame at A and B, and the fire-bars, C, to

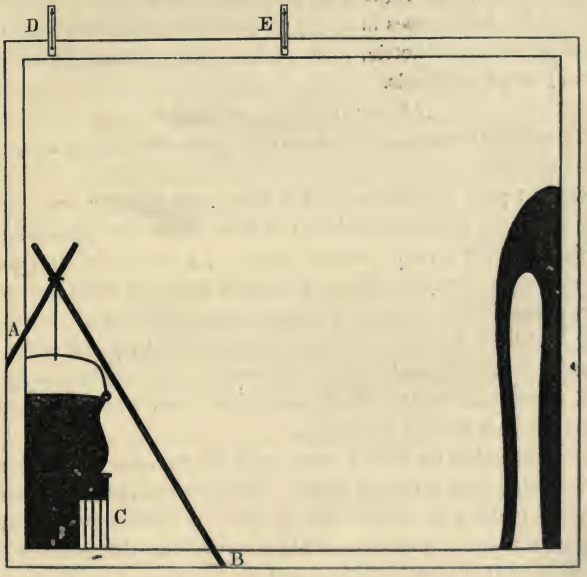


FIG. 73.

be covered with red tissue-paper. Right over the kettle nail a strip of wood, D, on to the frame, and insert a small eyelet near the upper end of it. Arrange a similar eyelet, E, over the centre of the curtain. Pass a piece of fine sewing-thread through each; at one end of each thread fasten a hooked pin, and secure the other ends on separate nails on the side of the frame. On the string D, hook a chicken, and on the string E, the other chicken, with the arrow in it; haul the latter up out of sight over the curtain, and let the former hang down in the shadow of the kettle. In front of the fire lay a few sticks on the ground.

Commence with the light in the "first position." (See p. 210.)

(*Enter* KAMEHA, *with bow and arrow and tomahawk, over light.*)

KAMEHA looks right and left, dips finger in pot, tastes it, shakes his head; goes into hut, comes out again, stands at entrance; points at kettle, then at his open mouth; shakes his head; claps his hands.

(*Enter* OCHEE, *over light.*)

Threatens Ochee, points at kettle, squats down near hut, and goes to sleep.

OCHEE puts his fingers to his nose, cuts a caper, and picking up sticks throws them into the fire. Runs into hut, returns with fan, blows fire. Kettle boils. (*A mouthful of cigar-smoke puffed from the side as if issuing from the kettle produces the appearance of steam.*) Cuts another caper and produces an egg, which he drops into the kettle, and then squats down in front of his father and nods, as if asleep.

KAMEHA wakes up, sees Ochee asleep, and hits him on the head with his bow to wake him.

OCHEE wakes up with a start, rubs his eyes and turns round to Kameha, who points to kettle. He then goes to kettle to get the egg, looks into kettle, starts back in amazement. Beckons his father, who looks over his shoulder in the pot. (*The chicken on D is now hauled up by jerks*). At each movement of the chicken both start with surprise. The chicken disappears over the curtain; both point to the place. (*A strip of cardboard with* BAD EGG *cut out in it may be held for a moment from the side of the curtain over the kettle. The chicken should now be drawn down again by means of a stick with a hook at the end, the whole operation being done so as to produce no shadow on the curtain.*)

KAMEHA points to the words *Bad Egg*, and hits Ochee on the head.

OCHEE falls down with legs up, jumps up, runs into hut and brings out another egg.

KAMEHA snatches the egg, smells it, shakes it, nods his head

in approval, drops it in kettle and turns round to Ochee, shaking his fist. (*The chicken is now hauled up near the top of the curtain, unobserved by the players.*) He turns again and looks into kettle. (*The chicken is let down, so as to appear as if standing on Kameha's head.*)

OCHEE claps his hands and points at chicken.

KAMEHA looks up, sees the chicken (*which is quickly drawn up out of sight*), runs into hut for bow and arrow, appears again at entrance and shoots up (*so that the arrow will fall beyond the curtain. The chicken at E is now let down, fluttering, as if wounded*).

BOTH fall down afraid.

OCHEE makes a grab at it, but it is hauled quickly up again.

BOTH shake fists at one another and stamp.

KAMEHA kicks Ochee over light and exits into hut.

OCHEE comes out of hut, pushing infant Feejee before him up to the kettle.

INFANT turns round, with hands together, and begs to be spared.

OCHEE boxes his ears and carefully puts him in the kettle and exits (*left*).

KAMEHA, putting out his head from hut, watches these proceedings with satisfaction, withdrawing his head when OCHEE leaves.

(*Enter* SLEEK, *left, with umbrella under arm, and book in left hand, as if reading.*)

SLEEK, making gestures with right hand, as if preaching, advances slowly. Starts, looks around him, dips finger in kettle, withdrawing it quickly, as if burned; blows on his finger and examines it closely. He again looks in kettle, and discovers infant; lays down book and umbrella; holds up hands in horror; lifts it out and wipes it off with his hands.

INFANT runs off (*left*).

KAMEHA puts his head out of hut and draws it in again.

OCHEE comes out of hut on all fours and goes toward Sleek.

SLEEK turns suddenly, sees the hut, and steps toward it, but tumbles over Ochee; gets up slowly, rubbing himself; tries to grasp Ochee, who jumps over light.

KAMEHA appears at door of hut with bow and arrow. (*He must shoot so as to hit the book, which Sleek holds conveniently for the purpose.*) Holds up hands in amazement, at his shot being warded off; kneels down and kisses Sleek's foot in token of submission.

OCHEE enters (*left*), behind Sleek, looks in kettle, finds the infant gone, turns round, sees Sleek, creeps up to him, runs knife round his head and scalps him (*lifts his wig off*), and throws scalp to Kameha.

SLEEK puts hands to head and stamps with pain.

KAMEHA runs into hut, returns with tomahawk, hits Sleek on head, knocking him down, and general scuffle on top of Sleek (*affording opportunity for Sleek to roll away back under light, and the stuffed figure to be rolled into his place; during this the light must be raised up gradually about two feet, and then transferred to the "second position."* *See page* 210).

BOTH get up slowly, one at each end of the figure.

KAMEHA lifts one leg of figure and lets it drop.

OCHEE lifts one of the arms and drops it again; lifts the figure to a standing position (*holding it by the middle of back with one hand*).

KAMEHA examines arm, leg, etc., rubs his stomach, then rubs his hands with satisfaction and goes into hut.

OCHEE lets the figure slope backward, as if heavy, and pushes it upright again, staggering. Same business repeated.

KAMEHA comes out of hut with saw, seizes an arm and cuts it off. Takes hold of the figure and hands the arm to Ochee.

OCHEE takes it to the kettle, drops it in, cuts a caper, and looks in after it. (*The arm stretches up out of the kettle, hits Ochee on the head, and falls back into the kettle. This is done by the manager, from the side, using his own arm and fist.*) He

rubs his head, turns round and takes the figure again from Kameha.

KAMEHA cuts the other arm off and holds the figure as before.

OCHEE takes the arm to the kettle, again receiving a blow on the head which knocks him backward, upsetting the figure and Kameha; general fight again, ending by their resuming their former positions.

The same business is repeated with the legs, which are in turn cut off and transferred to the kettle; last of all the head.

KAMEHA examines the body and sits down on it.

BOTH rest a moment, watching the pot, which begins to steam.

KAMEHA gets up, goes to the pot, pulls out a leg, tries it with his teeth, struggling violently to bite a piece. No go; throws it back in pot. (*The body has meanwhile been withdrawn by means of a hooked stick.*) Goes back to seat himself again and tumbles over backward; looks around for the body; it is gone; takes hold of Ochee, points to the spot where the body was lying, and boxes his ears. Points to kettle and shoves Ochee toward it.

OCHEE looks in kettle, lifts an arm half out, which knocks him down.

KAMEHA picks him up, kicks him, goes to kettle, and is also knocked down by a leg; sits up, rubs his eyes; gets up and looks again in kettle, puts his hand in, but finds nothing. (*The chicken is now let down from D on to his head and the manager crows*); looks up quickly, sees chicken (*which is drawn up with a single jerk*); rubs his eyes, looks up where the chicken disappeared; looks again in kettle, and finding nothing gets in a passion; turns round, stumbling over Ochee; gets up and faces Ochee, points to his arms and then to the kettle, to his legs and head and again to the kettle; makes a motion as much as to say "they are all gone." Points again at kettle.

OCHEE looks at kettle also. (*The head sticks out of the pot and makes a Ha! Ha!!*)

BOTH start and run into hut, returning cautiously on tip-toe.

(*Light to "first position," while both are in hut.*)

SLEEK, dressed as before, with wig and hat on, enters slowly (*left*), exactly as at first.

KAMEHA sees him first, and his hair stands on end with fear. Trembles excessively and jumps over light.

OCHEE then sees Sleek, and rolls over back into the hut.

SLEEK points at him and then at the book, which he holds up aloft as the triumph of civilization over barbarism. (*A low chair or stool is handed him over the light.*) Puts the chair in centre of curtain, mounts it and gesticulates as if preaching (*moving continually to hide the effect of the change of position in the light, which should be very gradually raised perpendicularly from its position to about five feet from the ground*). When at that height, he finally makes a bow and steps down from chair (*straight back under the light*). (*To the audience, Sleek will seem to step down into the ground.*)

(*Curtain.*)

Ah Sin in Search of a Meal.

CHARACTERS.

CHINAMAN—Hungry and moneyless, in search of a meal.

RESTAURANT KEEPER—With a very mixed bill of fare.

WAITER—Too active to wait long.

CARPENTER—With such a saw as you never saw before.

COSTUMES.

CHINAMAN—This part should be sustained by a small thin person dressed in tight drawers; short sack coat, with short sleeves; Chinese cap, with brim turned up all round; a long pigtail back of head; long moustache, hanging down about a foot, made of soft cord; and, if possible, short thick shoes, in Chinese style; a piece of putty stuck on the

tip of his nose, so as to make a handsome pug (if naturally so gifted omit the putty), and high cheek bones, made with the same material, will add greatly to the Celestial make-up of his appearance.

RESTAURANT KEEPER should be portly, or be padded to appear so, and should wear an apron in addition to a plain Chinese costume; he must have no hat, but wear his hair smooth on his head, with pigtail and moustache.

WAITER is best represented by a thin-legged person, who can take a long stride, and wears neither coat nor hat; a short apron will complete his costume; his head got up as ludicrously as possible, and in Chinese style.

CARPENTER need be distinguished only by a square paper cap.

PROPERTIES:—Large Saw with exaggerated teeth. Bill-of-fare: a strip of strong paper, six inches wide and three feet long, with different designs cut out in succession; for instance; a string of four or five sausages, a frog, a fowl, a pig, a nice pair of rats, a snake, a cat, a dog, half a dozen eggs, and as much as will fill the paper in length, of such humorous objects as the fancy may suggest. Articles corresponding with the bill-of-fare, made of pasteboard. Restaurant-check, consisting of a square paper with $12 cut in it in the manner shown in the illustration, Fig. 76. Basket.

FIG. 76.

SCENE.

The right edge of curtain should be trimmed with Chinese cornices similar to the side of a pagoda; and from the upper part

a swinging sign, with the words, RESTAURANT—NO TRUST, cut in it; this can all be done by cutting the required shapes out of stout paper (see Fig. 76) and pinning them on the curtain.

(*Light in "first position."*)

(*Enter* CHINAMAN *over light.*)

CHINAMAN, staggering with weakness from extreme hunger, manifested by pressing both hands on stomach, pointing with finger repeatedly to open mouth, and sadly shaking the head and waving the hands. In the course of his agonies he catches sight of the restaurant-sign and goes through action of delight, cutting capers, throwing up and catching his hat, etc.; at last summons Restaurant Keeper, by stamping twice with foot and and majestically beckoning with one arm; then stands with folded arms, waiting.

RESTAURANT KEEPER enters (*right*), obsequiously bowing and rubbing his hands one over the other.

CHINAMAN demands food (*stamps twice and points with finger to open mouth*), and then points with hand (*off right*), as if instructing him to go and fetch something to eat.

RESTAURANT KEEPER unrolls a long bill-of-fare, pointing to the different articles on it, as if for the Chinaman to select to his taste.

CHINAMAN selects a great variety, and exhibits signs of impatience.

RESTAURANT KEEPER turns to go (*off right*), and receives an additional impetus from Chinaman's leg.

CHINAMAN continues to manifest severe internal pangs of hunger, pointing to open mouth, and rolling on the ground on his stomach, and a variety of other contortions. (*This should be the result of careful practice, as the shadow can be made to assume most ludicrous and impossible positions, if ingenuity be exercised*).

WAITER enters (*right*), empty handed, and is received with a fury of impatience by Chinaman, who finally chases him off the

stage (*left*), follows him, and both reappear immediately (*over light*) in flight and pursuit, and the Waiter escapes (*off right*).

CHINAMAN, exhausted, puffs and blows, shaking fist (*off right*), and finally sits down, squatting (*left of stage, facing right*).

WAITER enters (*right*), with a basket full of the articles Chinaman has ordered, and sets it down in front of him.

CHINAMAN, in delightful anticipation, signs impatiently to Waiter to hand over the food quickly, and receives, one by one, a large number of objects from the Waiter, which he, with great ostentation, swallows, rubbing himself down the breast and showing signs of extreme delight. (*The act of swallowing is accomplished by passing the object just behind the shadow of the open mouth, and letting it drop down at the side of the performer, where it can remain flat on the ground, and may be used over and over again, at the option of performer.*) At last he comes to a big rat, which he holds up by the end of its long tail. At this rather less delicate morsel he hesitates, measures his open mouth with his fingers, and compares with size of rat. After some doubt, he crams it (apparently) down, but before he lets go of its tail (the only part now visible) he chokes, and tries to eject it, seemingly tugging at the tail to get it out, in which, after a protracted struggle, he succeeds, and shows symptoms of great relief; after viewing it a moment he again attempts to swallow it (having first bent it a trifle, so as to make its shadow a degree thinner), and manages to worry it down. (*During this time the performer must manage to stuff out the front of his drawers with a cloth, previously laid flat on the ground; so that, when he gets up, his insides will appear to have benefited by his repast.*) He now gets up, throws basket (*over light*), and then kicks Waiter (*over light*), and dances around, delighted to find that his stomach is in better condition.

RESTAURANT KEEPER enters (*right*) and goes through business of complimenting him on his improved appearance, concluding with politely requesting his money, handing Chinaman a $12 restaurant-check.

CHINAMAN as politely receives it and gracefully bows Restaurant Keeper out. (*Exit Restaurant Keeper, right.*) He then regards the card with astonishment, pulls both pockets inside out, feels all over himself, looks in his shoes—can't find a cent; first appears greatly troubled, then stands in attitude of deep thought (*left hand on right elbow, head bent down a little, and right forefinger tapping forehead*).

RESTAURANT KEEPER enters (*right*), demands his money, (*holds out left hand, palm upward, and taps it with back of fingers of right hand, also palm upward*).

CHINAMAN conveys him the information that he has none.

RESTAURANT KEEPER indignantly and peremptorily demands it, working himself up into a passion, threatening Chinaman.

CHINAMAN falls on his knees and begs to be spared.

RESTAURANT KEEPER won't hear of it; calls (*claps his hands three times*) for Waiter, who enters (*over light*) and orders him to fetch the Carpenter (*points upward and goes through motions of sawing*). Exit Waiter (*left*), returning immediately (*same way*) with Carpenter.

(*Light transferred to "second position."*)

RESTAURANT KEEPER signs to Carpenter that Chinaman has eaten till his stomach has swelled, and then won't pay, and explains by signs that he wants Carpenter to cut him open, in order to get his food back again.

CHINAMAN, horror-stricken, implores for mercy, but can make no impression on the obdurate Restaurant Keeper, and finally tragically faints (*centre of stage*) from terror. Exit Restaurant Keeper (*right*).

CARPENTER with a great deal of preparation and fuss, with the assistance of Waiter, who holds Chinaman's legs down, commences to saw him open, longitudinally, of course.

Positions—Chinaman, lying full length on ground, head to right. Waiter (*left*), kneeling, with hands on Chinaman's feet, Carpenter (*right*), with left hand on Chinaman's forehead, holding his head down, saw in right hand, going through motion

of sawing, apparently getting deeper at each cut. (*This action takes place at side of, and not on Chinaman; the saw will thus appear to penetrate.*)

WAITER, laughing, picks up all the articles that Chinaman swallowed (*now lying flat by Chinaman's side*), one by one, looks at them and throws them over light. (*While this is going on the cloth must be withdrawn from Chinaman's drawers, so that his stomach will have shrunk to its former meagre dimensions.*)

CHINAMAN during this operation occasionally gives a twitch or a start, as if of pain.

CARPENTER then goes off (*left*), returning with a stout twine, and long (*wire*) needle, and immediately goes through the motion of sewing up Chinaman's much-abused inwards, at conclusion of which all exeunt (*left*), except Chinaman.

(*Light to "first position."*)

CHINAMAN gradually recovers; rubs his eyes, as if he had been dreaming. Gazes with dismay at his reduced stomach, and after a little by-play of uncertainty what to do gets slowly over the light.

(*Curtain.*)

Eighteenth Evening.

The pleasures of this evening can commence with an exhibition of

Mesmerism.

The mesmerist and his confederate, who has been duly instructed, enter the room in which the audience is seated.

The mesmerist carries a slight cane or wand, and stands directly behind his confederate, the cane being pointed at the confederate's back, and touching it lightly. While conversation goes on amongst the audience the two stand apparently motionless, in the attitude shown in Fig. 77; but when one of the

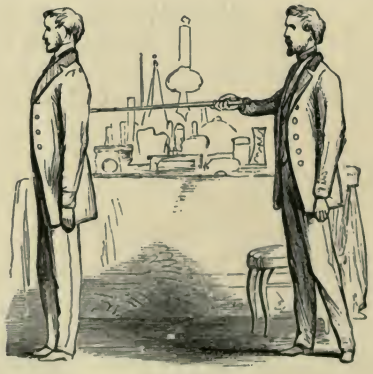


Fig. 77.

audience speaks the mesmerist gently pushes the wand to attract his confederate's attention to the person speaking. Still

they stand motionless, apparently, for a little longer, when the confederate goes into the hall.

The mesmerist then points out certain persons with his wand, saying as he does so, "cane points!" "cane points!" (which words the confederate repeats) until he points to the person who was speaking when he slightly pushed his confederate. As he points to him he cries out "cane rests!" when the confederate in the hall immediately calls out the name of the person indicated.

This can be repeated as often as the audience wish, and in the hands of expert performers is very puzzling, as the motion that informs the confederate is so very slight as to be imperceptible to the spectators.

By placing the audience in front, and not at the side of the exhibitor, this illusion, if neatly performed, can never be detected.

When the mesmerist has made a graceful bow to conclude his performance, propose a game of

The Poetical Butterfly.

The butterfly, being chosen from the company, has the privilege of naming the others according to his own fancy, the ladies being flowers or trees, the gentlemen birds or insects. The butterfly, flying from one to the other, requires each one to tell some story or legend connected with the tree, flower, bird or insect named, or quote some piece of poetry written in his honor. Any one failing must pay a forfeit.

EXAMPLE:

BUTTERFLY. What a lovely garden this is into which I have wandered? On every side I see the fairest flowers and most graceful trees, hear the song of the birds and drowsy hum of the insects. I am weary (*turning to a lady*). Fair Rose, will you tell me your story?

ROSE—

"I'm the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All my lovely companions
Are faded and gone."

BUTTERFLY. Dear me! how sad! But really, madam, you are too sad to suit my present mood; I see an Eagle resting near me (*turning to a gentleman*). Will your majesty favor me with your story?

EAGLE—

"With storm-daring pinion, and sure gazing eye,
The Gray Forest Eagle is king of the sky."

BUTTERFLY. Well, it is a fine thing, no doubt, to have a good opinion of oneself, but I'll try a little modesty for a change (*turning to a lady*). Fair Violet, will you favor me with a greeting?

VIOLET—

"Oh! faint, delicious, spring-time violet,
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free!"

BUTTERFLY. Bless me! how dolorous all these fair flowers are (*turning to a gentleman*)! Sir Lark, can you not favor me with a livelier verse?

LARK—

"The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him."

BUTTERFLY. That is better! I will see if this stately oak tree will deign to speak to me (*turning to a lady*).

OAK. No familiarities, sir, if you please. I am a famous tree; no less than the Charter Oak of Connecticut, where the State charter was concealed in 1687.

BUTTERFLY. Ah! Have you been putting on airs ever since? I had no idea you were so old, really (*turning to a gentleman*)! How now, Sir Owl; what are you doing abroad in the day-time?

OWL—

"Mourn not for the Owl, nor his gloomy plight;
The owl has his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark greenwood!"

BUTTERFLY. Fly away then and favor us with a little hooting this evening (*turning to a lady*). Fair Lily, have you a story?

LILY. Has not Shakspeare himself immortalized my perfection, declaring it a waste of time to "paint the lily?"

BUTTERFLY. True, indeed; and who has sung the praises (*turning to a lady*) of this delicate Primrose?

PRIMROSE. Wordsworth, Sir Butterfly.

"Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory."

BUTTERFLY. Do I see a Nightingale (*turning to a gentleman*)?

NIGHTINGALE—

"Prize thou the Nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he— a winged and wandering sound."

It is not necessary to make a poetical quotation, but any association that is familiar may be recalled, as the *Roses* of York and Lancaster, the *Laurel* that crowns heroes, the *Dove* being the emblem of innocence. The various fables of mythology will suggest emblematic flowers and birds, as the *Peacock* being the attendant of Juno, and Ceres wearing *corn-flowers* as a wreath.

After the butterfly has taxed the memory of all, or collected some forfeits, suggest a game of

The Auctioneer.

One of the company being selected for auctioneer, the others each write upon a slip of paper the name of some article, the

auctioneer putting one blank slip amongst the number. All these are folded and are put into a hat and shaken up, the auctioneer marking one, as the bid that he will accept. The player drawing the blank slip is then put up at auction and the players bid for him in turn, naming the article written upon their slip as the price they are willing to pay. When he is finally knocked down to the owner of the marked slip he must obey one command, and afterwards more slips are written and another blank slip is drawn, to be put up at auction.

EXAMPLE:

All the slips being written, the auctioneer marks one, puts one blank into the hat, and passes it round for all to draw. A. draws the blank, and is put up at auction. The auctioneer now commences the sale, each bidding what is written upon the slip he or she has drawn, till the auctioneer recognizes the slip he has marked.

AUCTIONEER. Here is Mr. A., remarkable for his fine head of hair and a superb tenor voice! Who bids for Mr. A.?

B—. I bid a tin saucepan!

AUCTIONEER. A tin saucepan is bid for Mr. A. Going! going! for a tin saucepan, going!

C—. I bid a waterproof cloak!

AUCTIONEER. Going! going! Here's your fine curly-haired gentleman going for a waterproof cloak. Who bids higher? Going!

D—. I bid a mint stick!

AUCTIONEER. Going, for a mint stick! A mint stick! Really, ladies and gentlemen, this is absurd! A nice, well-behaved young man, with a fine head of hair and a tenor voice, going for a mint stick! Why, his voice alone is worth more! Going!

E—. I bid a ginger-snap!

AUCTIONEER. I wonder you are not ashamed, miss! A ginger-snap! Look at this superb young man! A ginger-snap is bid! Going!

F—. I bid a brush and comb!

AUCTIONEER. Going! going! gone! Mrs. F., this fine young man is yours. What will you bid him do?

F—. As you dwelt so much upon his voice, I command him to sing for us.

Mr. A. having obeyed, the game recommences. In the hands of a witty auctioneer this is a very merry game, allowing wide margin for compliment and sarcasm in crying up the individuals put up at auction. It is apt to be varied by requests from the victim to the auctioneer to "shut up!" or "stop quizzing a fellow when he can't help himself!"

As there is always one slip left in the hat, it sometimes happens to be the marked one. In that case, when all have made a bid, the auctioneer says: "I have bought Mr.—— in, for a ring," or whatever is written on that slip. Each of the others must then pay a forfeit.

When the company are tired of this game one of the gentlemen may amuse them for a short time with

The Tame Dime.

Provide yourself with a long, dark hair, by favor of one of your lady friends; or, if you are bashful, a lady's hair-dresser will prove an unfailing friend in need. At one end of the hair attach a hooked pin, or a loop, by which secure it to your vest (a dark one, of course); at the other end fasten a very small piece of wax, and allow the hair to hang down ready for use when required. Arrange a small table in a convenient position, facing the audience, and place upon it a glass of water; then ask some one to lend you a silver dime. It is well to be provided with one beforehand, as you may not always be able to borrow one; and, if this should be the case, you must allow it to be examined to show that it is neither more nor less than represented.

When the dime is returned to you it should be stated that it is important that the date on it is an odd or even number, as

the case may be (which must be previously ascertained); this affords an opportunity for slipping the hand under the hair and securing the waxed end of it to the coin. You now retire be-

Fig. 78.

hind the table, facing the audience, lay the dime upon it about a foot from the edge nearest to you, and order it to move to the right or left, moving the body at the same time in the desired direction and beckoning to the dime with your finger to follow you. When it has reached near the edge of the table, you can stretch out one arm toward it and order it up your sleeve; this is done by appearing to lead it, but really drawing it, up with the other hand. Then replace it near the edge of the table, hold the glass of water close by and below it, and command it by "one, two, three," to jump into the glass. Lastly, with the disengaged hand, make it leap up out of the glass, catch it dexterously, and wipe it dry on your handkerchief, at the same thoroughly removing the wax with the thumb-nail. It may then be returned to its owner, or again passed around for public scrutiny. Or, if the performer be already prepared for the trick of the "Vanishing Dime" (see page 244), it may be introduced

with excellent effect, when handing the dime back to its owner, concealing, meanwhile, in left hand, the dime you have borrowed.

While the conjurer is busy an ingenious gentleman may employ himself by making

An Old Apple Woman,

to raise a laugh. The requisites are a good-sized fist, a cap, and large silk handkerchief. The fist being doubled up, a face is painted upon it in India-ink or black water-color, and the cap is then tied carefully around it. If there is not a baby-cap to be had a substitute can easily be made similar to Fig. 79.

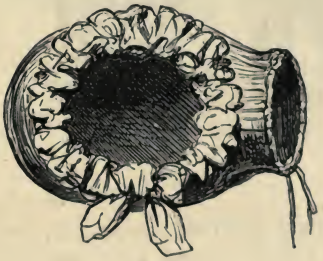


FIG. 79.

This being ready, thrust in a fist, painted as in Fig. 80, and you have the face complete. Now pin the handkerchief like a

FIG. 80.

gay shawl under the chin, and you have a perfect old woman's

face. A pipe between the lips adds to the funny effect, as shown in Fig. 81.

FIG. 81.

To make this hard-fisted old woman talk, the knuckle of the thumb must be worked up and down, and the voice seem to come, as nearly as possible, from the mouth thus formed.

Supposing her to be an Irish apple woman, she may thus soliloquize, between the cries of her trade.

"Apples! here's yer foine pippins; shillin' a half peck! An' how are ye the day, Biddy? I haven't sane ye the long time back. Apples! foine pippins; shillin' a half peck! Cowld, did ye say? You're tellin' no lie. I'm frozen out a'most sittin' here, an' not makin' enough to buy a pinch o' tay. Apples! Here's yer foine pippins; shillin' a half peck! An' did ye hear about Mickey, Biddy darlint? Oh, it's the beautiful place he's got on the railway, if he's not kilt wid some of the'r blow-ups or smashes. Apples! Here's yer foine pippins; shillin' a half peck! I'm that proud of 'im, Biddy, the broth of a b'y, in that

place, and I'm that worried for fear he'll come to harrum on the rails, that I don't know a moment's pace o' me life. Apples! Here's yer foine pippins; shillin' a half peck!"

When the apple woman has been sufficiently applauded introduce a capital trick game, called

The Magic Answer.

Only two of the company know the trick. One of them is to leave the room while the others name an article that she is to guess upon her return. She knows that her accomplice will name the right article after she has named one beginning with a vowel.

EXAMPLE:

The article selected is the mantel-clock. The leader calls the guesser into the room, and asks her,

"Is it a mirror?"

"No."

"Is it the centre-table?"

"No."

"Is it this painting?"

"No."

"Is it this book?"

"No."

"Is it the album?"

"No."

"Is it the clock?"

"Yes."

Album, beginning with a vowel, guides the answer. The game is varied by naming the right article after some object with four legs, as a table or a chair, or some object beginning with a letter agreed upon by the leader.

Nineteenth Evening.

A very pleasing game will be found a good beginning for this evening's entertainment, entitled

Opinions.

A lady and gentleman are selected from the company, one for a Judge and the other for a Fair Lady. The Fair Lady is seated upon a chair that stands a little apart from the others, and the Judge is provided with a pencil and sheet of paper.

Each of the company now whispers to the Judge an opinion of the Fair Lady.

As each one advances the Judge says:

"My Lady Fair sits on her throne,
Each has an opinion, tell me your own."

As the opinions are uttered the Judge writes them upon his paper. When all are given he reads them from his paper, taking care to avoid giving them in the order in which they were whispered. As he reads each one the Fair Lady guesses whose opinion it was, until she guesses the right one. Every wrong guess costs her a forfeit. If she guesses right at a gentleman's name, he becomes Judge and can select his own Fair Lady; if at a lady's name, she becomes Fair Lady and can select her own Judge.

EXAMPLE:

The Fair Lady and Judge being chosen, each one whispers an opinion. The Judge writes all down till every one has spoken. He then reads:

"Somebody says that the Fair Lady has not dressed her hair becomingly this evening."

The Fair Lady guesses the author of this profound opinion, is wrong, and pays a forfeit.

Judge reads again:

"Somebody says that the Fair Lady is like a rosebud for beauty and a violet for modesty."

Fair Lady guesses again, and so on, until she has guessed the right one, who then becomes Judge or Fair Lady in turn.

Compliments and criticisms have full scope, as each one has the chance of remaining undiscovered.

As this game closes, the servant knocks at the door and announces:

"A gentleman has called for Miss A——."

HOSTESS. Oh it is too early for her to go. May I not invite your friend in, Miss A——?"

Miss A——, quite bewildered, replies that there was no gentleman to call for her, as her escort came with her.

HOSTESS directs the servant to invite the gentleman to walk in, when there enters

The Distinguished Stranger.

He bows to the company, and announces that he would like to speak to Mademoiselle A——. His accent is foreign, his English very much crippled. Bewildered Miss A—— rises and bows. He may then continue to puzzle the party, until some sharp-sighted individual discovers that he is one of their own number who has changed his face, as seen in Fig. 82.

The straight-nosed, closed-mouthed gentleman has effectually disguised himself by turning up his nose, knocking out one of his front teeth and giving his hair a brushing up from his face, or covering his hair with a fancy wig.

The nose was turned up by putting one coarse white horse-hair under the end and fastening the ends of the horsehair se-

curely to the hat, with sufficient tension to draw up the end of the nose. A pug of the most impertinent prominence may thus

FIG. 82.

be manufactured from the Roman, Grecian or aquiline nasal organ at very short notice. Over the tooth a piece of black court-plaster has been fastened, and the change is marvelous. A change of hat and necktie is desirable.

Supposing all to be now ready for a merrier game, select a victim for the trick, and commence the game of

The Farm-yard.

The leader says:

"I am going to start a farm-yard and each one of you must personate some animal. I will whisper to each what animal he or she is to be, and when I give the signal all must make the noise of the animal they represent.

"The sheep will ba-a, the rooster crow, and so on, when I say three—counting ONE! TWO! THREE!"

He then walks round the circle whispering to each one,

"Keep perfectly quiet!" excepting the unfortunate victim, to whom he whispers, "Bray like a donkey."

"Now! Attention! Keep your eyes fixed upon me, and when I say THREE, rise to your feet, and make the noise of the animal you personate; and bear in mind that you are all expected to do your duty with a will."

At the signal all keep their seats in silence excepting the donkey, who starts to his feet and brays lustily.

A very self-conceited man, who does every thing with an affected air, makes a capital victim for this trick.

A good game may now be introduced to test the wits of the company, called

Authors.

This is a good illustration of the fact that the most familiar quotations are often made without any idea of their origin. Nine out of ten, even in a well-read circle, will be attributed to wrong authority.

The game consists in making quotations, and giving the name of the author. One quotes, and the one on his left gives the authority, starting a new quotation for the one on his left. If the guess is wrong he pays a forfeit, and it goes round the circle, collecting forfeits till some one gets it right and starts a new one.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER—

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

FIRST PLAYER. Byron!

"The worst men often give the best advice."

SECOND PLAYER. Shakspeare!

FIRST PLAYER. Wrong! Forfeit!

THIRD PLAYER. Bailey's Festus!

"Who soars too near the sun, with golden wings,
Melts them; to ruin his own fortune brings."

FOURTH PLAYER. That *is* Shakspeare!

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

FIFTH PLAYER. Here's my forfeit. I know the quotation, but not the author.

SIXTH PLAYER. Butler, is it not?

"There's beauty all around our paths
If but our watchful eyes
Could trace it 'midst familiar things
And through their lowly guise."

SEVENTH PLAYER. Hemans!

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

EIGHTH PLAYER. Shelley!

"The over curious are not over wise."

NINTH PLAYER. Massinger!

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

TENTH PLAYER. Gray!

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

ELEVENTH PLAYER. Moore! But I know a game of authors, livelier than this, that we played last winter with great success, and christened

Likenesses.

Silly name, perhaps, but we voted upon it, and it stands upon the records of our sociables.

Each of you must think of the name of some author and give it in other language for us to guess. A wrong guess pays a forfeit; a right one gives the next author. I will give you an

EXAMPLE:

What author is like the houses we live in?

A—. Holmes!

Correct. Give us the next one.

A—. What author is like a covering for the head?

B—. Hood! What author can never grow old?

C—. Young! What author horrifies holy Hebrews?

D—. Hogg! What author belongs to a religious order?

E—. Abbott! What author would you name if you directed some one to commit a theft?

F—. Steele! What author often grows in hedges?

G—. Hawthorne! What author tells you to peruse his works?

H—. Reade! What three authors would you name at a fire?

I—. Dickens! Howitt! Burns! That is not original, H—. Try another.

H—. What author resembles a lady of fashion?

I—. Gay! What author is like swampy ground?

J—. Marsh!

This game may be varied to name persons of distinction in other walks besides literature, and will always pass an hour pleasantly amongst well-informed people.

EXAMPLE.

LEADER. What great general makes coats?

NUMBER ONE. Taylor! What great statesman would a fly name as he visited the home of a spider?

NUMBER TWO. Oh! oh! Web-ster! that's clear. What prince ought to live in the sea?

NUMBER THREE. Prince of W(h)ales, of course! What general in the Mexican war do we see every day?

NUMBER FOUR. Pillow! What general calls John father.

NUMBER FIVE. Jack('s)son! What president was the father of all men?

NUMBER SIX. Adams! What great inventor grows upon rocks and stones?

NUMBER SEVEN. Morse! Ya-as; that's high-toned. What great explorer belongs in the kitchen?

NUMBER EIGHT. Cook! What great explorer can you carry in your hand?

NUMBER NINE. Kane! What great pirate is a very harmless domestic animal?

NUMBER TEN. Kidd!

In a quick-witted company, battles or other great events may be punned upon in the same manner, and the more execrable the jokes the greater the merriment. We have heard Luckenow given as a Scotchman's definition of content, and others as far-fetched, yet enjoyed for their very absurdity; in fact, the more ridiculous a thing is, the heartier the laugh which must inevitably follow it. A great deal of entertainment may be caused by complicated games and intricate tricks; they serve to rivet attention, amuse the fancy, and, by raising the curiosity of the company, while away the time most pleasantly; but the introduction, occasionally, of something utterly absurd and entirely simple in its nature, is sure to elicit an irrepressible burst of merriment, and adds a zest to the other quieter amusements of the evening.

The conjurer may now exhibit the perplexing trick of

The Vanishing Dime.

Get a small hole drilled in a silver dime, close to the rim, through which pass and secure the end of a piece of the thinnest black elastic cord that you can procure, about five or six inches long. Next, take a common hook and eye; fasten the hook on to the end of the cord, and sew the eye on the outside of your right shirt-sleeve, in such a position that the dime, when the cord is hooked into the eye, will rest two inches up the coat-sleeve and underneath the wrist. Then hook the cord on and press the hook close over the eye to prevent it from becoming unfastened. To perform the trick, draw the dime down with the left hand, and hold it between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, keeping the hand in such a position as to conceal the cord. Offer the dime to one of the company, telling him to be sure and hold it fast. Just as he is on the point of taking it relax your hold of it and it will disappear instantly up your sleeve. This constitutes one of the most effective tricks

that can be performed, if neatly done, and makes a capital finishing-stroke to conclude the trick of the "Tame Dime" (see page 233). If it can be obtained, a piece of India-rubber thread, such as is used in weaving elastic webbing, is still better than the black cord, as it is thinner, and closely matches the color of the skin. The elastic material used for garters and shirt-sleeve bands contains several threads of this kind of India-rubber, and one may be easily drawn out for the purpose.

Conclude the evening by

The Giant Sneeze.

Divide a party of persons into three divisions, each division standing separately. The persons in first division are to say, when the word of command is given, "hish," emphasizing the first "h;" the second division are to say "ash;" and the third, "osh." One of the party, who is selected as leader of the sneeze-orchestra, counts slowly, "one, two, three;" and at the word "three" the three divisions pronounce their appropriate syllables simultaneously, and with all the power of their lungs. If there are sufficient people present to furnish five or six in each division, the effect will be gigantic. A tolerably clear notion may be formed from this performance of the experiences of a primeval backwoodsman, Noah's great-uncle, for instance, when roused from a happy reverie by his favorite mastodon, or other antediluvian pet monster, suffering from an attack of influenza; and then, by a further stretch of the imagination, picture to himself the grand effect produced by a family of such house-pets afflicted in the same manner. The roar of Niagara Falls would sink into puny insignificance in comparison with it.

TWENTIETH EVENING.

For this evening a most amusing entertainment may be prepared, called

The Gallanty-Show.

A gallanty-show can be got up with very little trouble in any house where there is a room which communicates with another apartment by means of folding-doors, so that the operator may be in one room and the spectators in another. The figures are to be cut out of card-board or very stiff paper, and their limbs are to be made movable by forming them of separate pieces, and making them work on pivots of thread or wire. All the figures should be blackened on both sides, either with India-ink or lamp-black, mixed with water and size. The figures are to be worked behind a semi-transparent screen formed by stretching a piece of linen or thin muslin over a wooden frame about three feet in width by two in depth. During the exhibition the screen is to be illuminated by a lamp or candle placed behind it at the distance of three or four feet. The screen must be supported at the height of about five feet from the floor in the doorway between the two rooms, by a light framework of wood, or by any other means which the ingenuity of the operator may devise. Curtains or shawls must now be hung over the doorway on the outside, so as to hide the showman from the spectators, and shut out all the light except that which passes through the linen screen. A piece of strong tape stretched along the bottom of the frame by a nail driven in at each corner serves to hold one figure in its proper position while the operator is en-

gaged in moving another. The annexed engraving, Fig. 83, represents the interior of the gallanty-show, and shows how the

Fig. 83.

figures are to be worked; the smaller boy holds all the figures, and hands them one at a time to the showman. The operator should pay particular attention to the actions of the different figures, while carrying on the dialogue, to see that they make appropriate gestures and movements with their heads, arms, and legs. He should also endeavor to give every character a distinctive style and pitch of voice; sustaining the peculiarities of each unchanged throughout the performance of the piece.

The following burlesque is a specimen of the kind of play most likely to cause amusement.

The Crocodile of the Nile.

SCENE I.—*Egypt. A desert plain. On one side a single palm-tree; on the other, a little hut.*

(*Enter* SAMBO, *running.*)

(The annexed illustration, Fig. 84, shows how this figure is to be cut out. The showman gives motion to the legs by means of the long slips of card-board attached to the feet. Sambo's eye may be made to roll about in a very comical manner, if the exhibitor will take the trouble to stretch a hair, with a black glass bead strung upon it, across the hole cut in the face to represent the white of the eye.)

FIG. 84.

SAMBO. Gosh, golly! dis cullud population's done frighten to deff. Missis! ole missis! ef you don't done come down right off you'll be fotched in a hurry.

(*Enter* MRS. SMITH *from the hut.*)

(The figure of Mrs. Smith (see Fig. 85) does not require much description. The arms are loosely attached to the shoulders and made to move up and down by a thread or wire passing behind the figure.)

MRS. SMITH. How dare you summon me in that rude manner! My poor nerves have been in such a dreadful state ever since I left New York that I tremble like a leaf at the slightest noise.

SAMBO. Oh, missis! I see sich a creatur!

MRS. SMITH. Heavens! What do you mean?

SAMBO. Great big monster, ninety, eleventy, hundred feet long—cobered all ober wid scales like de roof ob a house—hundred million teeth in him mouth, an' tail dat would reach all de way from yer to New York.

FIG. 85.

MRS. SMITH. Good gracious! Oh! why did Mr. Smith bring me to this dreadful country? Where is your master, Sambo? Go and find him directly, and tell him he is a brute to leave his poor wife all alone by herself in this desert place. Oh, deary me! Why did I ever marry a traveler? (*Exit Mrs. Smith into hut.*)

SAMBO. S'pose I got to look for massa; but if dat chap come 'long one way, I go t'odder, sartin. Nebber see sech an animil afore—nebber sence I was done born. (*Exit Sambo.*)

(*Enter* LITTLE JIM.)

(The figure of the black child, little Jim, shown in the illustration, Fig. 86, need not be made with movable limbs.)

FIG. 86.

JIM (*calling after Sambo*). Daddy, take dis nigger 'long! Daddy-ee! (*Cries.*)

(*Enter the* WONDERFUL CROCODILE.)

(The figure of this remarkable animal should be very care-

fully cut out. The tail and lower jaw work on pivots, and are moved, together with two of the legs, by means of two long slips of card. Its general appearance is given in Fig. 87.)

Fig. 87.

(*The Wonderful Crocodile crawls slowly toward little Jim, seizes that hapless youngster, and backs out with him between his huge jaws. The child yells.*)

(*Enter* Mrs. Smith.)

Mrs. Smith. Mercy on us! I thought I heard poor little Jim scream. I wonder where the little brat has gone to? Oh, dear! I wish my brute of a husband would come! Oh, here he is, at last. How frightened he looks!

Fig. 88.

(*Enter* Smith.)

(The legs and arms of this figure need not be formed of separate pieces, as Smith plays an unimportant part in the drama.)

Smith. Oh, my love! I've seen a crocodile with poor little Jim in its enormous jaws. (*Mrs. Smith screams.*) Ah, my dear! we are not safe an instant in this place. The authorities ought to put a stop to crocodiles and all dangerous reptiles. If

it comes again I shall call on the police. I am not afraid for myself nor for you.

MRS. SMITH. Oh, you heartless brute!

SMITH. Be patient, my love! I am only afraid for the safety of my valuable notes on the domestic habits of the ostrich.

MRS. SMITH. Botheration! I wish you had never interfered with the ostrich, and had stopped at home like a sensible man. Oh, gracious goodness! Look there! (*Screams.*)

(*The Wonderful Crocodile makes its appearance, swallows Smith, and backs out again. Mrs. Smith continues screaming.*)

(The swallowing is easily managed. The showman moves the crocodile close up to Smith, and pulls the latter figure out of sight.)

(*Enter* SAMBO.)

SAMBO. Can't find massa. Look for him eberywhere!

MRS. SMITH. Oh, Sambo! Your poor master!

SAMBO. What! hab de fellow wid de teeth eat him up?

MRS. SMITH. Don't ask me. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

SAMBO. Where's little Jim?

MRS. SMITH. He's with your poor master.

SAMBO. Oh, dear! Poor little Jim, de pride ob my heart! But see! Him come again.

(*The Crocodile appears at one side; Sambo and Mrs. Smith run out, screaming, at the other. The monster, after opening and shutting its jaws a few times, disappears.*)

(*Enter* CAPTAIN, *followed by the* ARMY).

(The figure of one of the soldiers is represented in Fig. 89. The best plan of moving the soldiers across the stage is to fasten them to a long piece of tape, which is passed over two empty cotton-reels, turning on strong pins driven in the lower corners of the wooden frame; the ends of the tape are fastened together so as to form an endless band. The army will continue on the march as long as the showman keeps turning one of the reels.)

CAPTAIN. Forward, my brave men! Let us exterminate the terrible monster without delay!

FIG. 89.

(*The Crocodile pops its head in on one side, and the soldiers all march into its mouth. Having eaten up the whole army, the monster retires.*)

(*Enter* JACK BOWLINE *and* MRS. SMITH.)

(The legs of the sailor (see Fig. 90) are movable, but the arms are cut out with the body. Each leg has a slip of card attached to it for the showman to hold.)

FIG. 90.

JACK. Eaten your husband and a little black baby, say you? Shiver my timbers! I'll chop the lubber into mince-meat!

MRS. SMITH. You're very good, sir; but suppose the monster should swallow you!

JACK. Swallow one of Uncle Sam's navy! I should like to see him do it! But where's that Sambo? He promised to show me where this land-shark harbors. So come along, my little craft; let's take a cruise in chase of him.

MRS. SMITH. If you kill the crocodile, sir, you will convey me to my aged papa, will you not?

JACK. I should think so! The man who wouldn't protect a lovely widow and take her to her papa isn't worthy the name of an American sailor! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The Crocodile's Home on the Banks of the Nile.*
(*Enter the* YOUNG CROCODILE.)

FIG. 91.

(The comical figure of the youthful crocodile, shown in Fig. 91, is easily worked by pulling the strip of card which is connected with the lower jaw and tail.)

YOUNG CROCODILE (*supposed to be speaking the Crocodilian language*). Oh! I do wish papa would come home! I have had nothing to eat since breakfast, and then I only had two oxen and a few skinny Arabs. I'm so hungry! Pa-pa-a-a! pa-pa-a-a-a! (*Cries.*) Oh! here he comes, with something in his mouth. Hoor-ray! *La di diddle de, da de da.* (*Sings and dances in an absurd manner.*)

(*Enter* WONDERFUL CROCODILE *with* LITTLE JIM *in his mouth.*)

WONDERFUL CROCODILE (*putting down Jim*). Well, my son, I hope you've been a good little reptile in my absence. See! I've brought something nice for supper.

YOUNG CROCODILE. What a little bit! That won't be enough.

WONDERFUL CROCODILE. Don't be greedy! I'm going to bed, as I'm not very well. I swallowed a troop of soldiers this

afternoon, and their nasty guns and bayonets have given me a pain in my chest. I never could digest iron. Good night, my child! Have your supper and go to bed. (*Exit Wonderful Crocodile.*)

YOUNG CROCODILE. Good night, daddy! Now for my supper.

(*Tries to catch little Jim, who runs backward and forward, crying all the time. After many unsuccessful attempts, the Crocodile catches Jim.*)

(*Enter* JACK BOWLINE.)

JACK. Hold hard, you lubber! The crocodile that would go to eat a little baby like that isn't worthy the name of an American sailor!

(*The Crocodile leaves Jim, and makes a rush at the Sailor.*)

JACK. What! you fresh-water shark! Do you want to try the temper of an American cutlass? Blow my tarry top-lights! Come on, then!

(*Terrific combat between Jack and the Young Crocodile. At the conclusion of the fight the Crocodile falls backward out of sight*)

JACK. Hurrah! Three cheers for Uncle Sam and the horse-marines! (*To Jim.*) Now, young 'un, let me take you to your daddy; then I'll come back and look for the father of the chap who was going to make salt-junk of you. The man who would be content with thrashing one crocodile isn't worthy of the name of an American sailor! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*Down East. The sailor's native village. A pump on one side, a sign-board, with the words "The Jolly Sailor" cut out, on the other.*

(*Enter* JACK BOWLINE.)

JACK. Here I am again in my native village, safe and sound as a new frigate! Won't my blessed old dad be glad to set eyes on me, and won't all the folks stare when they see my tame crocodile? Sambo, a-hoy! Tow the vessel into this port!

(*Enter* SAMBO, *leading the* WONDERFUL CROCODILE *by a string,* LITTLE JIM *following.*)

SAMBO. Here we am, massa! Dat chap am tame as pos'ble. Tink him turn wegetarian, as him eat noting but grass an' clober. Him cry like a child when me lick him; an' I lick him good, too.

JACK. It's a queer craft to look at. Let me get on deck. (*Mounts the Crocodile.*) Now I've taken Mrs. Smith home to her papa, I'll have a lark. Music, strike up "Fisher's Hornpipe." The man who wouldn't dance a hornpipe on a crocodile's back isn't worthy the name of an American sailor! (*Dances a hornpipe on the back of the Crocodile.*)

SAMBO (*also beginning to caper, adapting his movements to the music*). Golly! Massa. Dat's good. 'Minds me ob de ole times down in ole Virginny. De nigger dat wouldn't dance to dat music ain't wurvy ob de name ob an 'Merican sailor.

JACK. Stow that, you black lubber! American sailor, indeed!

SAMBO. I'se a 'Merican sailor—good as you, massa. I'se a fifteenth 'mendment sailor, anyhow.

JACK (*jumping off Crocodile*). I'll fifteenth amendment you! (*Knocks him off the stage. Sambo disappears. Jack again mounts on Crocodile, crowing.*)

(*Curtain.*)

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

This evening the company first join in a game of

Electricity.

A portion of the company are requested to leave the room, and upon a centre-table are arranged a number of small articles, such as an inkstand, ash-holder, paper-weight, card-receiver, album, or like trifles. One of these is pointed out by the leader as the supposed "battery."

One of the absent players is then recalled, told he is to receive an electric shock, and requested to touch the articles upon the table. When his fingers fall upon the one pointed out by the leader the entire party cry "Oh!" suddenly, loudly and sharply.

This will cause the victim to start as suddenly, and look as amazed, as if he had really experienced an electric shock.

He then takes his seat amongst the initiated and gives the benefit of his lungs in the shout that is to "electrify" the next victim.

After the company are again assembled in the drawing-room, ready for a new proposition, arrange them for a merry game of

The Merchant of all Climes.

The company are seated in a circle, and the game consists in guessing what each one has for sale, from the country he hails from and the initial-letter of his merchandise. The guesser gives the next question.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. I am a merchant from China, and I sell F—.

A—. Fowls!

LEADER. Pay a forfeit! Chinese merchants do not sell fowls.

B—. Fireworks! I am a French merchant and I sell S—.

C—. Silks! I am a Western merchant and I sell C—.

D—. Corn! I am a Turkey merchant, and I sell O—.

E—. Olives! I am a Japanese merchant and I sell F—.

F—. Fans! I am a San Francisco merchant and I sell G—.

G—. Grapes! I am an East India merchant, and I sell S—.

H—. Shawls! I am a West India merchant, and I sell C—.

I—. Coffee!

Any mistake, such as making the New England merchant sell sugar, or the Chinaman, cod-fish, is to cost a forfeit, whether the error was that of the merchant or the guesser.

Being now ready for a little more fun, let one of the party slip out and prepare the saucers or soup plates and tumblers for a trick game of

Magnetism.

While he is engaged in covering the bottom of one of the saucers or plates with a thick coating of black, by holding it low down in the flame of a candle, another of the party addresses the company, leading the conversation to the subject of animal magnetism, and finally announcing himself an expert magnetizer.

"I do not often perform in public," he may say, "but amongst friends I do not object to giving a proof of my skill. The only point upon which I must insist is perfect gravity and quiet amongst the audience. I will now see if I can select a subject who is susceptible to the magnetic influences."

He now passes from one to another, making passes, and looking steadily into the eyes of several of the company, feeling the pulse of one and another, till finally he selects one individual whom he declares to be the very man for the experiment.

He now clears one end of the room and places two chairs,

face to face, some three feet apart. In one of these he seats his intended victim and asks the hostess if he can have two glasses of water, standing in two plates. This produces the blackened plate, and a clean one, upon each of them a glass of clear water.

Handing the blackened plate to the subject who is to be magnetized, he takes the clean plate and says, seating himself in the vacant chair:

"You must fix your eyes steadily upon mine, and make exactly the motions that I do. Mr. C—— (*calling upon one of the company*), will you stand where you can take the plate when

FIG. 92.

the numbness that precedes the trance causes it to drop from Mr. ——'s hand?

He now proceeds to make several motions with his open hand, keeping his eyes fixed upon his victim, till he has his undivided attention. He then dips his finger in the water, and drawing it across the bottom of his plate makes a cross upon his forehead; the subject does the same; a second pass over the bottom of the plate and the face draws a long black streak down the victim's nose; a third smears one cheek; a fourth the other.

When the victim resembles a blackamoor the operator gravely rises and says the subject has proved that his will is too strong to yield to that of another man, and he must try a new one.

But the company having watched the operation, as shown in Fig. 92, are not often likely to furnish a second victim. If the operator can induce the victim, by some well-turned compliments upon his nerve and strength of mind, to smile complacently, the effect is very funny, but the production of a mirror, or leading the blackened man to a pier-glass, will change the smirk into a stare of amazement and disgust very ludicrous to witness.

While the company are laughing over the discomfiture of the magnetized subject, procure a pack of cards and initiate the entire party into the game of

Wall Street Brokers.

The company are seated in a circle, and near enough together to pass the cards easily from one to another.

The leader hands a card to the one on his left hand, calling its description aloud three times; the second one passes it to the next, also calling its description, and it is passed around the circle, each one calling the card three times as he receives and passes it. As soon as the leader has passed one card out he immediately passes another, calling it as before, and this is sent after the first; a third follows, a fourth, fifth, and one after another in rapid succession, every card being rapidly called

three times as it passes from hand to hand. When the card is an ace, instead of describing it, the holder must say Oh! Oh! Oh! If a knave passes, it is also not named, but meets with a H'm! H'm! H'm! The players must all be on the watch for any one who breaks this rule by naming an ace or knave, when he receives it, or giving the wrong syllables; if caught in the act, a forfeit is the penalty. To facilitate this, one of the company should stand inside the circle, and watch the aces and knaves as they pass from hand to hand.

The babel of tongues is wonderful, and is said to exactly resemble the proceedings of a board of Wall street broker's in business hours, when there is some financial excitement.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER (*passing cards as rapidly as possible, and naming each one*). (*Ace of Spades*) Oh! Oh! Oh! Seven of clubs, seven of clubs, seven of clubs; deuce of hearts, deuce of hearts, deuce of hearts; (*Knave of Diamonds*) H'm! H'm! H'm! etc., to the end of the pack.

SECOND PLAYER (*receiving the cards and passing them on as rapidly as possible, naming each one three times*). Oh! Oh! Oh! Seven of clubs, seven of clubs, seven of clubs, deuce of hearts, etc., to end of pack.

THIRD PLAYER receives, calls and passes the cards to fourth, who receives, calls and passes them to fifth, who passes them in the same way.

The confusion of voices becomes indescribable after about ten cards are out. If the circle is not large enough for the whole pack to go round, the last player must hold the cards as fast as he gets them, until he receives the last one, and silence falls upon one after another of the players as fresh cards cease to reach them.

While the cards are out, shuffle them well, and deal them out to the company as if for a game of whist, one at a time to each person, in regular order, and commence a game of

Machine Poetry.

One of the party, holding up a card, calls out a word—any word he may think of. The three players holding the corresponding cards of the other three suits must each give him a rhyme for his word, and he must make a verse of poetry from the four single words.

The next player names another card and a word, and obtaining, as before, three rhyming words, also makes a verse.

The more abominable the poetry, the greater the merriment.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER (holding Five of Spades). Cheese!
HOLDER OF THE FIVE OF CLUBS. Ease!
HOLDER OF THE FIVE OF HEARTS. Sneeze!
HOLDER OF THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS. Squeeze!

The leader then gives the result of his cogitations—

I obtained a piece of cheese,
Twas so strong it made me sneeze,
But I gave it a good squeeze,
And then ate it up with ease.

SECOND PLAYER (holding Ace of Hearts). Hat!
HOLDER OF THE ACE OF CLUBS. Flat!
HOLDER OF THE ACE OF DIAMONDS. Rat!
HOLDER OF THE ACE OF SPADES. Mat!
SECOND PLAYER—

'Twas night, when on the mat,
A most outrageous rat,
Supped upon my Sunday hat,
Which made me feel quite flat.

And so on. The fun is, of course, increased when the players, getting into the spirit of the game, make their rhymes as puzzling and incongruous as possible.

If any lucky player holds four cards of a kind he can throw them out without making any verse. If he holds three he can distribute them amongst the others and throw the verse-mak-

ing upon the player on his left, but if he holds but two he must supply the last rhyme, as well as the first word for his verse.

Another form of the same game is to have the leader start off with a line of poetry. The player nearest on his left, who holds a corresponding card, must supply the second line, to rhyme with the first; the next one on the left, holding another corresponding card, gives the third rhyming line, and the holder of the fourth similar card finishes the verse.

EXAMPLE:

NINE OF HEARTS—

As I was coming down a hill,

NINE OF CLUBS—

I tumbled down like Jack and Jill,

NINE OF SPADES—

And rolled into a little rill,

NINE OF DIAMONDS—

And caused my nose its blood to spill.

The worse the poetry, the more the mirth and merriment. To conclude the evening, play a game of

Head, Body, and Legs.

One player takes an oblong piece of paper, and having divided it into three equal parts by folding, he sketches a comic *head*, either with pen or pencil, in the upper space; he then doubles the paper over and hands it to another, who draws a *body* in the middle compartment, folds the paper over once more and passes it to a third, who completes the figure by drawing a pair of *legs* in the lower space. The player who draws the head must continue the neck a little way into the middle space, and he who sketches the body must just commence the legs in the lower compartment; this arrangement insures the connection of head, body, and legs. Our illustration (Fig. 93) shows how the paper is to be folded over for drawing the

different parts of a figure. Each player should be provided with a pen or pencil and a piece of paper. Having drawn a head, he should fold his sketch in a proper manner, as in No. 1,

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.

FIG. 93.

and pass it to his right-hand neighbor, who continues with the body, as in No. 2, folds it over and hands it to his neighbor to complete the design, as in No. 3. When opened out it will appear as seen in No. 4. In this way a number of sketches can be made at once. A knowledge of drawing is not expected; any rude thing will do. As one player does not know what the other is drawing, very funny combinations are sometimes made: a donkey's head, on a man's body, with a goose's legs; and similar monstrous and funny absurdities.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

This evening is to be devoted to the exhibition of that delight of our friends John Bull, old and young, a

Punch-and-Judy Show.

Any ingenious youth may thus amuse a large party of friends, and by a little practice become quite an expert showman.

The rules we have given for getting up a model stage, and for tinseling characters, will, we trust, be fully appreciated by our younger readers.

By following our directions, the amateur showman may, with comparatively little trouble, construct some comical figures.

In carving the heads of the puppets, the ingenuity of the reader will be most severely taxed. Each head must be fashioned out of a piece of soft wood, with a sharp penknife, and then painted with oil-colors. An old wooden doll will be a capital model for the reader to work from, only he must cut much deeper, in order to make the features of his puppets sufficiently prominent. Punch's nose and chin may be formed of separate pieces of wood, and then fastened on to the face with a little glue. Our artist has drawn a full-length figure of Punch, and the faces of the other characters in the drama—namely: 1. Judy; 2. Policeman; 3. Foreigner; 4. Ghost; 5. Doctor; 6. Clown; 7. Jones; 8. Hangman. The carver should study these illustrations attentively, and endeavor to imitate them. The eyes of the Ghost are two black beads, which may be fixed by pins, or loosely attached by short pieces of thread, so that they may roll about in their saucer-like sockets. The eyes of the other puppets may

be formed of white beads, fixed by black-headed pins in small cavities made to receive them. The hair and beard of the Foreigner, and the Clown's three tufts, may be made of any kind of fur; the Hangman's wig, and the Doctor's scanty locks, of worsted. Each head should be about the size of an ordinary hen's-egg, and should have a hole made at the bottom, large enough to receive the tip of the showman's finger.

FIG. 94.

Punch is the only puppet that exhibits its legs to the audience, and therefore the only one requiring lower limbs; these legs, as well as the hands of all the characters, are to be cut out of wood and painted.

The cloth figures of the puppets must be so constructed, that the exhibitor can easily slip them over his hand and wrist; to these hollow bodies the heads and hands are to be securely fastened, with a little glue, or some small tacks. Punch's figure may be formed of red merino, or any other gay-colored stuff; the "goodly hunch" and prominent stomach must not be forgotten; these important appendages may be stuffed with cotton or tow. Judy's dress may be made of cotton print; the Policeman's of blue cloth, edged with gold lace; the Foreigner's, of almost any kind of stuff; the Doctor's, of black cloth; and the dresses of Jones and the Hangman, of any sober-colored stuffs. The Ghost must

be enveloped in a long white linen gown; and the Clown must be arrayed in the true circus style. In constructing the dresses, the reader will have his patience sorely tried, unless he can persuade a few young ladies to aid him with their nimble fingers.

Motion is given to each of the puppets by the showman's hand, the forefinger of which moves the head, while the thumb and second finger work the two arms; the annexed engraving will elucidate this operation.

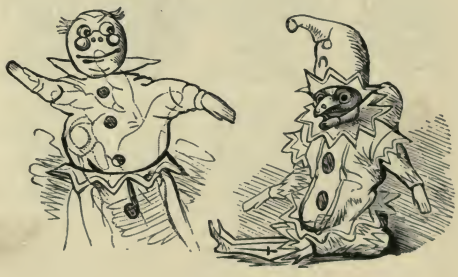


Fig. 95.

We have not yet alluded to two important characters in the drama—namely, the Baby and the eccentric dog Toby. Any little doll may be dressed in long-clothes to represent the Baby, so the reader may be spared the trouble of carving another head. The part of Toby is generally filled by a living performer, but as we do not suppose the reader to be the owner of a properly-trained cur, we recommend him to procure one of those barking or squeaking dogs which are sold at the toy-shops; with such a Toby the fun of the piece will be increased rather than diminished.

Punch's stick must be about a foot long, and quite half an inch thick; it must be formed of tough wood, as some rough work is performed with it during the progress of the drama. The gallows must be of the letter F form, and must have two

holes bored through the end of the projecting beam; the cord, having been knotted at one end, is to be passed through each hole, forming a loop or noose under the top of the gallows. The upright post is made to fit in a hole in the shelf.

Having described the puppets, we will now say a few words about the show in which they are to be exhibited. The show we recommend is simply a box about three feet square, open in front and at bottom; this is hung upon nails against the wall, above the head of the amateur showman, who is hidden from view by curtains which reach from the box to the floor. The box may be a large dry-goods box, with the lid and one of its sides removed. The inside of the box should be hung with green-baize, or any other dark-colored stuff. A proscenium cut out of pasteboard, and tastefully painted, should be fastened in front of the box, so as to conceal the unsightly edges of the wood. A shelf of wood about four inches wide should project beyond the proscenium, so as to form a little stage upon which Punch may drum his legs, lay down his stick, and place the dead bodies of his victims; this shelf may be fixed by screws passing through the two sides of the box.

During the performance the puppets must be kept in an open box hanging against the wall, within reach of the showman.

If the parlor in which the exhibition takes place has a door communicating with an adjoining apartment, the plan given in Fig. 96 suggests a still simpler means of preparing the show.

In the doorway, a frame is made to fit; the shelf is fastened at the proper height, and the open space below the shelf and down to the ground is filled in with muslin or any old material, and covered with wall-paper. The upper part of the open door, which is visible to the audience, should be covered with a scene representing the front of a house with door and windows. This may be drawn on a piece of paper and pinned in its place on the door.

The performer, having prepared everything, should learn the drama, and practice the different voices which he intends to

give to the different characters. It will probably be some time before he can acquire the peculiar squeak of Punch, which is generally supposed to be produced by an instrument called "a squeaker," which requires a great deal of practice to render

FIG. 96.

effective, and we therefore recommend the performer to trust to his own powers of mimicry. With regard to the musical accompaniments, the amateur showman should get some kind sister or cousin to sit at the piano, the notes of which are much more pleasing than those of the Pandean pipes and drum. The original text of the drama is here given, with a few slight alterations and additions.

The Drama of Punch and Judy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MR. PUNCH.
JUDY, *his wife.*
MASTER PUNCH, *an infant.*
JOEY, *a clown.*
THE POLICEMAN.
THE FOREIGNER.
THE DOCTOR.
THE HANGMAN.
JONES, *the former owner of* TOBY.
TOBY *Punch's little dog.*
THE GHOST.

(*Music. The pianist plays some popular melody. Curtain rises.*)

PUNCH (*below*). Root-to-to-to-to-too-o-o-it! Sha'n't be long; I'm only putting on my new boots. (*Pops up.*) Root-to-too-it!

(*Lively music. Punch dances, and throws his legs over the front of the stage.*)

Where's my wife, I wonder? (*Calling below.*) Judy!—Judy, my darling!—Judy, my duck o' diamonds! Oh! you are dressing the baby, are you?

(*Enter* JUDY.)

JUDY. Well, Mr. Punch, what do you want with me?

PUNCH. Why, I want to give you a kiss, to be sure. (*Husband and wife embrace fondly.*) Now, let's have a dance.

(*Music. They dance. At the conclusion, Punch hits his wife on the head with his stick.*)

JUDY. Oh! you villain! How dare you strike your own wife?

PUNCH. Haven't I a right to do what I like with my own?

JUDY (*taking stick from him*). Then I'll let you know something about woman's rights. (*Hitting Punch.*) Take that!

PUNCH. Oh!

JUDY (*hitting him again*). Oh!

PUNCH. Oh!

JUDY (*hitting him once more*). Oh!

PUNCH (*taking stick from her, and knocking her out of sight*). Oh! That was to request her to step down stairs and feed the babby. Such a beautiful babby! I'll go and fetch him. (*Dis-*

appears, and pops up again with his infant son in his arms. Sings).

"Hush-a-bye, baby,
Sleep while you can;
If you live till you're older,
You'll grow up a man."

Oh, you little duck! There never was such a good child.

MASTER PUNCH (*cries*). Mam-ma-a-a!

PUNCH (*thumping him with stick*). Go to sleep, you naughty boy! (*Resumes his song.*)

"Hush-a-bye, baby—"

MASTER PUNCH (*louder*). Mam-ma-a-a-a!

PUNCH (*hitting harder*). Hush-a-bye!

MASTER PUNCH (*yells*). Ya-a-a-ah-ah!

PUNCH (*hitting him*). Be quiet, can't you? Bless him, he's got his father's nose! (*The child seizes Punch by the nose*). Murder! Let go! There! go to your mother if you can't be good with me! (*Throws Master Punch out of window, or rather over the front of the stage. Sings; drumming with his legs on the stage*).

"She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine!"

(*Enter* JUDY.)

JUDY. Where's the boy?

PUNCH. The boy?

JUDY. Yes.

PUNCH. What! did not you catch him?

JUDY. Catch him?

PUNCH. Yes; I threw him out of window. I thought you might be passing.

JUDY. Oh, my poor child! Oh, my poor child!

PUNCH. Why, he was as much mine as yours.

JUDY. But you shall pay dearly for it; I'll tear your eyes out!

PUNCH. Root-to-to-to-too-it! (*Kills Judy at a blow.*)

(*Enter* POLICEMAN.)

POLICEMAN (*brandishing his club*). Hollo! hollo! hollo! Here I am!

PUNCH. Hollo! hollo! hollo! And so am I! (*Whacks Policeman over the head.*)

POLICEMAN. Do you see my club, sir?

PUNCH. Do you feel mine, sir? (*Hits him again.*)

POLICEMAN. Sir, I am a Conservator of the Peace, a guardian of morals, and the Executor of the Law, and I will not be treated to insolence.

PUNCH. Oh, you are a Disturber of the Peace, a grinder of squirrels, an egg-sucker of the Law, and you won't be treated to gin-slings.

POLICEMAN. No nonsense, Mr. Punch! You have committed a barbarous and cruel murder, and you must answer for it to the laws of your country.

PUNCH. Oh, indeed!

POLICEMAN. I am a Policeman.

PUNCH. And so am I.

POLICEMAN. You a Policeman?

PUNCH. Yes.

POLICEMAN. Where's your authority?

PUNCH. There it is! (*Knocks him down.*)

POLICEMAN (*rising*). Mr. Punch, you are an ugly, ill-bred fellow.

PUNCH. And so are you.

POLICEMAN. Take your nose out of my face, sir.

PUNCH. Take your face out of my nose, sir.

POLICEMAN. Pooh!

PUNCH. Pooh! (*Gives Policeman another taste of his stick.*)

POLICEMAN. You have committed an aggravated assault on the majesty of the law, and I am under the necessity of taking you up.

PUNCH. And I am under the necessity of knocking you down. (*Kills him with a blow of his stick.*)

PUNCH (*dancing*). Root-to-to-to-too-it!

(*Enter* FOREIGNER.)

FOREIGNER. Yaw! nix cum heraus. (*Punch aims at and misses him. He disappears, and bobs up at the other side.*) Yaw! nix cum heraus. (*Punch tries to hit him, but again fails.*)

PUNCH. Why don't you speak English?

FOREIGNER. I can't hit him mit mein tongue.

PUNCH. Then I'll hit you with my stick. There! (*Hits the unfortunate alien, who falls a lifeless corpse.*)

PUNCH. Root-to-to-to-too-it! (*Sings a fragment of a popular melody, drumming with his heels upon the front of the stage.*)

(*Mysterious music. The* GHOST *rises and places its hands upon the bodies of* PUNCH'S *three victims. The bodies rise slowly and disappear.*)

PUNCH (*sings*).

"Rum ti tum ti iddity um,
Pop goes"——

GHOST. Boo-o-o-o-oh!

PUNCH. A-a-a-ah! (*He throws up his hands, and kicks wildly.*)

GHOST. Boo-o-o-o-oh!

PUNCH. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It wasn't me!

GHOST (*throwing its arms around Punch*). Boo-o-o-o-oh! (*Punch faints. The Ghost sinks to appropriate music.*)

PUNCH. Oh, dear! I'm very ill; fetch a doctor.

(*Enter* DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR. Somebody called for a doctor. Why, I declare it is my old friend Punch. What's the matter with him, I wonder? (*Feels the patient's pulse.*) Fifteen—sixteen—eleven—nineteen—six. The man is not dead—almost, quite. Punch, *are* you dead?

PUNCH (*starting up and hitting his medical adviser*). Yes.

DOCTOR. There's no believing you; I think you are alive.

PUNCH (*hitting him again*). No; I'm dead.

DOCTOR. Then I must go and fetch you some physic. (*Exit.*)

PUNCH. A pretty doctor, to come without physic!

(*Re-enter* DOCTOR, *with a stick.*)

DOCTOR. Now, Punch, *are* you dead? No reply? (*Beating him.*) Physic! physic! physic!

PUNCH (*returning to his senses*). What sort of physic do you call that, Doctor?

DOCTOR. Stick-licorice! stick-licorice! stick-licorice! (*Repeats the dose.*)

PUNCH. Stop a bit! Give me the bottle in my own hands. (*Taking cudgel from the Doctor, and thrashing him with it.*) Physic! physic! physic!

DOCTOR. Oh!

PUNCH. What! don't you like your own physic? (*Hitting him again.*) Stick-licorice! stick-licorice! stick-licorice!

DOCTOR. For goodness' sake, Punch, pay me my fee, and let me go!

PUNCH. What is your fee? (*Lays down stick.*)

DOCTOR. A ten-dollar gold-piece.

PUNCH. Give me the change out of a five-cent stamp.

DOCTOR. Why, I want ten dollars.

PUNCH. Let me feel for my purse, then. (*Takes up the stick and hits Doctor.*) One! two! three! four! Stop! that wasn't a good one! I'll give you another! Four! five! six! seven!— (*Delivers ten blows. The Doctor falls lifeless on the receipt of the last one.*) The bill's settled, and so is the doctor. Root-to-to-to-too-it! (*Sings.*)

(*Enter* JOEY, *the Clown.*)

JOEY. Punch! (*Disappears.*)

PUNCH. Who called me? (*Looks round, and seeing no one, resumes his song.*)

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs by my si-wi-wide"——

(*Joey rises, and taking up the dead body of the Doctor, bobs its head in Punch's face.*)

JOEY. Bob!

PUNCH. Who said "bob?"

JOEY (*pushing Doctor into his face again*). Bob! bob! bob!

PUNCH. Bob! bob! bob! (*Knocks Doctor out of sight, and discovers Joey.*) Ah, Joey! was that you?

JOEY. No, it was I.

PUNCH. Well, don't do it again, because I'm nervous. Come and feel how my hand shakes. (*Joey approaches. Punch tries to hit him, but he dodges and avoids the blow.*) Come a little nearer; I won't hurt you. (*Joey again approaches Punch, and again avoids the blow intended for him.*) There! it didn't hurt you, did it?

JOEY. No.

PUNCH. Nor that? (*Makes another failure.*)

JOEY. No.

PUNCH. Nor that?

JOEY. Not a bit.

PUNCH. Then what are you afraid of? Come and shake hands. (*Joey approaches, but has to duck down as before, to avoid a blow which Punch makes at his head.*) Joey, you're an arrant coward.

JOEY. Don't call names.

PUNCH. Then fight fair.

JOEY. Come on.

(*Music. Grand combat between Punch and Joey, the former using his stick and the latter butting with his head. The Clown avoids all Punch's blows by dodging. After bobbing up and down in every direction, Joey suddenly appears behind Punch.*)

JOEY. Hollo, Punch! (*Disappears.*)

PUNCH. Where are you, Joey?

JOEY (*again appearing behind Punch*). Here I am. (*Disappears again.*)

PUNCH. I saw him. (*Peeps round cautiously and comes into collision with Joey. Both start back, frightened. Punch lays down his stick and peeps cautiously round the curtains*). I've got him now!

JOEY (*rising behind him, and seizing stick*). And how do you like him? (*Cudgels Punch.*)

PUNCH. Murder! fire! thieves! Toby, come and help your master! (*Toby barks below. Exit Joey.*)

(*Enter* TOBY.)

PUNCH. Good doggy! I knew you'd come to help your master. Poor little Toby! Ain't you fond of your master? (*Toby snaps.*) Oh, my nose! Now, be a good dog, and you shall have a pail of water and a broomstick for supper. (*Toby snaps again.*) Be quiet, sir, or I'll knock your brains out! (*Toby barks, and Punch goes to strike him, but at the same instant Jones, the former owner of the dog, rises and receives the blow intended for Toby on his head.*)

JONES. What did you do that for? I shall make you pay for my head, sir!

PUNCH. And I shall make you pay for my stick, sir!

JONES. I haven't broken your stick.

PUNCH. And I haven't broken your head.

JONES. You have, sir!

PUNCH. Then it must have been cracked before.

JONES. Hollo! Why, that's my dog Toby. Toby, old fellow, how are you? (*Toby barks.*)

PUNCH. He isn't your dog.

JONES. Yes, he is!

PUNCH. No, he isn't!

JONES. He is, I tell you! A fortnight ago I lost him.

PUNCH. And a fortnight ago I found him.

JONES. We'll soon see whether the dog belongs to you. You shall go up to him and say, "Toby, poor little fellow, how are you?"

PUNCH. Very good. (*Goes up to Toby.*) Toby, poor little fellow, how are you? (*Toby snaps at Punch's nose.*)

JONES. There! you see?

PUNCH. What?

JONES. Why, that shows the dog's mine.

PUNCH. No; it shows he's mine.

JONES. Then, if he's yours, why does he bite you?

PUNCH. Because he likes me.

JONES. Nonsense! We'll soon settle which of us the dog belongs to, Mr. Punch. We'll fight for him. Now, don't you begin till I say "Time." (*Punch knocks Jones down.*) Mr. Punch, that wasn't fair.

PUNCH. Why, you said "Time."

JONES. I didn't.

PUNCH. What did you say, then?

JONES. I said, "Don't you begin till I say 'Time.'"

PUNCH (*knocking him down again*). There! you said it again.

JONES. Toby, assist your master. (*Toby flies at Punch.*)

PUNCH. It isn't fair; he didn't say "Time."

JONES. At him again, Toby! (*Toby barks, and attacks Punch.*)

PUNCH. Murder! please to call him off!

JONES. Very well. Come along, Toby! (*Exit with Toby.*)

PUNCH (*calling after them*). I wouldn't have him at a gift; he's got the distemper! Root-to-to-to-too-it!

(*Enter* HANGMAN.)

HANGMAN. Mr. Punch, you are my prisoner.

PUNCH. What for?

HANGMAN. For having broken the laws of your country.

PUNCH. Why, I never touched them.

HANGMAN. At any rate you are to be hanged.

PUNCH. But I never was tried and condemned.

HANGMAN. Never mind! We'll try you first and condemn you afterwards.

PUNCH. Hanged? Oh, dear! oh, dear!

HANGMAN. Yes; and I hope it will be a lesson to you. (*Erects the gallows on the stage.*)

PUNCH. Oh, my poor wife and sixteen small children! most of them twins, and the oldest only three years of age.

HANGMAN. Now, Punch, you are ordered for instant execution.

PUNCH. What's that?

HANGMAN. You are to be hanged by the neck till you are dead! dead! dead!

PUNCH. What! three or four times over?

HANGMAN. No. Place your head in the centre of this noose.

PUNCH. Stop a bit; I haven't made my will.

HANGMAN. A very good thought. We can't think of letting a man die till he has made his will.

PUNCH. Can't you?

HANGMAN. Certainly not.

PUNCH. Then I won't make mine at all.

HANGMAN. That won't do, Punch. Come; put your head in there.

PUNCH (*putting his head under the noose*). There?

HANGMAN. No; higher up.

PUNCH (*putting his head over*). There?

HANGMAN. No; lower down.

PUNCH. Well, I never was hanged before, so how can you expect me to know where to put my head?

HANGMAN. Oh! as you were never hanged before, it's but right I should show you the way. Now, Mr. Punch, keep your eye on me. In the first place, I put my head in the noose—so! (*Puts his head in the noose.*) Well, when I've got *your* head in, I pull the end of the rope.

PUNCH (*pulling rope*). So?

HANGMAN. Yes, only much tighter.

PUNCH. Very good; I think I know now.

HANGMAN. Then turn round and bid your friends farewell; and I'll take my head out.

PUNCH. Stop a minute. (*Pulls the rope tightly, and hangs the Hangman.*) Oee! oee! oee! I understand all about it. Root-to-too-it! Here's a man tumbled into a ditch, and hung himself up to dry.

(*The* GHOST *rises, and taps* PUNCH *on the shoulder.*)

GHOST. You're come for.

PUNCH. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What do you want?

GHOST. To carry you off to the land Bobbetty-shooty, where you will be condemned to the punishment of shaving monkeys.

PUNCH. Stop! whom were you to ask for?

GHOST. Why, Punch, the man who was to be hanged.

PUNCH. I'm not Punch; there he is! (*Points to Hangman.*)

GHOST. Oh! I beg your pardon! Good night! (*Carries off Hangman.*)

PUNCH (*hitting the sinking Ghost*). Good night! Pleasant journey! (*Sings.*)

Root-to-too-it! served him right,
Now all my foes are put to flight;
Ladies and gentlemen all, good night,
To the freaks of Punch and Judy!

(*Curtain falls.*)

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

Our pleasant gatherings having become an "institution," we will, without further remark, commence the twenty-third, by

Cupid Comes.

This is a simple game, long known, but is very pleasant for passing an hour in pleasant company. The answers must all be given in alphabetical order, and must end with "ing" and describe the manner in which Cupid comes.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. Cupid comes!

NUMBER ONE. How does he come?

LEADER. Ambling.

NUMBER ONE. Cupid comes!

NUMBER TWO. How does he come?

NUMBER ONE. Boating.

NUMBER TWO. Cupid comes—and in reply—Capering.

NUMBER THREE. Cupid comes—Dancing.

NUMBER FOUR. Cupid comes—Eating.

NUMBER FIVE. Cupid comes—Flying.

NUMBER SIX. Cupid comes—Giggling.

NUMBER SEVEN. Cupid comes—Hurraing.

NUMBER EIGHT (*to end*). Cupid comes—Ironing—Jumping—Kicking—Laughing—Moping—Nodding—Ogling—Prancing—Quarreling—Routing—Sulking—Talking—Upsetting—Vaunting—Walking—Yelling.

X and Z are generally omitted in these games.

When the "ing" has been carried through the alphabet alter the termination to "ly" and make Cupid come—Airily—Brave-

ly — Cautiously — Doubtfully — Eagerly — Foolishly— Gayly — and so on, until the alphabet has been exhausted a second time.

Sometimes the leader starts a letter, which must pass round the circle to describe Cupid's coming, before another is started.

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. Cupid comes—Carroling, or Cheerfully.

NUMBER ONE. Cupid comes—Courting, or Charmingly.

NUMBER TWO. Cupid comes—Crowing, or Coldly.

NUMBER THREE. Cupid comes—Canting, or Capriciously.

When the fickle god has come under all conditions the ingenuity of the party can find, try to interest the company in

Fiz Buz.

This is an old and well-known game, which appears very simple, yet will invariably produce a goodly pile of forfeits, while the end is rarely attained.

Seated in a circle, the players begin to count, each following the one next him with a number, until they have counted up to one hundred.

But two numbers and their combinations, by addition or multiplication, must not be named, the five, which is called Fiz, or the seven, which is called Buz. Any number that contains five or seven, or that is a multiple of five or seven, must be mentioned as Fiz or Buz respectively, or the player pays a forfeit.

It is astonishing how seldom the hundred is reached.

Whenever any player says five or seven, he or she must pay a forfeit, and is out of the game, or silent during its continuance. If either of the forbidden words is used the next player must start again at "one."

EXAMPLE:

LEADER. One!

PLAYERS, in regular rotation: Two! Three! Four! *Fiz!* Six! *Buz!* Eight! Nine! *Fiz* (*Ten being twice five*)! Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! *Buz* (*Fourteen being twice seven*)! *Fiz* (*Fifteen being three times five*)! Sixteen! *Buz*

(*Seventeen being ten and seven*)! Eighteen! Nineteen! *Fiz* (*Twenty being four times five*)! *Buz* (*Twenty-one being three times seven*)! and so on. Fifty-seven is *fiz-buz;* seventy-five, *buz-fiz;* twenty-five, or *five times five,* is *fiz-fiz;* and forty-nine, or *seven times seven,* is *buz-buz.*

The game may be simplified for children or lazy folks, by using only one substitute for the number, as *fiz* only for five, or *buz* only for seven, with their combinations.

After all this buzzing and fizzing the company will be glad of a quiet spell, to witness the heartrending embarrassment of

The Egyptian Mummies.

This most amusing trick game never fails to elicit hearty merriment, and is very easily arranged. Select from the com-

Fig. 97.

pany five young gentlemen who have never seen the game, and ask them if they will allow themselves to be dressed for Egyptian Mummies with all the modern improvements.

Lead them into an adjoining room, with folding-doors between, or behind a curtain, where they must be seated to face the company when the doors are opened or the curtain raised.

It is best to have five ladies who know the trick to dress the mummies, as it is too long a task for one.

When the gentlemen are seated, carefully blindfold each one, and request him to double up his right fist. Upon the back of the fist mark the eyes, nose and mouth of a face, with a burnt match or a little water-color. Tie around this a doll's cap, or a lace frill or muslin ruffle, and fasten around the wrist a full white apron or skirt. Bend the left arm to lie across the waist, and put the right fist into the inner bend of the elbow, drawing the apron down over the right arm, as shown in Fig. 97.

FIG. 98.

Open now the doors or the curtain, and each of the blindfolded gentlemen will appear to be tenderly nursing a young baby.

A new burst of merriment will be occasioned as the mummies have their blindfolds removed, one after the other, and see what is lying in their arms. Our artist has evidently "been

there," as he has made our mummies' hair in Fig. 98 fairly stand on end with consternation and surprise.

To conclude the evening's performance a game for which the preparations are very simple may be given, entitled

Shadow Puzzles.

The players are divided into two parties, one for performers, the others to guess. At one end of the room suspend a large white sheet. One of the party of guessers sits upon a low stool facing the sheet, while all the lights are turned out excepting one. The shadow-seeker must sit as low as possible, so as to interfere but little with the other shadows.

The light should now be placed upon a table, about seven feet behind the shadow-seeker. The players then pass between the light and the guesser, throwing their shadows upon the sheet, and he must guess who is passing from the shadow, until he guesses correctly, when he joins the shadow-troop, and another of the guessers takes his place.

The shadow-makers are allowed to disguise themselves in every possible way; raising their arms, covering their faces with shawls, deforming their figures with pillows for hunchbacks, letting long hair fall over the face, making an aquiline nose with a crooked finger. Animals may be counterfeited; an immense bat may be made by throwing a large sheet over the extended arms and passing sideways in front of the lamp, with the face toward the sheet, making a gentle motion with her counterfeit wings, the extended arms.

Very funny disguises may be made by those who are expert at making the hand-shadows already given. A shawl should drape the figure and be pinned on the head, covering the face; the hands then placed under the shawl, against the profile, make the old man's face, or some animal's head, in shadow.

Tall figures should crouch to appear short, and short ones may wear high head-gear to appear tall; the slender may wear

pillows, shawls, cloaks, and any amount of stuffing, to appear stout. Gentlemen may array themselves in skirts, cloaks and bonnets, and ladies may wear tall hats, cloaks, and their long hair pulled forward under the chin for a fine beard.

FIG. 99.

Animals are the best disguises, and very funny heads may be easily improvised, while the figure, on all fours, is covered entirely with a shawl.

This game may be varied so as to include all the players from the commencement, one of the company being selected to be first guesser, retaining his office until he guesses correctly. He is then succeeded by the party guessed, and can join the other players.

When the passing shadows have lost their attractions, the magician of the evening may put the rest of the company on the *qui vive* by proposing a puzzle, which we will call

The Captive Key Released.

Obtain a piece of twine about a yard long; tie the ends together, so as to form a loop, and pass this loop through the

handle of a key. Request some one to hold up both his hands, and pass the ends of the loop over his thumbs. The key is now secured on the string, and it does not seem possible to regain possession of it without removing one or other of the loops from the thumbs of the person holding the string. When the company have all had an opportunity of trying their skill and ingenuity, proceed to show that the release of the key is not only

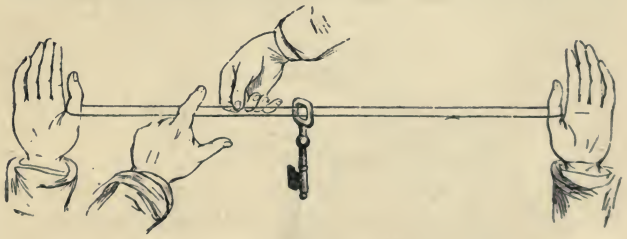


Fig. 100.

possible but easy. Place the forefinger of your left hand against the loop, half way between the key and the holder's thumb which secures the left-hand end of the loop. Next, with the forefinger and thumb of your right hand, take hold of the

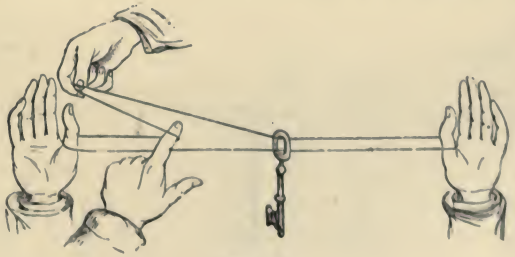


Fig. 101.

upper string, between your left forefinger and the key. Matters now stand exactly as seen in Fig. 100. Now draw the string,

with the right hand, over your left forefinger and around the holder's thumb from right to left, so that the part of the string held by your left forefinger will pass *behind* the holder's thumb, as shown in Fig. 101. This completes the first movement; and if you *now* withdrew your left forefinger, not only the key but the entire loop would fall off the holder's right thumb. To prevent such a catastrophe, which would not fulfill the conditions of the trick, you must proceed to execute the second movement.

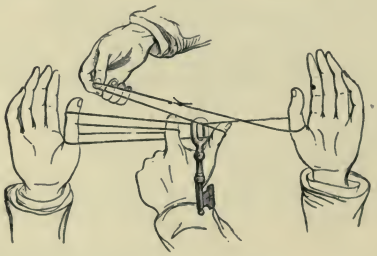


Fig. 102.

Slide the key close up to the left forefinger; place the left thumb against the lower string, beyond the key, so that the key now hangs between the forefinger and thumb of your left hand; take

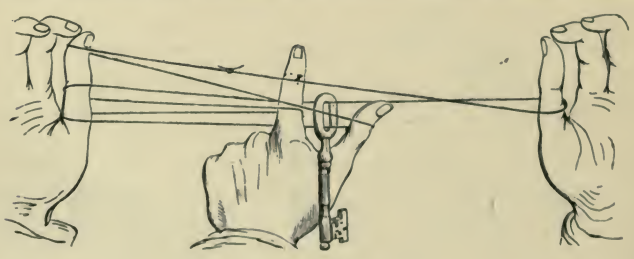


Fig. 103.

hold of the lower string with your right hand, beyond and to the right of your left thumb; draw it toward the left, as in Fig. 102,

and carry the loop, thus formed, around the holder's thumb, precisely as you did with the loop in the first movement. Then request the holder to join the forefinger and thumb of each hand, in order to preclude the possibility of any of the loops from passing over his thumbs. The position of the string, key, and your left hand, is shown in Fig. 103, and the release of the key will follow the withdrawal of your left hand.

These movements should be studied and practiced until they can be done with rapidity and precision, as string tricks lose much of their effect when unskillfully performed. In fact, no trick which involves any degree of manual dexterity should be attempted in public, unless the performer is quite certain of carrying it out neatly and without the slightest hesitation. Thorough practice gives to the most rapid movements of the hand an appearance of deliberation and neatness which adds greatly to the success of the trick, making what is really intricate and complicated seem simple and easy. All manipulations require sufficient rapidity of action to prevent a close observer from following them step by step, and depriving the performer of the credit and applause due to a well-executed performance.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

Private Theatricals.

One of the most agreeable methods of passing social evenings is the parlor theatre, or even on a more extended scale, amateur or private theatricals. They may be made to serve the pleasure of a large or a small gathering of guests, and their expense can be graduated to suit slender purses or serve as an excuse for great outlay and display.

People, however, in very moderate circumstances can so arrange them as to derive as thorough enjoyment as those whose wealth allows unlimited expenditure.

A little dexterity and the exercise of some taste will render the aid of a professional costumer entirely unnecessary, and the stage and scenery may be quite within the reach of home ingenuity. Of course, beyond this there is ample room and verge enough for the most elaborate scenic display. Some city houses have attached to them miniature theatres completely fitted up, where plays are performed, and even entire operas sung with a perfection of mounting and a finish of execution not always seen on the professional stage. But these are for the epicures of the pastime. The great majority of its votaries must be content with such simple accessories as ordinary home resources can supply.

But, even with the slenderest equipment, parlor theatricals are found to be the source of much substantial enjoyment. First, for the actors there is the continuous fun of the rehearsals, culminating at least in the tremulous delight of the public debut. For the audience, too, there is a charm in the representation, however crude, which no professional performance could impart. The mutual alacrity to please and to be pleased creates a kindly

current of sympathy between stage and audience, which exaggerates every merit and disguises every fault. The actors are not half so anxious to succeed as their hearers are to have them. The connoisseur and the critic forget here their frowns and their prejudices, and are willing to see in each young comedian a Garrick or a Peg Woffington at the very least. But, indeed, with many of our amateur performances there needs no such stretch of indulgence, and plays acted in private parlors often reveal an unexpected amount of histrionic ability.

For the use of those of our readers who have had no experience in this delightful recreation we will give such plain directions as will enable them to construct a home theatre.

Stage, Proscenium, and Auditorium.

The selection of the place of performance must be governed by local circumstances. For a small theatre, two parlors or drawing-rooms, connected by folding-doors, answer capitally, The back room being, in most cases, smaller than the front one, can be converted into a stage, with space behind for the changing of scenes and other stage business; while the doors, when thrown back, leave an opening which forms a very convenient proscenium.

When the stage and auditorium are in one large room, a division can be formed by hanging drapery from the ceiling, which would shut off the portion allotted to the actors from that occupied by the spectators, leaving only an opening for the proscenium and stage This may be done by means of a few yards of dark calico or woolen material.

In the use of the two connecting rooms, the advantages are obvious, as not only is the necessity for drapery dispensed with, but the room apportioned to the actors having a door of its own, the performers have free ingress and egress, without the cognizance of the audience.

Where there is only one room a slight partition should be constructed from the stage to the door; a curtain on a rod, or a

temporary stage would do, behind which the performers could pass to and fro.

The following diagrams show the arrangement of the stage and auditorium (Fig. 104), and the proscenium (Fig. 105), and all the exits and entrances that are required for amateur performances in a parlor.

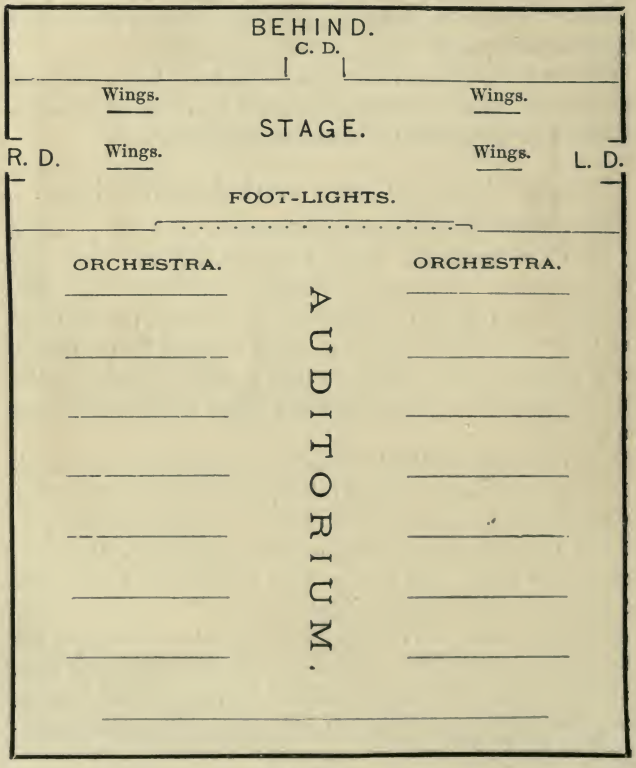


FIG. 104.

R. means Right; L., Left; R. D., Right Door; L. D., Left Door; C. D., Centre Door.

The actor is supposed to be on the stage, facing the audience. If possible, it is as well to have the stage raised a foot or two

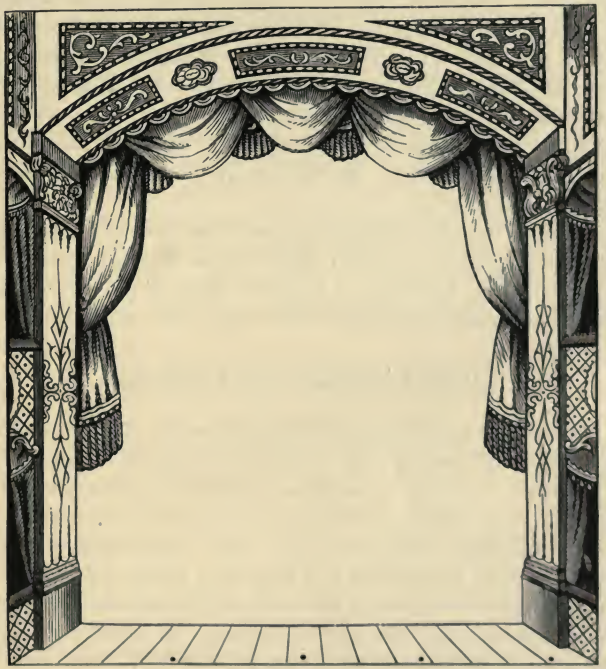


FIG. 105.

above the level of the auditorium, and to slope it slightly forward, as it rather dwarfs the performers if they are not above the eyes of the spectators. Still, this is not imperative, and is difficult to arrange in a parlor.

Lighting the Theatre.

In houses where there are gas-lights this part of the arrangement is much simplified. A few feet of iron pipe, with holes

pierced at intervals, and furnished with small burners, which can be had at a trifling cost, laid along in front of the stage, and connected with the gas-pipes by a piece of India-rubber tubing, will form the foot-lights. These should always be protected with a wire screen, to prevent the danger of the dresses catching fire. In front of this there should be placed a long narrow board, or slip of tin, painted black, to serve as a shade, while a burner or two at each wing and above the centre of the stage will light all perfectly. Should gas be unattainable, candles may be substituted.

One of the great advantages of gas is the ease with which a stage can be dimly or brightly lighted at a moment's notice.

Care should be taken to keep the light in the auditorium subdued, so as to give greater brilliancy to that on the stage.

The Curtain and Drop.

The curtain may be either of green baize or calico, but should be sufficiently heavy to hide all movement upon the stage, when it is down. It should be constructed upon the same principle as that of an ordinary window-shade, raised or lowered by means of a simple cord and pulley. But, as the roller on which it acts must be longer than that used for a window, it is as well to have double cords, one at each end, worked simultaneously, so that the curtain may rise and fall evenly. It should be raised and lowered very slowly, on the ringing of a bell.

The raising and lowering of the drop is managed precisely on the same principle as that of the curtain. The drop is really quite superfluous for amateur theatricals, as the curtain will answer for all divisions of acts; but if a drop-curtain be used, it should be ornamented with a showy picture, a landscape or allegorical subject. The manner of painting and preparing this will be given under the head of "Scenery and Scene Painting," page 293. If a drop is used, allow about eight inches of room between it and the curtain, to prevent accidental collision.

Scenery and Scene Painting.

As stage machinery, except under very unusual circumstances, would be unattainable and unmanageable in a domestic theatre, the plan adopted in many of the smaller theatres of using drop scenes, instead of flats, is the most available for amateur theatricals. These occupy but little space, when not in use, as they can be rolled up and put away, and when in use are easily worked. They can be used to most advantage in skies and backgrounds. Drop-scenes are worked in the same manner as the curtain. For side-scenes, that is to say, those that project from the wings at each side of the stage, a very simple mode of construction will suffice. These scenes need not project more than a couple of feet beyond the wings. They can be made in the following manner:

An oblong frame is made by joining four pieces of lath, and fastening them at the corners with tacks. On this frame either stout paper or common calico may be stretched. If the former is used, the best adapted for the purpose is in rolls like wall-paper, as it can be cut to any length. It must be very stout. This, being cut an inch larger than the frame in every way, is laid upon the table and well dampened with a sponge squeezed out of cold water, and while still damp is placed on the frame, when the edges are turned over and covered with strong paste to about the depth of two inches; they are then turned back again over the frame, and carefully pasted on to it. The paper will while damp appear loose, but when dry will become perfectly tight and flat.

The advantage of having side-scenes constructed in this manner is, that, being light, they are readily lifted in and out of their places.

As some objects, such as a tree, part of a cottage, flower-beds, etc., would require to be cut out to their proper shapes, the best way to manage it will be to draw the outline with white chalk on a large sheet of mill-board, and then, before painting

it, cut it round with the point of the blade of a strong pocket-knife.

Should calico be preferred, it will be only necessary to fasten it with tacks to the frame. It should be drawn as tight as possible, so as to lie without a wrinkle. This is best effected by pulling the calico with a pincers, and while it is still in the grip of that instrument securing it with a tack.

The calico for the drop-scenes had best be prepared and painted before it is fastened on to the roller.

Paper will not require any preparation before being painted on, and calico only requires a couple of primings or washing over of whiting mixed with thin size.

Having prepared the drops and side-scenes, as far as the mechanical part is concerned, the next operation will be to proceed to paint them.

In this department the artist will be at no loss for an ample choice of subjects, as he will find in the numerous illustrated periodicals and books ample material on which to exercise his skill. Landscape, marine, interiors of every variety, will be ready to his hand. These he can enlarge to any size by the following simple process :

Having chosen a subject, divide it into an arbitrary number of squares, both horizontally and perpendicularly, and number each square both ways. That done, square out on a sheet of brown paper cut to the required size the same number of squares, numbered in the same way as those on the pattern to be copied. Then draw within each square as much of the subject as it encloses. The diagrams given in Fig. 106 will assist in making the instructions more easily comprehended.

We shall now explain what is to be done with this outline, when finished.

The surface to be covered having been prepared, place the enclosed outline on brown paper, and with soft chalk, scraped fine, cover the back of it by means of a piece of woolen rag. The chalk may be either black or red. Then fasten it down at

the top corners with tacks, and having done so, securely, go carefully over the drawing with a hard pencil or an ivory-point, until the whole has left a solid tracing on the scene to which it is to be transferred. The brown paper may then be removed.

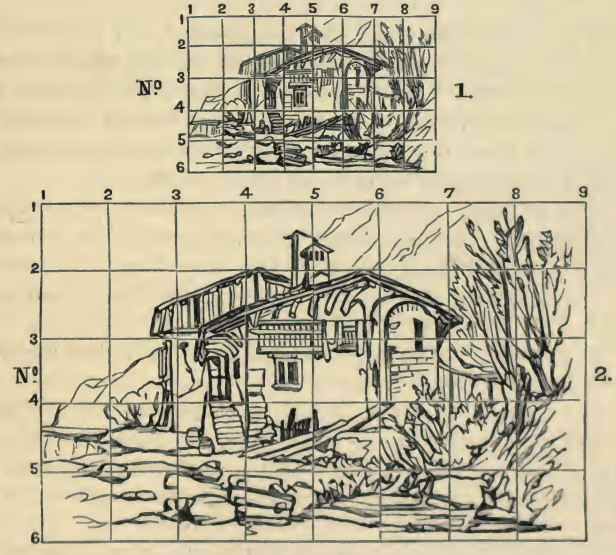


FIG. 106.

It may now be gone over with black chalk, so as to correct any thing that may be imperfect, as well as to render the outline less liable to be obliterated in the course of painting.

The colors used for scene-painting should be mixed in large saucers, or, where a large surface is to be covered, in large bowls. Thin size is the vehicle with which they are worked. The size, however, must be very weak, or it will coagulate when cold. Every color must also contain a little whiting to render it opaque, scenes being always painted in what is technically called body-

color. In the very dark finishing-touches only should the whiting be omitted.

These colors should be laid on with hog-hair brushes, such as are used in oil-painting. The middle, or half tints, are first laid on, and over them are worked the different degrees of light and depth.

It should be remembered that the cheapest and commonest colors will answer for scene-painting, just as well as the most expensive. They can be procured at any house-painter's or wholesale druggist's, in powder or the lump, but will require to be ground before being mixed. This is done with water, upon a slab, a little thin size being added when ready for use.

The following are the colors most useful to the amateur scene-painter: Whiting, Yellow Ochre, Chrome Yellow, Orange Chrome, Orange Lead, Venetian Red, Rose Pink, Wet Blue, French Ultramarine, Brunswick Green, Burnt Umber, Lamp-black.

To this list of colors may be added tin-foil of various colors, and colored papers.

Any number of shades may be made from the colors mentioned, by judicious toning and mixing. It must be remembered that the colors become lighter as they dry in, but a little experience will soon teach the margin to be allowed for this.

For SKIES, the azure or unclouded portion is laid in with wet blue, mixed with white; if it is terminated below by a horizon, the latter may, if a mild one, be made of yellow ochre and white; if a warm one, chrome yellow is added. When the sky and horizon are laid in, which must be done rapidly, they are blended into each other while damp. White clouds on the azure sky should be treated in the same manner, or they will look hard. Dark clouds are made with blue, Venetian red, and rose pink, with a little yellow ochre added. In a brilliant sunset the clouds may be of a sharp purple, and intermixed with streaks of orange-lead on a warm yellow.

FOREGROUND TREES should have the middle tints laid in with Brunswick green; the lights are then put in their several degrees, by adding chrome yellow to the green until the highest lights are reached, when chrome yellow alone may be used. The trunk and branches may be put in with burnt umber, and the lights touched in with the same mixed with white, and the dark parts with burnt umber and black. A little brightening up in the shades may be given by a warm color composed of lamp-black, Venetian red, and rose pink. In touching in the foliage, care must be taken not to black it in too solid, as the light should appear to play through it.

DISTANT TREES, FIELDS, etc., should have white added to the Brunswick green for middle tints; the same with the chrome yellow in the higher parts. In distant objects there must be no dark or positive color, lest they should come too much forward.

SLOPING BANKS may be treated, as regards color, in the same manner as trees.

MOUNTAINS are generally painted purple, interspersed with green.

RIVERS AND LAKES may be treated with the same colors as skies, but the lights should be sharper and more positive.

GARDENS, PARTERRES, etc., may be painted as fancy dictates. The same may be said of interiors.

Dutch metal is a material which, if used sparingly, gives great brilliancy to interiors. It should not be laid on in solid masses, but lightly touched on the prominent parts of the mouldings of walls, the ornamental portions of pillars, picture-frames, etc.

The manner of applying it is as follows: Paint in with gold size the touches intended to represent gold; and when they are nearly dry, press a leaf of Dutch metal firmly on to them, taking care that it lies quite smooth. When dry, with an old silk handkerchief brush off the superfluous metal, and the touches will come out as intended.

Costume.

COSTUME is the observance of propriety in regard to the person or thing represented, so that the scene of action, the habits, arms, proportions, etc., are properly imitated. The peculiarities of form, physiognomy, complexion, dress, ornaments, etc., should be all conformable to the period and country in which the scene is laid. The rules of costume would be violated by the introduction of one or more figures arrayed in the scanty raiment of the Hindoos into a scene in Siberia; by the representation of American Indians in turbans and top-boots; or by Romans dressed in tail-coats and peg-tops, serving cannon at the siege of Carthage; or by a Chinaman in a scarlet hunting-cap sitting on the back of a horse, eating veal and ham pie by the aid of chop-sticks.

To produce a showy effect at a small expense can be readily managed by persons of a suggestive mind and quick invention. Cast-aside garments, of silk or velvet, can, by the aid of spangles, fringe, and bugles, be made to look really well by a stage-light. Discarded furs, too, come in with great effect. Armor can be constructed of thin pasteboard, covered with tin-foil, and may in some parts be studded with Dutch metal. Helmets and crowns can be made of the same materials; and for ladies and Oriental grandees, strings of cheap beads and mock pearls will look quite gorgeous. Glazed calico can be brought to bear very successfully as an imitation of satin. We have seen long hair remarkably well represented by skeins of thread, and beards by tufts of tow. For a gray beard the tow does *au naturel*, and for any other color it can be dyed. Many other contrivances will suggest themselves to the mind of the young amateur, aided, as he will be, by a knowledge of his own resources.

Properties and Accessories

would include a vast number of articles used on the stage, and are independent of either scenery or costume. Under this

head might be included arms, such as swords, pistols, guns, and spears, banners and standards, agricultural and gardening implements, furniture and domestic utensils, from the imperial throne of the palace to the churn and grindstone of the cottage; and, in fact, too many things to render an account of.

Most of these articles can be made, at little cost, to look very well. Swords and spears may be made of wood covered with tin-foil, and shields can be made very effectively of mill-board, and either covered with tin-foil and studded with bosses of Dutch metal, or highly elaborated with coats of arms or emblematic devices.

Straight smooth broom-handles may be bought by the dozen very cheap, and can, by means of a little coloring and ornamental work, be made into very ornamental spear-shafts, and supports for banners and canopies.

Banners are prepared in the same manner as drop-scenes, and should be richly emblazoned. Gold fringe should be used for edging them; a variety of plain and embossed gold papers can be obtained at any stationer's.

Domestic and garden utensils, kitchenware and general furniture can usually be supplied in the house. Thrones, footstools, and many other grand additions to stage-scenery should have gold-fringed drapery thrown over them.

Stage Effects.

STAGE EFFECTS may be made very telling, and yet be produced by very simple means. A terrific lightning-storm is to be produced. To do so, the lights are to be lowered, and there is heard a pattering of rain. The effect of rain is imitated by having brown paper stretched tightly on a frame; it must be as tight as a drum. This is obtained by wetting before stretching. It is placed at the back of the stage, out of sight, and against it is thrown judiciously, but sharply, some hard peas. It is as well to have some in both hands, so as to keep up the

shower continuously. This seems easy, but a deal of artistic skill may be shown in producing a good imitation.

Then we have a flash of lightning; remember that the lightning comes before the thunder. A little gunpowder—very little—mixed with sulphur, so as to give it a blue tinge, may be carried on a small shovel; a pinch of this thrown through the flame of a candle will give a flash. The flash will be followed immediately by the thunder; to give this, nothing is required but a long piece of tin, which, if shaken pretty hard, will give the effect.

FIG. 107.

Now the wind rises; this must be gradual. A long narrow piece of tin this time, whisked like a harlequin's sword; then as the wind increases a natural effect is given by blowing softly through a penny whistle. Thus the storm is complete; but the figures on the stage must act in accordance with it. Should it come into the scene that a ship at sea is firing signal-guns of distress, a tap on a large drum will exactly produce the required sound.

The effect of a wanderer struggling in the storm is very good, and may be produced by means of very fine cords attached to the dress and jerked by an invisible performer behind the scene, as shown in Fig. 107.

Supposing a CALM AND BEAUTIFUL NIGHT is the effect desired. This is produced by having a clear and cloudless sky painted on a drop-scene at the back of the stage, and also on the short sky-drop suspended in front. The short drop may be left as it is, but the large one at the back must have either a round hole or a crescent cut in it to represent the moon, and also a number of small ones to indicate the stars. Behind these should be pasted oiled tissue-paper, because if left open they will look simply like holes. To show them up, the space behind the stage should be well lighted up, and the stage itself kept in a subdued light. A few objects cut out in mill-board, and having a strong moonlight effect painted on them, studded here and there, will heighten the illusion. Do not, however, fall into the error of placing them in such a position that the bright lights will come at the wrong side.

A CONFLAGRATION is represented by having the windows of a scene of a house or houses pierced, and lights flashed behind them, while lurid fire is burned on an iron shovel at the wings, illuminating the scene at intervals; these two —the lights behind and the colored fire at the wings— will be sufficient of the fiery element. Then, behind the scene, boards should be knocked about to give the idea of falling timbers. Figures crowding on the stage, shouting and calling, will heighten the effect. If a piece of hose is convenient, one end of it can be drawn on the stage. Colored fire can be had from the firework-makers (see page 184).

A HAY-FIELD makes a pretty scene, and one that is easily represented. A few piles of clothes, or any thing that will resemble small hay-cocks, can be placed at intervals on the stage. These may then be covered with yellow muslin, and a little hay scattered over them and the stage.

To give the effect of a SEA it is only necessary to spread a piece of sea-green gauze or thin muslin over the stage; this is tossed and agitated by persons at the wings introducing long poles underneath and imitating the movements of the waves.

SNOW is imitated by very tiny atoms of white paper, scattered from above upon the stage.

The Stage-Manager.

The STAGE-MANAGER stands in the same relation to the actors that the drill-sergeant does to a company of soldiers, and unless he exacts implicit obedience a successful result is simply impossible. Being elected by the performers, on account of his fitness for the position, his will must be law, and no disputes must be permitted. His duties are as follows:

When a piece is chosen for representation he reads the play to the assembled company, giving due expression to the several parts and characters, and drawing attention to such places as he desires especially emphasized.

Each performer then receives his part, and a rehearsal is called for a specified time. When this time arrives, the actors recite their parts and are corrected by the manager as to either the reading or the action, if it should appear to him that such a course would be required. He afterwards puts his company through further rehearsals, and winds up with a dress-rehearsal, when he ascertains that every one is perfect; and here, to a certain extent, his duties terminate.

The Prompter.

The duties of the PROMPTER are simple enough; he has only to remain at the right wing, book in hand, and carefully follow the actors as they go through their parts. Should he observe any hesitation on the part of any of them he in a low voice prompts them; but he must be careful not to speak in a manner that will be heard in the front of the house.

The Orchestra.

The ORCHESTRA may consist of as many or as few instruments as the strength of the company will be enabled to command. A pianoforte, or even a concertina, will, in fact, be sufficient for a domestic performance. As it might interfere with the view of the stage if the musicians were seated in front of the foot-lights, the best arrangement is to have them at one or both sides of the proscenium, on the side of the auditorium.

Should the performance take place in a room, such as a lecture-hall or school-room, where there is a raised platform, the musicians can be placed in the usual manner. On receiving a secret sign from one of the actors, who may require extra prompting, the orchestra will strike up a voluntary, or what in theatrical language is called a hurry, so that there may not be a break in the performance.

The Performers.

A thorough appreciation of the part to be enacted, and of its connection with the performance as a whole, on the part of each performer, is the first essential requisite for success. The representative of a minor character must not, through a feeling of vanity, obtrude himself on the audience more than is warranted by the part he is performing. Care in committing the part to memory is also of the first importance; it is a duty incumbent upon every actor, from the hero to the servant who delivers a message of five words. A mute appeal to the prompter for assistance, if made too frequently, will soon be unfavorably noticed by the audience. A performer should never leave his post while waiting his turn upon the stage; great confusion arises if the stage has to wait while the house is searched for a missing performer. We would recommend all actors to consult their Shakspeare, Hamlet, Act 3d, Scene 2d, for the most perfect hints to actors ever given.

A theatre arranged as described will allow vast scope in the selection of plays, but where there is only the drawing-room we would suggest the selection of such plays as require only the usual furniture of a drawing-room, and the costume of modern time.*

For amateur representation it is a capital plan to adapt some striking scene from a popular novel, of which the following is a specimen, taken from Dickens' "Pickwick Papers."

Sam Weller Visits his Mother-in-law.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERS.

MR. WELLER (*Sam's father*)—A coach-driver, and a "wictim o' connubiality;" stout; double chin; red face, and a still redder nose; hair short and thick; blue or red neckerchief with white spots; long waistcoat, with broad pink stripe; drab "box" over-coat, with *very large* bone or pearl buttons; broad-brimmed low-crowned hat; corduroy knee-breeches; painted top-boots (or with light brown paper pasted around the tops of a pair of Wellingtons); copper watch-chain with seal and key.

SAM WELLER (*Mr. Pickwick's valet*)—Gray coat, P. C. button; black hat with cockade; pink striped waistcoat; light breeches and gaiters; white neckcloth; clean-shaved face and short hair. If no gray cutaway coat, then the waistcoat with sleeves—as valet's undress.

MRS. WELLER (*Sam's mother-in-law*)—Stout lady of comfortable appearance. Plaid dress, white apron, black velvet cuffs, neck-handkerchief and cap, with black velvet band and bow across forehead.

STIGGINS (*hypocritical parson*)—Stiff-backed, red nosed; hair as if bitten off by rats; continual habit of uplifting his eyes and drawing long face. Threadbare black suit; very

* "Amateur Theatricals," a book published by Dick & Fitzgerald, furnishes a collection of dramas especially adapted to parlor performance.

short trousers; black cotton socks; buniony shoes, black-leaded; limp white neckcloth of very bad color; old worn black gloves, out at fingers, and much too large; seedy hat, wetted, and rubbed up with coat-sleeve; faded green umbrella of an old-fashioned pattern, with whalebones showing, and handle in shaky condition.

SCENE.

Room with open fire. Table spread for tea. STIGGINS before the fire toasting large slice of bread with long toasting-fork. MRS. WELLER blowing the fire with bellows.

(*Door opens and* SAM *thrusts in his head.*)

MRS. W. Now, then; what do you want, young man? (*Sam surveys the scene without replying. Mrs. W. repeats question.*)

SAM. Guv'nor in?

MRS. W. No, he isn't; and I don't expect him, either.

SAM. I suppose he's a drivin' up to-day?

MRS. W. He may be, or he may not. (*Butters toast.*) I don't know, and what's more, I don't care. Ask a blessin', Mr. Stiggins? (*Stiggins asks the blessing, and commences on the toast. In the meantime* SAM *enters.*)

SAM. Mother-in-law, how are you?

MRS. W. Why, I do believe he's a Weller.

SAM. I raythor think he is, and I hope this here reverend gen'l'm'n 'll excuse me saying that I wish I was *the* Weller as owns you, mother-in-law. (*Kisses her.*)

MRS. W. Get along with you! (*Pushes him away.*)

STIGGINS. For shame, young man!

SAM. No offense, sir; no offense; you're wery right, though; it ain't the right sort o' thing, ven mothers-in-law is young and good-lookin'—is it, sir?

STIGGINS. It's all vanity.

MRS. W. Ah, so it is. (*Sets her cap to rights. All sit down to tea.*)

SAM. How's father? (*Mrs. W. raises hands and rolls eyes. Mr. S. groans.*) What's the matter with that 'ere gen'l'm'n?

MRS. W. He's shocked at the way your father goes on in

SAM. O, he is, is he?

MRS. W. (*gravely*). And with too good reason. (*Stiggins takes a fresh piece of toast and groans heavily.*)

MRS. W. He's a dreadful reprobate!

STIGGINS. A man of wrath! (*Takes a large mouthful of toast and groans again.*)

SAM. What's the old 'un up to now?

MRS. W. Up to, indeed! O, he has a hard heart. Night after night does this excellent man—don't frown, Mr. Stiggins; I will say you *are* an excellent man—come and sit here for hours together, and it has not the least effect upon him.

SAM. Well, that *is* odd. It 'ud have very considerable effect upon me, if I wos in his place; I know that.

STIGGINS (*solemnly*). The fact is, my young friend, he has an obdurate bosom. O, my young friend, who else could have resisted the pleading of sixteen of our fairest sisters, and withstood their exhortations to subscribe to our noble society for providing the infant negroes in the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket-handkerchiefs?

SAM. What's a moral pocket-'ankercher? I never see one o' them articles o' furniture.

STIGGINS. Those which combine amusement with instruction, my young friend, blending select tales with wood-cuts.

SAM. Oh, I know; them as hangs up in the linen-drapers' shops, with beggars' petitions, and all that 'ere upon 'em? (*Mr. S. nods assent.*) An' he wouldn't be persuaded by the ladies, wouldn't he?

MRS. W. Sat and smoked his pipe, and said the infant negroes were— What did he say the infant negroes were?

STIGGINS (*deeply affected*). Little humbugs.

MRS. W. Said the infant negroes were little humbugs. (*Both groan. Tea being ended, Mr. S. leaves. Mrs. W. clears the table and exit.*) (*Enter* MR. W. *Senior.*)

MR. W. What! Sammy!

SAM. What! Old Nobs! (*They shake hands.*)

MR. W. Wery glad to see you, Sammy; though how you've managed to get over your mother-in-law is a mystery to me. I only vish you'd write me out the receipt—that's all.

SAM. Hush! She's at home, old feller.

MR. W. She ain't vithin hearin'; she always goes and blows up down-stairs for a couple o' hours arter tea; so we'll just give ourselves a damp, Sammy. (*Mixes toddy and produces pipes; they then sit down opposite each other, in front of the fire.*) Any body been here, Sammy? (*Sam nods assent.*) Red-nosed chap? (*Sam nods again.*) Amiable man, that 'ere, Sammy.

SAM. Seems so.

MR. W. Good hand at accounts.

SAM. Is he?

MR. W. Borrows eighteen pence on Monday, and comes on Tuesday for a shillin' to make it up a half-crown; calls again on Ve'n'sday for another half-crown to make it five shillin's, and goes on doublin' till he gets it up to a five-p'und note in no time, like them sums in the 'rithmetic book 'bout the nails in the horse's shoes, Sammy. (*Sam nods.*) (*Pause.*)

SAM. So you vouldn't subscribe to the flannel veskits?

MR. W. Cert'nly not. What's the good o' flannel veskits to the young niggers abroad? But I'll tell you what it is, Sammy (*lowering his voice*), I'd come down wery han'some towards strait-veskits for some people at home. (*Winks at Sam.*)

SAM. It cert'nly seems a queer start to send out pocket-'ankerchers to people as don't know the use on 'em.

MR. W. They're always a-doin' some gammon o' that sort, Sammy. T'other Sunday I wos walkin' up the road, v'en who should I see standin' at the chapel door, with a blue soup-plate in her hand, but your mother-in-law. I werily believe there wos change for a couple o' suv'rins in it then, Sammy, all in ha'pence, and as the people came out they rattled the pennies in, till you'd ha' thought no mortal plate as ever was baked could ha' stood the wear and tear. What d'ye think it was all for?

SAM. For another tea-drinkin', perhaps.

MR. W. Not a bit on it; for the shepherd's water-rate, Sammy.

SAM. The shepherd's water-rate?

MR. W. Aye; there was three quarters owin', and the shepherd hadn't paid a farden; not he. Perhaps it might be on account that water warn't o' so much use to him, for it's wery little o' that tap he drinks, Sammy, wery; he knows a trick worth a good half dozen of that, he does. Hows'ever, it warn't paid, and so they cuts the water off. Down goes the shepherd to chapel, gives out as he's a persecuted saint, and says he hopes the heart of the turncock as cut the water off'll be softened, and turned in the right vay; but he rather thinks he's booked for somethin' uncomfortable. Upon this, the women calls a meetin', sings a hymn, wotes your mother-in-law into the chair, wolunteers a collection next Sunday, and hands it all over to the shepherd. And if he ain't got enough out on 'em, Sammy, to make him free of the water company for life, I'm one Dutchman and you're another, and that's all about it. (*After a pause.*) The worst o' these here shepherds is, my boy, that they reg'larly turn the heads of all the young ladies about here. Lord bless their little hearts, they think it's all right, and don't know no better; but they're the wictims o' gammon, Samivel, they're the wictims o' gammon.

SAM. I s'pose they are.

MR. W. Nothin' else; and what aggrawates me, Samivel, is to see 'em a wastin' all their time and labor in makin' clothes for copper-colored people as don't want' em, and takin' no notice of the flesh-colored Christians as do. If I'd my vay, Samivel, I'd just stick some o' these here lazy shepherds behind a heavy wheelbarrow, and run 'em up and down a fourteen-inch-wide plank all day. That 'ud shake the nonsense out of 'em, if anythin' vould. (*Mrs. W's voice heard without.*) Here's your dear relation, Sammy.

(*Enter* MRS. W.)

MRS. W. Oh! you've come back, have you?

MR. W. Yes, my dear.

MRS. W. Has Mr. Stiggins been back?

MR. W. No, my dear, he hasn't. (*Lights pipe again.*) And what's more, my dear, I shall manage to surwive it, if he don't come back at all.

MRS. W. Ugh! you wretch

MR. W. Thank'ee, my love. (*Exit Mrs. W.*)

SAM. Come, come, father, none o' these little lovin's afore strangers. (*Prepares to go.*)

MR. W. Goin', Sammy?

SAM. Off at once.

MR. W. I vish you could muffle that 'ere Stiggins and take him with you.

SAM (*reproachfully*). I'm ashamed on you. What do you let him show his red nose in the Markis o' Granby at all for?

MR. W. Cos I'm a married man, Samivel; cos I'm a married man. W'en you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but v'ether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said v'en he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rather think it isn't.

SAM. Well, good-by.

MR. W. Tar, tar, Sammy.

SAM (*stopping short*). I've only got to say this here, that if *I* was the properiator o' the Markis o' Granby, and that 'ere Stiggins came and made toast in *my* bar, I'd—

MR. W. (*anxiously*). What? What?

SAM. P'ison his rum and water.

MR. W. (*shaking his son eagerly by the hand*). No! Would you r'aly, Sammy? Would you, though?

SAM. I would. I wouldn't be too hard upon him at first. I'd drop him in the water-butt, and put the lid on; and if I found he was insensible to kindness I'd try the other persvasion.

(*Mr. Weller looks admiringly upon his son, grasps him by the hand, and turns slowly away. Exit Sam.*)

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

The humorous sketch introduced in our former evening's entertainment will, no doubt, have afforded our "stock company" a little practice, and some insight into stage-action. We propose this evening to give a few of our "stars" an opportunity of winning fresh laurels in two short comediettas adapted from the German expressly for this work. As they require neither set scenery nor special costumes, they will be found admirably adapted for parlor performance. For those of our readers who desire to display their histrionic talents with all the accessories of scenery and costumes, we would recommend a little volume of selected plays for parlor performance* which avoids the difficulty so often experienced in selecting a suitable piece.

We propose, in the first piece, to show how easy it is to get into

A Family Fix.

CHARACTERS.

MR. JONES—An old gentleman.
MRS. CATHERINE JONES—An old lady, Jones' wife.
EMMA—Their daughter.
ALFRED—Emma's husband.
HENRY—Man-servant.
ELIZA—Housemaid.

COSTUMES.

Appropriate to a well-to-do household. Gray wigs for Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

*"Twenty-six Short and Amusing Plays for Parlor Performance." Published by Dick & Fitzgerald.

SCENE.

A dining-room, with table laid for breakfast for four persons. Left, a work-table and sofa. Right, a small table with newspapers, etc. (In laying a table for four, arrange it so that two are seated facing the audience, and one at each end, so that no one need turn his back to the audience.)

(HENRY *is busy arranging the breakfast-table, placing the chairs, etc., humming a tune.*)

ELIZA (*outside*). Henry! Henry! Open the door!

HENRY (*opening the door, centre*). Open, it is.

(*Enter* ELIZA, *carrying a plate of eatables in each hand, with which she advances toward the table.*)

HENRY. Come; let me help you. (*Takes one of the plates from her with one hand, puts the other arm around her waist and kisses her on the cheek.*)

ELIZA. Oh, Henry! If any one saw you! (*Puts plate on table.*)

HENRY. Who should see us, then? (*Puts his plate down.*)

ELIZA. Master might come at any moment.

HENRY. Ah! (*Rubs his hands.*) A kiss snatched as we go—on the wing, as it were—has such a flavor! (*Smacks his lips.*)

ELIZA. But if master—

HENRY. And suppose he did see it; what's the odds?

ELIZA. I should sink down for very shame.

HENRY. Why so? He kisses his wife, I suppose—only married three months.

ELIZA. His wife—yes. That's all very well. Now, if you were my husband—

HENRY (*tenderly*). How soon shall it be?

ELIZA. Ah! who knows?

HENRY (*with his arm around her waist*). Any way, not as soon as we want it to be. Eh?

ELIZA (*releasing herself*). Pretty talk, indeed! Attend to the table, now. (*They both complete the table-arrangements.*)

(ALFRED *enters, but partially retires, unobserved, and listens.*)

ELIZA. The old folks are coming to breakfast. They are a nice old couple; ain't they?

HENRY. Yes; and how pleased they are to see the young people so happy. I'm sorry I can't supply you with a father-in-law.

ELIZA. That's no matter. Nor can I—

HENRY. Oh! we shall be all-sufficient for one another. We shall get along just as well without fathers-in-law or mothers-in-law. (*Gravely.*) Thank Heaven, the table is laid!

ELIZA. Yes.

HENRY. What?

ELIZA. Oh, nothing! I said yes.

HENRY. That is not enough; you should say the same.

ELIZA. What, then?

HENRY. Thank Heaven, the table is laid!

ELIZA. What! I? What for?

HENRY. Oh! it is only right and proper.

ELIZA. Go along with your nonsense!

HENRY. When any one has finished what he is about, he should always say "I'm glad," or "I'm thankful," or "thank Heaven, so and so is done!"

ELIZA. What a silly notion!

HENRY. It is not nonsense; it is no silly notion. When the world was created, and the beasts and the monkeys, and lastly, Adam, he looked around him, and seeing the difference between himself and the other monkeys, he said "Thank Heaven, that I am a man!" It is only right that when we have accomplished any thing we should feel thankful, and say that we are so.

ELIZA. I believe you are getting crazy!

HENRY. Eliza! It is not craziness; you are worse than a heathen. (*Softly.*) Come here, now, and say as I do, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!"

ELIZA. No.

HENRY. Just to please me.

ELIZA. I won't, now!

HENRY (*earnestly*). You will not?

ELIZA. No, indeed!

HENRY. When I ask you to oblige me, you say you won't?

ELIZA. Yes! sir!! If I won't, I won't; not if you begged me ten times over!

HENRY. What! Did you say I might ask you ten times, and you would refuse?

ELIZA. Certainly, if you want me to do any such nonsense.

HENRY. It is not nonsense; but that has nothing to do with it. You should say it, simply because I ask you to do so.

ELIZA. I am not going to.

HENRY (*reproachfully*). Eliza!

ELIZA (*in the same manner*). Henry!

HENRY (*with determination*). Now you have got to say it!

ELIZA. I must?

HENRY. Yes; I demand it.

ELIZA. You must be dreaming; perhaps you got out of the wrong side of your bed this morning.

HENRY. Don't be absurd! I am in earnest. You have only to say "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!"

ELIZA (*saucily*). Have I got to say that?

HENRY. Yes.

ELIZA. I have got to? I must, eh?

HENRY. You must and shall.

ELIZA. Now I shan't say it at all.

HENRY (*sorrowfully*). Eliza, I beg you.

ELIZA. I shall not.

HENRY. For the last time, I beg you.

ELIZA. I won't! I won't! I won't! No, not if you stand on your head and ask me.

HENRY. We'll see, anyhow!

ELIZA (*folding her arms*). We'll see.

HENRY. So; you will not yield? You choose to be obstinate?

ELIZA. Yes.

HENRY. You won't?

ELIZA. No! (*Stamps her foot.*) Have done, now!

HENRY. Well, I'll make you. (*Seizes her by both wrists and squeezes them.*)

ELIZA. Oh! Oh! You hurt me!

HENRY. Say it.

ELIZA. No. Oh! (*Screams.*)

HENRY (*dictating to her*). Thank Heaven, the table is laid,

ELIZA. No, no! (*Slips away from him; hits him on the hand and blows on her wrists.*) You wretch! to squeeze me so. I won't say it, now; there!

HENRY. Indeed! Well, it is all over between us.

ELIZA. I don't care. You may go.

HENRY. You give me up so lightly?

ELIZA. If you want to act like a luney.

HENRY (*beseechingly*). Why can't you say those few words?

ELIZA. Just because I don't choose. I won't; and that's an end of it.

HENRY. Oh! go to ——! (*Bell rings, left.*)

ELIZA. We'll see to this another time. (*Goes left.*)

HENRY (*following and catching hold of her dress*). Eliza! Thank Heaven, the—

ELIZA (*pushing him away*). No! (*Exit, left.*)

HENRY. Stubbornness, thy name is woman! You may beg, pray, use force—all in vain. I do believe you might kill her before she would say it.

(*Enter* ALFRED, *laughing.*)

ALFRED. For the present, spare her life, Henry, whether she says it or not.

HENRY (*confusedly*). Oh! sir; did you overhear—?

ALFRED. A part of your quarrel? Yes. That girl has a pretty strong will of her own.

HENRY. Generally she is so good-natured. I cannot conceive what ails her to-day.

ALFRED. Yes, indeed! It would take a pretty smart man to find out always what ails the women. But go; bring a bottle of Madeira; my father-in-law likes a glass after breakfast.

HENRY (*going off, muttering*). She shall say it! She shall! (*Exit.*)

ALFRED (*looking left*). I wonder if she is dressed yet. I heard her ring. Ah! here she comes.

(*Enter* EMMA, *left.*)

EMMA. Good morning, Hubby.

ALFRED (*embracing her*). My dear Emma!

EMMA. Did you sleep well?

ALFRED. Splendidly! The happy always sleep well.

EMMA. And you are happy?

ALFRED. Can you ask? Are you not my wife?

EMMA. Flatterer (*archly*)! You should give up all that sort of thing. We have been married three months. It is time you behaved more like a husband and less like a lover.

ALFRED. And you wish it so?

EMMA. How can you ask? But every one says that the men alter considerably after marriage, and so, I suppose, I must prepare for it. The longer you put off this change, the more you will spoil me, and the harder it will seem to me.

ALFRED. You shall find no change in me, dear wife. You shall never have to complain of any difference in me.

EMMA. I will never give you any cause for it.

ALFRED. You are the best little wife in the world. You anticipate my wishes before I utter them.

EMMA. And don't you do so too?

ALFRED. How can I withstand your bright eyes—when you look so lovingly—as if inviting a kiss. (*Bends to kiss her.*)

EMMA (*repulsing him*). Please to understand that my eyes never invite a kiss; they only submit to it sometimes.

ALFRED. Ah! then submit now.

EMMA (*embracing him*). Dear Alfred!

ALFRED. Dear wifey!

EMMA (*sitting at table, left, and taking up her needle-work*). The old folks are late. I expected them before this.

ALFRED (*sitting by her*). Do you miss them very much?

EMMA. What a thoughtless question!

ALFRED. No, no. I did not mean it in that way. (*Pause; then laughs.*) Oh! just now— (*Laughs heartily.*)

EMMA. What was just now? It must have been very amusing.

ALFRED. I overheard such a funny thing!

EMMA. Overheard? Where, then?

ALFRED (*still laughing*). Quite by accident—as I came out of my room—I heard voices in earnest conversation; so I stopped and listened. Henry and Eliza had just laid the table, and Henry said, with the greatest fervor, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!" and wanted Eliza to say the same, telling her that we should always say so when we have finished any thing we undertake.

EMMA. How absurd!

ALFRED. Eliza demurred, Henry insisted, and they had a regular quarrel. He tried to compel her to say it, but she obstinately refused.

EMMA. Then he was as obstinate as she was. I do not see much to choose between them on that point.

ALFRED. It was simply a request on his part.

EMMA. But a most absurd request.

ALFRED. And scarcely any reason for her being so stiff-necked about it.

EMMA (*earnestly*). Not a bit more stiff-necked than Henry was in insisting. I really cannot see that Eliza was in the wrong.

ALFRED (*laughing*). We need not discuss the matter. Such a thing could never happen to us. (*Emma looks up archly at him.*) If I were to ask you such a trifle, you would do it without a moment's hesitation.

EMMA (*laughing*). Ha, ha!

ALFRED (*seriously*). I am satisfied you would do it.

EMMA. But suppose I didn't?

ALFRED. Suppose you didn't! Oh! it is not to be supposed for an instant I would bet odds against it.

EMMA. I don't think the bet would be a safe one.

ALFRED. Let us try.

EMMA. Oh, no! Let us dismiss the subject.

ALFRED. I ask you, dear Emma, just to say, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!"

EMMA. Go away! How childish!

ALFRED (*beseechingly*). Please say it.

EMMA (*inwardly struggling*). What a thing to ask!

ALFRED. Please, dearest wifey, say, just once, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!"

EMMA (*gently*). No; I do not wish to say it.

ALFRED. Let me beg of you?

EMMA (*more resolutely*). No, no!

ALFRED (*astonished*). You refuse?

EMMA (*decidedly*). Yes, sir!

ALFRED. Can you refuse me?

EMMA. It is such a silly thing to say!

ALFRED (*rising*). Silly or not silly, that has nothing to do with it. It is simply a matter of fulfilling my wishes.

EMMA. You should not ask me to do such an absurdity.

ALFRED. That may be, but you are wrong to refuse.

EMMA (*rising, indignantly*). So I am wrong? That is the first time you ever said so.

ALFRED. It is the first time you have disappointed me.

EMMA. It is the first time you ever made such a childish, inconsiderate request.

ALFRED. Childish! Inconsiderate! What do I hear? Is that the voice of love?

EMMA. Love never demands absurdities.

ALFRED. Oh! I did not demand. I requested it.

EMMA (*with emphasis*). Indeed! And suppose you demanded it?

ALFRED. Then— (*Hesitates.*)

EMMA (*still more emphatically*). And suppose you demanded it?

ALFRED (*after a pause*). Then I am sure you would comply at once.

EMMA (*firmly*). I should just exactly not comply.

ALFRED. What?

EMMA. You presume to lay your commands upon me? You wish to conquer me? I might possibly have complied with a request, but obey a command—never! (*Rings.*)

ALFRED. Just see how excited you are! How you set yourself up against me! Is that the tone a wife should assume with her husband?

EMMA. Ought a husband to treat his wife in such a ridiculous manner?

(*Enter* ELIZA, *centre.*)

EMMA (*to Eliza*). I have forgotten my pocket-hankerchief. (*Exit Eliza, left.*)

ALFRED. Emma, do not make such a serious matter of this. It commenced in a mere joke.

EMMA. I have done nothing of the kind. You turned the joke into earnest. (*Seats herself to work again, her back to Alfred, who snatches and opens a newspaper, and sits down at a distance from her*).

(*Henry enters, centre, with a bottle of wine, which he puts on the table. Eliza enters, left; gives handkerchief to Emma, and is going off, centre.*)

HENRY (*aside, to Eliza*). Will you say it now?

(*Eliza refuses by gesture and exit. Henry exit, centre, sorrowfully.*)

ALFRED (*laying his paper down, going a step or two toward Emma, and speaking softly*). Have you thought it over? Will you give up your obstinacy?

EMMA (*throwing down her work*). What! Obstinacy? You know I cannot bear that word. I am not obstinate. You are obstinate in insisting on such a piece of folly.

ALFRED. But, Emma, consider. The folly has nothing to do with the case; I simply wish you to do as I ask you.

EMMA. And I simply wish you to drop the subject.

ALFRED. But my request was the first one made, and should take the precedence. I could never have believed that you would have said "no" to me. I can hardly believe it yet.

EMMA. Indeed! I must never say "no," always "yes, yes." Just like the men! You don't seek for a loving wife, a considerate friend. No. You men all want to make your wives your slaves.

ALFRED. What an exaggeration!

EMMA. Not a bit. That's the way the subjection begins—with blind obedience. I will never be made a slave of—never! I will defend my rights with my last breath. I will not submit to compulsion or force.

ALFRED (*sarcastically*). "I promise to love, honor and obey;" so says the marriage-service.

EMMA. You see I was right. You want to be the master; I am to be the slave. Your right is to command; my duty is to obey. Oh! I will allow you to be master—as I ought—in all sensible matters; but when you begin with absurdities, no, sir! Not much!

ALFRED. Those are not exactly the expressions to use to any one for whom you have the least respect.

EMMA. Those are not the kind of requests to make of a wife for whom you have the least regard.

ALFRED. But in joke—

EMMA. Oh! your joke was soon turned into bitter earnest. (*Cries.*) Not a quarter of an hour ago you said you would never change, and now you speak to me like a cold, hard-hearted husband, who looks down on his wife as if she were a school-girl.

ALFRED (*struggling with himself*). Do not cry. You know that tears unman me.

EMMA (*sobbing*). I cannot help my tears, when you cause them.

ALFRED. Gracious! What a monster I must be! I make

you cry! Poor wife, how I pity your misfortune in being tied for life to such a monster!

EMMA. That's right. Add insult to injury! An hour ago I could not have believed this. I got up so full of spirits. (*Sobs.*) I felt so happy! (*Sobs.*) And now— (*Cries bitterly.*)

ALFRED (*ironically*). There never was such a miserable wife! That's what you mean, is it not? Out with it! (*Aside.*) Those confounded tears! When the old folks come, what will they think? (*Strives to command himself. Aloud.*) Emma! Emma! Wife, darling! Come; let us make peace!

EMMA (*looking over her handkerchief*). Peace!

ALFRED. It is absurd of us to spoil this beautiful morning.

EMMA (*softly*). You begin to think so?

ALFRED. No one in the world has less cause for disagreement than we have.

EMMA (*pouting.*) And still you try me so hard!

ALFRED. Now, come; I will meet you half-way. Let us shake hands in token of reconciliation. (*Advances and extends his right hand.*)

EMMA (*slowly taking his hand*). You bad fellow, to worry me so!

ALFRED (*drawing her close to him, and embracing her coaxingly*). And now, for my sake, just say, "Thank—"

EMMA (*releasing herself quickly*). What! Again?

ALFRED. You will not?

EMMA (*persuasively*). But, Alfred--

ALFRED. I have done my half. I offered you my hand. Now you surely ought to do the rest.

EMMA. You stick to it still? Do you want to have the trouble all over again?

ALFRED. You can end the trouble in a moment. Only say the words, and I am satisfied.

EMMA. (*Pouts and hesitates. Then decidedly.*) No, no! Not if you asked me till doomsday.

ALFRED. No?

EMMA. No! (*Folds her arms in defiance.*)

ALFRED (*becoming more and more excited*). All right! Very fine! You see that I find gratification in a mere trifle. You refuse to do it. My wish may be a foolish one, but you will not fulfill it. It may even be obstinate in me to insist on such a trifling point. If you really loved me you would yield, rather than increase my obstinacy; but you won't. The words are nothing in themselves. The utterance of them was simply a proof of your affection for me, and I lay great stress on the little proofs of love; but you would give me no proof. I asked you, I begged, I entreated, I commanded you, I tried in every reasonable manner; but you remain obstinate. And you profess to love me! Your desire to gratify your selfish obstinacy is too great to allow you to do the smallest favor for your husband. Never tell me again that you love me. Humbug!

EMMA (*indignantly*). What right have you to accuse me of obstinacy? You admit, yourself, that it was absurd to ask me to repeat a few meaningless words, and still you would compel me to do an absurdity. It is degrading for any one to commit a folly, and yet you insist on my degradation. Do you call that love? You see that your conduct distresses me (*sobbing*), that you are making me miserable; but you don't care a straw about that; you only want to have your own way. Your unkindness brings the tears into my eyes, you look coolly on; you see my entire existence rebels against your folly, but you only care to bend me to your will. I should like to know on which side is the obstinacy, the want of affection?

(*Enter* HENRY.)

HENRY (*announcing*). Mr. and Mrs. Jones! (*Stands at table, ready to wait.*)

ALFRED (*gently, to Emma*). Dry your eyes. What will the old folks think?

EMMA (*wiping her eyes*). For aught I care, they may know all about it. I am not to blame.

ALFRED. It is your duty, as the lady of the house, to welcome

your guests with a cheerful countenance. (*Goes to meet the old folks, Emma following him.*)

(*Enter, centre,* MR. and MRS. JONES, *followed by* ELIZA, *who remains just inside the door.*)

JONES. Good morning, my children; good morning! Well, how are you?

ALFRED (*giving his hand*). You are most heartily welcome! (*Takes Jones' hat and cane.*)

EMMA (*embracing Mrs. Jones*). Welcome, dear mother! (*Extends her hand to Jones.*) And you too, dear father!

MRS. JONES. Aye, Aye, my child! I haven't seen you for quite a long time. What has come of you?

EMMA. Dear mother, you know—

MRS. JONES. All right, Emma; I know why. A newly-married wife has plenty else to think of besides her old mother.

JONES. That's the way, the world over, wife; but Emma thinks of us once in a while. Isn't it so, daughter?

EMMA. I am always thinking of you, dear father.

ALFRED (*embarrassed, watching Emma anxiously, who avoids his looks*). Come; let us take our seats.

JONES. With pleasure, my son. It is a good way for us to come, and I have brought a good appetite with me. (*They seat themselves; Mrs. Jones between Alfred and Emma. Eliza lifts a dish-cover, and retires.*)

HENRY (*taking hold of Eliza, and dictating to her*). Thank Heav—

ELIZA (*slapping his hand*). Get away with you! (*Exit, centre.*)

JONES (*with glass in hand*). Ha! ha! Wife, you've got between the young folks. That's very sepsible of you. If they sat together they would soon lose sight of their guests. Come, children; here's to many more happy meetings between us. (*Drinks. Alfred takes his glass and hesitates; Emma wipes away a tear.*) What's the matter with you? You don't drink. Alfred with a face as long as my arm, and Emma with a tear

standing in her eye! (*Laughs.*) What! a matrimonial jar already? (*Alfred signs to Henry off. Exit Henry, centre.*)

MRS. JONES. What a question to ask! Let the young folks explain.

ALFRED. Oh! a mere trifle, a joke, not worth mentioning. My dear Emma is a little bit too sensitive.

EMMA (*bursting into tears*). And that, too, besides all the rest; I am touchy!

ALFRED. You might, at least, in the presence of our parents—

MRS. JONES. Keep quiet, Emma; these things will happen sometimes.

EMMA. I know I am wrong in not controlling myself better. I have tried, and struggled hard; but I have been too deeply offended.

MRS. JONES. Ah! How is this, Alfred?

JONES. Stop that, old lady; don't you meddle with matters that don't concern you.

ALFRED (*with emotion*). From the way Emma puts it, one would think we had had a pitched battle. You shall decide for yourselves. I will tell you all about it.

JONES. It is not worth while. We do not want to interfere in your little matrimonial difficulties. (*Eats energetically.*)

ALFRED. Indeed, it is. I should like to have your opinion in the matter.

JONES. That's not worth much, anyhow.

ALFRED. Could you believe—

JONES. We don't believe any thing.

MRS. JONES. Let him go on. We may be able to smooth down the little difficulty. Proceed, Alfred.

ALFRED. This morning, I overheard our Henry trying to persuade Eliza to say, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!" and they had a regular quarrel because she refused to say it. I told Emma this as a good joke, and coaxingly said to her that she could never be so obstinate as Eliza was. Then, just for

fun, I asked her to say the same phrase. She actually refused, and that, too, with such determined obstinacy, that it led to some words between us.

EMMA (*sobbing*). Now; you hear him? Obstinacy! touchy! Pretty words he throws at me! You know, I am sure, that I never was the least bit obstinate.

JONES (*doubtingly*). H'm! H'm! Well, not so very.

MRS. JONES (*earnestly*). No, husband; you don't do Emma justice. She never was obstinate. (*To Emma.*) Dry your eyes, child. We won't interfere. You will soon make it up again.

EMMA. But he still insists on my repeating it, word for word.

MRS. JONES (*astonished*). What! Alfred! You still insist?

ALFRED (*embarrassed*). Oh! Please drop the subject.

JONES (*good-naturedly*). That's much the best; you spoil my breakfast. You, Emma, and you, Alfred, are a pair of fools. My son; you must not always take notice of a young wife's whim; she will soon get used to all that, like my wife there. She knows better; she does as I wish without hesitation. Why! If I were to ask her to say, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!" she would say it at once. She's older, and knows better than to raise a fuss about nothing.

MRS. JONES (*earnestly*). But, indeed, I would not say any such thing.

JONES (*surprised*). Eh! What?

MRS. JONES. You are old enough to know better. You would never ask such an absurd thing.

JONES. Ah! But suppose I did ask you?

MRS. JONES. Why— Then— (*undecided*). No, I would not.

JONES (*half laughing, half serious*). Why, wife, you surely are not in earnest?

MRS. JONES. Indeed, then, I am.

JONES. You would hesitate to do as I tell you?

MRS. JONES (*decidedly*). Yes.

ALFRED. Oh! Pray, let us change the subject.

JONES (*thoroughly aroused, but not out of temper*). No, sir. I never had this happen before, and it has got to be settled. Dear old wife, just say, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!"

MRS. JONES. Oh, let me alone!

JONES. Please say it.

MRS. JONES. No.

JONES (*still good tempered, but more earnest*). I say, every day, with hearty fervor, when I see a table spread for a meal, "Thank Heaven, the table is laid!" Surely you can say it once?

MRS. JONES. No.

EMMA. Mother, dear!

JONES. Catherine!

MRS. JONES (*more and more decidedly*). No!

JONES. Katy!

MRS. JONES. No, no! Just stop your old tongue!

JONES. Kitty!

MRS. JONES. I won't!

JONES (*rising*). This is getting serious. You surely won't set your daughter a bad example by your obstinacy?

ALFRED (*to Mrs. Jones*). Oh! Let me beg of you?

MRS. JONES (*rising*). The old story. The men always take one another's part, when they want the women to submit to them. (*To Jones.*) Who ever heard of a father taking part against his own daughter?

JONES. I take nobody's part but my own. It's no business of mine what my daughter and her husband choose to do; I have now only to do with you. (*To Mrs. Jones.*) I want you to repeat the words I told you; just that, and no more.

MRS. JONES. You should be ashamed to tell your wife to do such a stupid thing; such a—

JONES. Stupid or not stupid, that's not the question. I do it simply as a trial of your obedience, nothing else; just as Gessler hung his hat up for the Swiss peasants to salute—simply to test their obedience to his authority.

MRS. JONES. Exactly. And as hat-worship was too absurd, too ludicrous, too degrading, the Swiss rebelled against their oppressors.

EMMA. The Swiss would not submit, and we won't.

MRS. JONES. If you men set yourselves up as tyrants we can rebel too.

EMMA. We are women, and not slaves.

MRS. JONES. If you want female slaves you can go to Turkey—not here. We live in a Christian country.

EMMA (*speaking fast and excitedly*). I do declare! The men would like to introduce Turkish manners here. Wouldn't they like to be Turks?

MRS. JONES (*also excitedly*). Heaven be praised, we are not slaves yet, and don't mean to be, either!

EMMA. Blind obedience is nothing else than slavery.

MRS. JONES. We want to know whether a command is right before we obey it.

EMMA. And such stupid orders as that we are not going to obey; no, never!

MRS. JONES. No, indeed!

(*During the above, Alfred and Jones have been trying to get a word in, but without success. Emma and Mrs. Jones now walk about, left, as if in earnest conversation.*)

JONES (*aside, to Alfred*). This is a pretty kettle of fish! We've put our foot in it this time.

ALFRED (*aside, to Jones*). What on earth shall we do?

JONES. My dear fellow, you can do—do just as you please. This business has spoiled my breakfast; and when I don't have a good, quiet breakfast, it spoils my appetite for dinner too.

ALFRED. It is not possible to give in.

JONES. In a quarrel like this neither party ever gains anything. I have been quite ruffled. Why, I believe I nearly lost my temper (*smiling*). That would never do; the whole thing is not worth it. After all, I don't see that the women are altogether

wrong. When you come to look at it, it seems just as obstinate on the one side to insist on a meaningless command, as it is on the other side to persistently refuse to obey it. (*Takes Alfred aside, right, and appears to further explain the matter to him.*)

EMMA (*to Mrs. Jones*). If I had had the least idea that this thing was going to raise such a bother I would have treated it as a joke from the first, and done as Alfred wanted, but now it is simply impossible.

MRS. JONES. Of course it is. Submission now would involve submission forever.

EMMA. He shall at least see that I have a little firmness in my composition.

MRS. JONES. That's right. We won't budge an inch. My old man will have a surprise for once. He'll find that I shan't get over this in a hurry.

EMMA. You will stand by me, won't you, dear mother?

MRS. JONES. There's my hand on it. (*Shakes hands, and appears to give Emma advice, pointing occasionally at the men.*)

JONES (*to Alfred*). In every quarrel the wisest party is the first to yield.

ALFRED. I would do so with all my heart, but I cannot without loss of principle.

JONES. Nonsense. So every one says. The act of giving-in is a repulsive one; so people call it want of principle. Now, the best way for you to get out of this is to end it pleasantly.

ALFRED. End it pleasantly (*reflecting*)? Ah! I have it. I know how exactly. (*Runs off quickly, right.*)

JONES (*laughing loudly*). See here, children, your conspiracy is getting too strong for me. Now I am going to eat my breakfast, and then I can renew the attack with fresh power. (*Sits down.*) Thank Heaven, the table is laid, and we have nothing to do but sit down and eat! (*Eats.*)

EMMA. Dear mother, shall we too?

MRS. JONES. Why, certainly. I don't see why we should go

without our breakfast, because the men are making fools of themselves.

ALFRED (*entering, with two shawls on his arm, coaxingly*). Dear little wife, let us put an end to the war. Here, let us shake hands and make peace. I will admit that I was the most to blame, and, by way of penalty, I make you a present of one of these shawls. (*Unfolds them, and holds out one in each hand.*)

EMMA (*feeling a little bit ashamed*). Alfred, I really do not—

ALFRED. Take your choice.

EMMA. At present, I—

ALFRED. Come, come! Choose now. (*Emma, strongly tempted, but against her inclination, points, hesitatingly, and glances around at her mother.*) Which shall it be? This one? (*Alfred holds out a shawl in his right hand. Emma again looks round, doubtingly, at her mother; then turns to Alfred and nods. Alfred lays the other shawl on the side-table, and puts the chosen one on Emma.*) There. It becomes you admirably. (*Goes in front of her.*) Now I have done at least three-quarters of the giving-in. Well? (*Pauses a moment.*) Come, now.

EMMA (*yielding reluctantly*). Thank Heaven,—(*Looks quickly round at her mother, then whispers in Alfred's ear*)—the table is laid! (*Covers her face with her hands, as if ashamed of herself*).

(*Enter* HENRY, *bringing in a dish, which he places on the table, back, and remains there, standing, with napkin over left arm.*)

JONES. That's right, young folks. Excellently well done.

ALFRED (*embracing Emma*). It is all ended now?

EMMA. Forever.

ALFRED. You will never do so again?

EMMA (*lovingly*). Never.

JONES. Good again. Let's drink a bumper to that.

(*Enter* ELIZA, *with basket of fruit, which she puts on the table, back, and remains standing. Henry and she turn their backs on one another, pettishly.*)

ALFRED (*hands Emma to seat at table; fills glasses. He, Emma and Jones salute and drink*). The treaty of peace is signed, sealed and delivered. (*Drinks.*)

MRS. JONES (*who has been examining the shawl on the table, touching Jones on shoulder*). Old man,—

JONES (*turning round*). Eh?

MRS. JONES (*pointing at shawl*). Look there!

JONES. Well, what?

MRS. JONES (*slyly*). There's another shawl.

JONES. Yes, I see; seems to be a very nice shawl, indeed. (*Turns round again, and continues eating.*)

MRS. JONES. Don't you want to pay your penalty, too?

JONES (*with his mouth full*). Me! with that shawl? Cost too much; can't afford it.

MRS. JONES. But consider—

JONES. I expect you to do it cheaper than that, old lady. It's all very well for a newly-married young man to conquer a peace in that way, but when he gets as old as I am he won't be such a simpleton.

MRS. JONES. Oh, you miserable old sinner! (*Appears to continue scolding Jones.*)

EMMA. Alfred, dear, I hope you won't be so when—

ALFRED (*to Henry, laughing*). Well, Henry, are you all right with Eliza again?

HENRY (*sadly*). Oh, dear me! There's no give-in about her yet.

ALFRED. Oh, Eliza! How obstinate of you!

ELIZA (*embarrassed*). But, sir—

EMMA (*laughing*). You will have to yield, Eliza; you had better begin.

ELIZA. But you ought to know—

EMMA. We know all about it.

JONES. That's so, Eliza; you started the whole trouble.

MRS. JONES (*eagerly*). Yes, yes; the whole trouble began with you. You have spoiled our entire morning; and, as a

penalty for your offense, you must say the words before us all. Now, out with it (*dictating slowly, word for word*)! Thank Heaven,—the table—is laid! Now, begin! (*Jones, Emma, and Alfred burst out laughing and clap their hands. Mrs. Jones is astonished.*) What's the matter now?

JONES. You've said the words yourself, old lady.

MRS. JONES. Oh, dear! so I did. I never thought of that (*hesitating a moment*). Well, it is said. All the better. (*Smiles, and offers Jones her hand.*)

ALFRED. Come, now, Eliza, you are the only one left.

ELIZA (*ashamed, looking at Henry*). Oh, I cannot!

EMMA. I will arrange every thing for your wedding in three weeks.

ELIZA. Our wedding! Oh! Thank Heaven,—

ALFRED (*inquiringly*). Well?

ELIZA. Sir?

ALFRED. Why didn't you go on?

ELIZA. Go on! What then?

EMMA. You began well, just now; you said "Thank Heaven;" that's the first half. Now, why don't you finish?

ELIZA. I said "Thank—" Oh, so I did! But I didn't mean—

MRS. JONES. And I didn't mean it, either, when I said it. You have said half; the rest should not worry you.

ELIZA (*looking piteously at each, in succession*). The table is laid! (*Hides her face in her apron and exit quickly, centre, followed by Henry.*)

JONES. I think we have waited long enough for our breakfast; now let us—

MRS. JONES. You did not wait very long. I don't think you would wait for your breakfast if the house were on fire, but it is full time for the rest of us to begin.

EMMA. Well said! Let us take our seats, and to make sure that we shall have no further chance of interruption, we will ring the bell and draw the curtain. (*They take their seats at the table.*) (*Curtain.*)

The Philopena.

CHARACTERS.

GEORGE—A young farmer.
BETTY—His wife.
EUGENE—An intimate friend of George.

SCENE.

An apartment. On each side, a table. On the table (*right*), a long white table-cloth, reaching in front to the floor; upon it an ironing-board, and rough linen, ready for ironing. The table (*left*) is laid for breakfast, with knives and forks, etc., for two persons. One of the cups, a fancy gilt one.

(BETTY *is discovered standing at the table, left, dressed in a calico wrapper, and white cap concealing her hair, which has been arranged in curls. While she cuts the bread, etc., she hums an air.*)

BETTY. How the time does fly, to be sure! To think that I have been married two whole weeks! I have been very, very happy, but George is such a jealous fellow! I declare; I hardly dare look at any one else without seeing his eyes following my every movement! I think he loves me, though. (*Pause*). And what fun it is with that Philopena! He can't catch me, and I have tried every way to catch him, but he is always on the watch. If I could only throw him off his guard, now; but how can I? (*Takes up the gilt cup.*)

GEORGE (*enters right, watches Betty for a moment. Just as she has picked up the fancy cup he steals behind her, puts his arm around her waist and kisses her*). Good morning, Betty!

BETTY (*slaps him on the mouth*). What a bad fellow you are to startle me so!

GEORGE (*coaxingly*). Was the surprise so very disagreeable?

BETTY. I just had the cup in my hand. If I had let it fall it would have broken all to pieces.

GEORGE (*sarcastically, releasing her*). It would indeed have

been a pity to have broken that beautiful cup; that charming forget-me-not from your young officer!

BETTY (*reproachfully*). George!

GEORGE (*still more sarcastically*). A great pity, indeed! You think so much of that cup that you must use it every morning at breakfast. What a sacrilege it would have been if I had been the unhappy cause of its destruction!

BETTY. George!

GEORGE (*sarcastically*). He was a fine-looking fellow, this young lieutenant! So warlike! So brave!

BETTY (*looking at George for a moment, in surprise*). Yes. That cup is very dear to me, and I shall never forget the giver. When our house was on fire, and, half suffocated with smoke, I screamed for help, and no one heard my cries, he dashed through the flames and rescued me, at the peril of his life.

GEORGE (*beseechingly*). Betty!

BETTY. But for him, I should have perished; should never have been your wife. Am I right in cherishing his keepsake?

GEORGE. I am in the wrong.

BETTY. Should I not hold in high esteem a present which ever reminds me of a noble man and a noble deed?

GEORGE (*deprecatingly*). Dearest, darling wifey!

BETTY. You shall not have another opportunity for taking offense at the sight of this cup. (*Takes it and locks it up in cupboard, back.*)

GEORGE (*hurrying to prevent her*). Don't do it, Betty. I acknowledge my error. Bring it out again.

BETTY. What did you promise me, the other day?

GEORGE. I promised to amend, and—

BETTY. You would not make me sick with your jealous insinuations.

GEORGE. Yes, yes! I see what a blockhead I am.

BETTY. We have been married just two weeks, and not one day has passed without your worrying me with some silly piece of jealousy.

GEORGE. Dear wifey, I should not be so jealous if I did not love you so much.

BETTY. Indeed! Do I not love *you*, then?

GEORGE (*embracing her*). My angel!

BETTY. And am I jealous of you?

GEORGE. Well, you—

BETTY. Well, I—

GEORGE. You have no cause.

BETTY (*releasing herself and looking straight at him*). And have you any cause?

GEORGE. No, no! I know how foolish I am. I am sore at heart; bear with my infirmity.

BETTY. You should have confidence in me.

GEORGE. Oh, I have, indeed!

BETTY. Without confidence there is no true love.

GEORGE. Yes, yes! You are right. Pardon me. (*Betty offers him her hand.*) Now bring back the cup.

BETTY. No.

GEORGE. As a proof of your forgiveness?

BETTY. No. If you are a right good boy for one whole week I will, but not unless.

GEORGE. But, my darling little wife,—

BETTY. But, my darling little husband, it can't be. I mean to have it as I will. Now, come and take your breakfast.

GEORGE. Is it all over?

BETTY. Yes.

GEORGE. Every thing serene again?

BETTY (*leaning on him*). How difficult you poor, weak men are to convince!

GEORGE. You are an angel! (*Leads her to the table, and they seat themselves.*)

BETTY (*pouring out the coffee*). Where are you going to-day?

GEORGE. In the woods. I must see after cutting down some timber.

BETTY (*offering him a cup*). Here is your coffee.

GEORGE (*refuses it*). Remember the Philopena.

BETTY (*slapping him playfully on the mouth*). Oh, you bad fellow!

GEORGE (*laughing*). Yes, my dear; you don't catch me this time.

BETTY (*pouting*). It's plain that we are married.

GEORGE (*laughing*). Yes, about two weeks.

BETTY. Otherwise you would have suffered yourself to be caught on purpose, out of pure gallantry.

GEORGE. Am I, then, ungallant?

BETTY. Yes, yes!

GEORGE. But you well know—

BETTY. That you are married.

GEORGE (*laughing*). That I must not lose this Philopena.

BETTY. All an excuse!

GEORGE. Did I not make a bet with you that I would not lose this time?

BETTY (*slily*). Here's your cup.

GEORGE. That I should have to give you a new shawl, if I let you catch me?

BETTY. I have tried these three days all I could; now I shan't try any more.

GEORGE. Shall we cancel the Philopena? You are just as careful as I am.

BETTY (*handing him the cup*). Here!

GEORGE. Remember the Philopena.

BETTY (*impatiently*). Oh, let it go! I don't want to win it any more.

GEORGE. But, Betty, what a lack of perseverance! You women are so smart, it ought to be so easy to catch me.

BETTY. You don't mean to say so!

GEORGE. Did you not make up your mind that you were bound to win this?

BETTY. Dear George,—

GEORGE. Well?

BETTY. Let us talk about something else. That Philopœna is getting flat, stale, and unprofitable.

GEORGE (*laughing*). With all my heart, if you wish. (*Eats quietly for a moment.*) Oh! By the way, my friend Eugene returned home yesterday, and is coming to call here to-day.

BETTY. What! the woman-hater?

GEORGE. Yes.

BETTY. You do not know how much he excites my curiosity.

GEORGE. Indeed?

BETTY. According to your description, he must be such an interesting man!

GEORGE. Really?

BETTY. I am really glad he is coming.

GEORGE (*losing his temper again*). What! Because he is so interesting?

BETTY. What's the matter with you now?

GEORGE. Why, I have to go away; and—and leave you entirely alone with him.

BETTY. Oh, I see!

GEORGE. It will doubtless be most interesting to you.

BETTY. My big, strong husband wants to show me that he cannot keep his promise.

GEORGE. But—

BETTY (*mocking him*). I acknowledge my fault;—

GEORGE (*supplicatingly*). Darling Betty!

BETTY (*still mocking*). I promise to amend.

GEORGE (*earnestly*). That will I. See; I am in good humor again.

BETTY (*teasingly*). Is it possible?

GEORGE. I have determined to control myself, and trample upon my troublesome temper.

BETTY. Oh, what heroism!

GEORGE. Have I not succeeded?

BETTY. Oh, I suppose so! You are not, surely, jealous of a man whom I never yet set eyes on?

GEORGE. Ah! But you seem so anxious to see him!

BETTY. Poor cup! What a time you will have to be kept in the closet! (*George strikes his forehead with impatience.*) Good-bye, dear cup! I shall never see you out again.

GEORGE. In one week it shall come out.

BETTY. No; not in a year.

GEORGE. If, during the next seven days, I am once the least bit jealous, I promise you to give you your philopena.

BETTY. Oh, oh! I shall win it anyhow; so that is no wager.

GEORGE. You think you will?

BETTY. I only mean— Oh! You never told me how it was that your friend Eugene came to hate the women so.

GEORGE. Because he is a fool.

BETTY. Oh! That is clear enough. But there must have been some cause.

GEORGE. Eugene has a peculiar temperament. His disposition is naturally cold, and morbidly sensitive.

BETTY. Indeed! What a nice man he must be!

GEORGE. Two years ago his betrothed jilted him, and it had such an effect on his mind as to cause a real hatred of the entire sex.

BETTY. His sweetheart was false to him. Was that all?

GEORGE. Was that all (*with energy*)! That all? I should have thought that was about enough to drive a man crazy! And you say so coolly, "that all!" If you should be faithless to me—

BETTY. Then you might have some excuse for going just a leetle out of your mind. But if you are almost so before that happens—

GEORGE. You women never will learn how to treasure up a husband's love.

BETTY (*sarcastically*). No. We are entirely unworthy of such an invaluable treasure.

GEORGE. The most of you.

BETTY. All.

GEORGE (*gently*). With some exceptions.

BETTY. Without exception.

GEORGE. No. You, for one.

BETTY. Thanks. No, my noble duke; I am not a whit better than my sister women.

GEORGE. You don't say!

BETTY. I am a woman; nothing more and nothing less. We women are naturally all good. When, by chance, we are good for nothing, you men are to blame for it.

GEORGE. You may be right. (*Looks out of window.*) See; there comes Eugene.

BETTY. Then I will be off.

GEORGE. But you are coming back?

BETTY. Why, of course.

GEORGE. Try and get him into conversation.

BETTY. I will.

GEORGE. Be friendly with him.

BETTY. Certainly.

GEORGE. That's to say, polite, not *too* friendly, you know.

BETTY. My husband's commands are my laws. Good-bye! Come back soon. (*Aside.*) I believe he's the least mite jealous again.

GEORGE. I will hurry as much as possible. I will gallop all the way.

BETTY. Take care of yourself.

GEORGE. Don't be anxious. Good-bye! I shall be back in an hour.

BETTY (*kissing him*). Good-bye! (*Exit, left.*)

GEORGE (*looking after her*). She is so dear, so good, so amiable! Oh, this accursed jealousy! At any rate I am young, and we gain in wisdom as we grow older.

(*Enter* EUGENE. *His dress is somewhat neglected and disorderly. He wears a full beard, and carries a book in his hand.*)

GEORGE (*going forward, to meet Eugene*). Welcome, friend Eugene!

EUGENE. Back again, you see.

GEORGE. Well, and in good spirits?

EUGENE. Entirely.

GEORGE. And your business matters?

EUGENE. All settled, and in order.

GEORGE. And happy?

EUGENE. Yes. I thanked Heaven when I turned my back on the city, and started back again to peace and solitude in the country. How do you get along?

GEORGE. I have been married just two weeks. How can you ask? Why, I am the happiest mortal under the sun!

EUGENE (*shaking his head*). Ah!

GEORGE. You don't half believe me—you woman-hater!

EUGENE (*taking George by the arm, despondingly*). Oh, yes! I once had hopes of happiness, a foretaste of felicity; and yet I was deceived.

GEORGE. But only once.

EUGENE. And is not that enough?

GEORGE. You might have made another trial.

EUGENE. No—once, and for all!

GEORGE. Perhaps you were not wholly without fault in the matter.

EUGENE. My fault was only loving the faithless jilt too well.

GEORGE. And you worried her with your jealousy until you drove her away from you.

EUGENE. Love is always jealous.

GEORGE. You must have confidence; love cannot exist without it.

EUGENE. Are you never jealous?

GEORGE. I? No—yes—that is—well, perhaps a little bit; but not like you. You carried it too far. Why, you would not let your affianced dance with any one.

EUGENE. She could dance with *me*.

GEORGE. You could hardly bear her to speak to any one.

EUGENE. Could she not speak to *me?*

GEORGE. Not even look at another man.

EUGENE. Had she not ME to look at?

GEORGE. We'll never agree on these things. But now I'm married you surely 'll come and visit me occasionally, as of old?

EUGENE. I will try. When my betrothed deserted me, and my passionate love for her was transformed into the deadliest hatred of the entire sex—when I fled hither, bought this property, and desired to see nothing but the trees of the forest and the stars in the heavens—I met you. We understood one another. I learned to like you, and it became a pleasure and solace to pass some hours every day in your company. (*George presses his hand.*) I will try to continue my accustomed visits, and see whether I can school myself to meet your wife (*shuddering*)—to look upon a woman once more.

GEORGE. My Betty is so good!

EUGENE. Do you think so?

GEORGE. Indeed I do.

EUGENE. They are all good for nothing, if she whom I loved so fondly could give me up.

GEORGE. Well, let that pass. We must bear a little with your weakness. But business compels me to leave you. I shall be back soon. Meanwhile, my wife will entertain you.

EUGENE. No need. My Byron will afford me all the entertainment I require.

GEORGE. A young fellow of twenty-six should soon get dull with nothing but Byron to amuse him.

EUGENE. But I shall soon have you again.

GEORGE. That's all very well; but life, without woman's love, is a blank indeed.

EUGENE. I have given it up. I should like to see what woman could please me now, or could again awake any warmer feeling in me.

GEORGE. Bah! For two long years you have seen no one

but your homely old housekeeper, and, perhaps, a few country-girls who ran away when you went near them.

EUGENE. Just as if they saw a wild beast! Yes; that suited me exactly. They may avoid *me*, as earnestly as I avoid *them*. Upon my word, George, I submit my friendship for you to the severest test, by forcing myself into seeing your wife.

GEORGE. I appreciate the sacrifice, but still I hope—

EUGENE (*nervously*). What?

GEORGE. That you will be a sensible fellow once more.

EUGENE. Am I not?

GEORGE. To a certain extent you are a dear sensible fellow, but on one point—

EUGENE. Immovable as a rock.

GEORGE. You can be as you please, for aught I care. But my horse is waiting. Good-bye!

EUGENE. Good-bye!

GEORGE. We shall soon meet again. (*Exit, right.*)

EUGENE (*looking after him*). Oh! Poor George! How soon you will wake up from your dream of happiness! Truly said one of the wise men of Greece, that he thanked Heaven daily that he was a man, and not a woman. "The women," said he, "were the tares the enemy sowed among the wheat." (*Sits, right, and reads.*)

(*Enter* BETTY.)

BETTY (*aside*). So that is the grim monster who has the hardihood to defy us women! I wonder, now, if I could cure him? Here's a good chance to give my good, silly husband a lesson in jealousy, and perhaps—yes, I will at least try some of the wiles of the sex upon him. (*Aloud.*) Good morning!

EUGENE (*gets up, makes a studied bow, without looking at her. Gruffly*). Good morning!

BETTY (*approaching him, and laying her hand on his shoulder*). I understand you dislike women.

EUGENE (*stealing a rapid glance at her*). I have a sworn antipathy to the sex.

BETTY. That suits me exactly.

EUGENE. Eh? What?

BETTY. My mother always warned me against men who were given to be too attentive and devoted. Now, as you hate women, you cannot be a very dangerous man.

EUGENE. No, indeed!

BETTY. Then, you see, my husband can never be in the least jealous of you.

EUGENE. That's a sure thing.

BETTY (*clapping her hands*). Oh, how nice!

EUGENE (*whose eyes are always fixed on his book*). Is George ever jealous, then?

BETTY. Worse than a Turk! That's the reason I am so pleased to find you entirely harmless. I need not be always under constraint with you; I can laugh and sing to my heart's content, and never raise any suspicion about it.

EUGENE. Suspicion about me! Not much! (*Turns his chair half round away from her.*)

BETTY (*going to table, left, and sitting before toilet-glass*). Are you afraid to look at me?

EUGENE. How so?

BETTY. You turn your back to me.

EUGENE. It's not for that, but— (*Edges his chair round.*)

BETTY. My husband told me to pay you every attention, so you must not be so churlish with me.

EUGENE. I did not mean it so.

BETTY. I was to entertain you; but how can I, if you won't even look at me? (*Eugene glances up at her, looking back on his book again.*) Will you excuse my putting my hair in order? I had not finished doing it when you arrived, and, rather than leave you alone, I came in just as I was.

EUGENE. Don't let me disturb you. I wouldn't stay another minute, if I thought I interfered with your arrangements.

BETTY. Thanks! I really think we shall get along together splendidly. (*Takes off her cap, letting her curls fall down, and*

arranges them.) But we cannot possibly carry on any thing like a pleasant conversation without looking at one another. The eye sometimes is as eloquent as the tongue. (*Eugene looks at her furtively from time to time, but carefully avoids meeting her glance.*) They say that people can talk with their eyes, and I really think there is something in it. (*Pauses.*) It takes two to converse, and, if I cannot get an answer out of you, how can I amuse you as my husband desired me to do? Shall I sing you a song?

EUGENE (*carelessly*). If you wish it.

BETTY (*taking a guitar and tuning it*). Oh! Oh, dear!

EUGENE. What's the matter?

BETTY. Oh, I cannot turn this screw! See; my poor finger is quite red. (*Holds her finger before his face, and blows on it.*)

EUGENE (*coolly*). I am sorry for it.

BETTY (*pouting*). I don't believe it.

EUGENE. Why not?

BETTY (*mocking him*). "I am sorry for it." Is that the way you speak when you feel sorry? You are as immovable as flint. Now, help me turn that screw. (*Hands him the guitar. Eugene turns the screw. Betty kneels before him, striking the string till it is tuned.*) A leetle bit more—good. Now the A string. No; the other screw. That's right; thanks. Now you can take your book again. (*Sits a little apart, and sings.*)

No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness.
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.
No gentle voice, no tender smile,
Makes me rejoice or cares beguile.
No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness.
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.

(*While she is singing, Eugene pays more and more attention; his book falls from his hand, as his gaze becomes fixed on her.*)

BETTY (*looking sideways at him*). How do you like my song? (*Aside.*) Hits his case exactly.

EUGENE. (*thawing*). Beautiful! (*Embarrassed.*)

BETTY (*putting down the guitar and singing, sotto voce*). No one to love, none to caress. (*Spoken.*) Oh, dear me! How provoking!

EUGENE. What's the matter with you?

BETTY (*taking up some worsted*). My winder is broken; I wanted to wind some yarn. Now, isn't that vexing? Oh, my dear friend, how you could help me!

EUGENE. What! I? How?

BETTY. If you would only hold this skein while I wind it. Oh, please do?

EUGENE (*nervously*). But—

BETTY. Please—please; I will do anything afterwards to oblige you. If you hate women you cannot help making yourself useful and obliging. If you don't help me I cannot get the skein wound alone.

EUGENE. I do not understand how. (*His gruffness is gradually disappearing, although he strives to retain it.*)

BETTY. There is nothing to understand about it. I can show you how in a moment Do, please?

EUGENE (*reluctantly yielding.*) Well, if needs must—

BETTY. Put your book away. Now turn round toward me. Hold up both hands. Not so. (*Places his hands and lays the skein over them.*) See how simple it is. How long have you been in this neighborhood?

EUGENE. Almost two years.

BETTY. And all the time alone?

EUGENE. Solitude is my best friend.

BETTY. Please pay more attention; you must assist me a little as I wind. (*Directs his hands.*) Solitude! Nonsense! That's all very well for a grumpy old hermit; but you—how old are you?

EUGENE. Twenty-five years.

BETTY (*examining his face carefully*). Why, I should take you for at least thirty. That's the fault of your shaggy beard.

EUGENE. Does my beard offend you?

BETTY. Not at all. I like to see a good beard. A man without a beard! Oh, fie! Were you never in love?

EUGENE (*troubled*). I beseech you, madam, do not touch on that subject.

BETTY. I beg you will not call me "madam;" that is so horribly formal.

EUGENE. What, then, shall I?

BETTY. Call me "Betty." You are my husband's esteemed friend, and—

EUGENE. Oh, but madam!

BETTY. Well, what is it?

EUGENE. But—

BETTY. B–e–t—Bet. Come; out with it!

EUGENE. I cannot.

BETTY. Just try. I never had a woman-hater call me "Betty." I should like to hear it.

EUGENE. Well—B—*Be*—Betty! There!

BETTY. Fie!

EUGENE. What is it?

BETTY. You say "Betty" as if you would bite me. My husband says, "dear Betty" so softly, so coaxingly. I like that much better. Don't tell *me* you were never in love!

EUGENE. Madam, spare me!

BETTY. Betty!

EUGENE. Betty, spare me!

BETTY. Do tell me now. I am all curiosity. Were you never in love?

EUGENE. You are tearing open my wound afresh.

BETTY. You *have* loved, then? You must tell me all about it. I thought you had a natural idio—idio— What's the word?

EUGENE. Idiosyncrasy.

BETTY. Idiocrat—

EUGENE. Idiosyncrasy!

BETTY (*slapping his hand*). Look out! You are dropping the skein. Well?

EUGENE. What?

BETTY. You were going to tell me all about it.

EUGENE. Oh! Let us leave that alone.

BETTY. My dear Eugene, how can you refuse to gratify my irrepressible curiosity? Was she beautiful?

EUGENE. Very.

BETTY. Young?

EUGENE. About your age.

BETTY. What color were her eyes?

EUGENE. Black.

BETTY. What was her name?

EUGENE. Sophia.

BETTY. That's a pretty name. You must have loved her very deeply.

EUGENE. She was my all.

BETTY. Is she dead, then?

EUGENE. No.

BETTY (*stopping her worsted-winding*). What?

EUGENE. She is alive and in good health.

BETTY. You don't say! Did you leave her, then?

EUGENE. No. She was faithless to me.

BETTY. Oh, fie! What a shame!

EUGENE. Was it not?

BETTY. How can a woman be faithless? I cannot understand how she can be.

EUGENE. I do not understand it, either.

BETTY. Poor—poor fellow! Now I see—

EUGENE. What?

BETTY. Now I see why you hate the sex.

EUGENE. I had good reason. Is it not so?

BETTY. Faithless to her lover! How shocking! My poor friend, how you must have suffered!

EUGENE. Oh, Betty, I was nearly out of my senses!

BETTY. I should not wonder. You should forget the fickle creature.

EUGENE (*softening by degrees*). I cannot.

BETTY. Believe me, she was not a good woman; she was a disgrace to her sex. Faithlessness is not a woman's failing; it is not natural to her.

EUGENE. Oh, if she had only felt as you do! You are so kind, Betty; your sympathy does me so much good!

BETTY. Really?

EUGENE. Oh, in my innermost heart!

BETTY. I am so glad of that. I wish I could console you. (*They look at one another; she drops her eyes.*) It is a sad thing to see a person in trouble. It always makes me cry to see others cry.

EUGENE. How kind, how feeling you are, dear Betty!

BETTY (*arousing herself*). Don't let us speak any more about your faithless one; she was not worthy of you.

EUGENE. Yes; perhaps she was.

BETTY. How so?

EUGENE. Perhaps I was also somewhat to blame.

BETTY. Oh, let us leave this melancholy history! You shall tell me more another time, when we are better acquainted.

EUGENE. I could tell you everything this moment.

BETTY. Do you confide in me?

EUGENE. Entirely. (*Betty drops her eyes. Eugene takes her hand.*) You do not look at me.

BETTY. Take care! You will drop the skein.

EUGENE. Ah, yes! (*Resumes former position.*)

BETTY. You are tolerably rich, are you not?

EUGENE. Oh, yes!

BETTY. How nice that must be! I wish I was rich.

EUGENE. Money is not happiness. You are richer than I.

BETTY. What! I?

EUGENE. Your contentment; your good temper—

BETTY. That's all very well; but when one is rich one can help others, and do so much good. You are, of course, a most liberal man?

EUGENE. I? Yes—no—that is—

BETTY. No? You have something so good-natured in your countenance. I cannot suppose that your dislike to the female sex has prevented you from acts of charity to the poor and needy?

EUGENE. Really, I have done so little.

BETTY. Fie! I could not have believed it. That is very wrong of you.

EUGENE. But, Betty,—

BETTY. No one should be so wrapt up in himself as to forget others.

EUGENE. But, dear Betty,—

BETTY. What! Must I tell you the truth?

EUGENE. I will improve. Will you aid me?

BETTY. How can I?

EUGENE. Distribute my alms; show me the poor who need assistance.

BETTY. That will I, right gladly. I will show you where you can bestow your charity—plenty of it.

EUGENE. As much as you will; you shall be my almoner.

BETTY. You are dropping the skein. You did much better at first. Are you getting tired of it?

EUGENE. Not in the least.

BETTY. If you are, only say so; we will give it up.

EUGENE. Oh, dear, no! I'll hold it as long as you please.

BETTY. Ah!

EUGENE (*jumping up*). What's the matter?

BETTY. Something's in my eye. Oh, how it hurts!

EUGENE (*putting the yarn down and taking the ball from her hand*). Do not rub it.

BETTY. Do please look, and see if you can find it.

EUGENE. Open your eye.

BETTY. I cannot. Where are you? (*Both eyes shut and feeling round for him.*)

EUGENE. Here. (*Gives his hand. Betty leans against him. Eugene puts his arm gently round her and draws her head to his breast.*) Try and open your eye. (*Betty opens eye slowly. Eugene bends over her.*) Which eye is it?

BETTY. The right eye. (*Eugene blows in it.*) That does no good.

EUGENE. Keep still a moment.

BETTY. It's better now. (*Tries to withdraw.*)

EUGENE (*holding her*). Dear Betty!

BETTY. I am so much obliged to you.

EUGENE (*earnestly*). You are an angel!

BETTY (*smiling*). So my husband says. I wonder how long he will say so?

EUGENE. Forever! You can never be otherwise.

BETTY. A few years more and wrinkles come.

EUGENE. You can kiss them away. (*Tries to kiss her.*)

BETTY (*slipping away*). What's the meaning of that, Mr. Woman-hater?

EUGENE. Oh, let that be! I was a fool! I will forswear my folly, if you will only help me.

BETTY. I?

EUGENE. Be friends with me; give me your assistance.

BETTY. With great pleasure.

EUGENE. I will do every thing you tell me to.

BETTY. You will be cheerful?

EUGENE. Yes.

BETTY. Obliging?

EUGENE. Yes, yes.

BETTY. Never hate women any more?

EUGENE. No, no.

BETTY. Now I will try you.

EUGENE. So our compact is settled?

BETTY (*giving her hand*). There's my hand on i

EUGENE. Seal it.

BETTY. What with?

EUGENE. With one kiss.

BETTY. Go along with you.

EUGENE. A pledge of friendship.

BETTY. It would be nothing of the kind.

EUGENE. An honorable kiss.

BETTY. If my husband—

EUGENE. He is my friend; his wife must be my friend also. (*Takes her hand.*)

BETTY. You know how jealous he is.

EUGENE (*more urgently*). Let me make a third in your home circle.

BETTY. But, Mr. Eugene,—

EUGENE. Oh! Please—please do? (*Takes hold of her, and kisses her.*)

BETTY. Ah! (*Screams.*)

EUGENE (*relinquishing her*). What is it?

BETTY. My husband.

EUGENE. Where?

BETTY. Coming up the garden walk.

EUGENE (*looking through the window*). He walks quickly.

BETTY (*sobbing*). He saw every thing.

EUGENE. Impossible, from that distance.

BETTY. He has eyes like a hawk.

EUGENE. Well! What if he did see it?

BETTY. He is so jealous!

EUGENE. There was nothing so terrible in it.

BETTY. You kissed me.

EUGENE. And if I did,—

BETTY. You do not know him; he will be furious.

EUGENE (*anxiously*). Good heavens!

BETTY. What a trouble—what a difficulty you've got me into!

EUGENE. Calm yourself.

BETTY. He will read it plainly in my face.

EUGENE. I had better go away.

BETTY. You will run right into his clutches.

EUGENE. What shall I do, then?

BETTY. Conceal yourself.

EUGENE. Where?

BETTY. Oh, please—quick!

EUGENE. That will look as if—

BETTY. Only till his first passion is over. Oh, do—pray!

EUGENE. Where, then? (*Goes toward left.*)

BETTY. Not there! That's my dressing-room!

EUGENE. Here then? (*Goes right.*)

BETTY. Oh, don't go there; that's our bed-room!

EUGENE. Good gracious! Where can I go?

BETTY. Creep under the table.

EUGENE. Under the table? No; that's too—

BETTY. My dearest, best friend!

EUGENE. You may do with me as you will. (*Creeps under table.*)

BETTY (*covering him with the table-cloth*). Now, keep perfectly quiet. (*Aside*). Aha, Mr. Woman-hater, I've humbled you a little! Now, we will frighten you a little bit. I am only treating him too mercifully. (*Goes to door, right, and takes out the key, seats herself at table, left, and covers her eyes with her handkerchief.*) (*Enter* GEORGE.)

GEORGE. See; I am back again. All alone? I thought Eugene was here. Is he gone? Did you speak to him? What's the matter? You do not answer me. (*Betty shakes her head, and sobs violently.*) What can be the matter with you? You are crying. Betty, do not keep me in suspense. (*Betty throws her arms around his neck, and buries her face in his bosom.*) Dearest wife, what has happened? Tell me.

BETTY (*sobbing*). I cannot.

GEORGE. It must be something terrible. Has any accident happened?

BETTY. No; I cannot—yet I ought not to conceal it from you. My duty to you is first of all.

GEORGE. Betty!

BETTY. Your friend, who pretends to hate women,—

GEORGE. Well?

BETTY. Is a deceiver!

EUGENE (*putting out his head*). Oh, the serpent!

GEORGE. I cannot understand—

BETTY. I was attentive to him, as you desired. (*Still sobbing.*) At first he was harsh and repulsive in his manner,—

GEORGE (*earnestly*). And—

BETTY. Then he got more and more friendly;—

GEORGE (*excitedly*). What next?

BETTY. At last he wanted to kiss me.

EUGENE. Oh, the hypocrite!

GEORGE. Kiss you?

BETTY. I repulsed him—

GEORGE. And he—

BETTY. Forced me.

GEORGE. Ten thousand fiends!

BETTY. You were coming through the garden–

GEORGE. Where did he go?

BETTY (*throwing her arms round his neck*). Don't kill him!

GEORGE. Then he's here still! Where is he?

BETTY. He besought me to say nothing to you about it, and ran into your bed-room. (*Eugene tries to escape, but cannot.*) In my confusion, the key of the door came out into my hand.

GEORGE. He shall answer to me for it!

BETTY. Dear George!

GEORGE. To betray me—his friend!

BETTY. Calm yourself.

GEORGE. Give me the key.

BETTY. You are so fearfully excited.

GEORGE. Oh, I'll be cool as ten thousand cucumbers! The key!

BETTY. You are running headlong into misfortune.

GEORGE. The key! (*Betty hands him the key. George rushes to the door, and puts the key in the lock.*)

BETTY. Philopena! (*George, astounded, stops instantly. Betty dances around, in high glee.*) I've won it; I've won it. Philopena! (*George looks at her doubtingly, opens the bedroom door, glances around, but sees no one.*) Who said he would never be jealous again?

GEORGE. Yes, but this way—

BETTY. Who was sure he would not lose his Philopena?

GEORGE. You snake!

EUGENE. A double-header!

BETTY. Didn't you oblige me to resort to cunning to win it?

GEORGE. And Eugene?

BETTY. Is a perfect fool.

EUGENE. She's right.

GEORGE. I'm another, for my jealousy.

BETTY. Right again.

GEORGE. And the Philopena lost! You killed two birds with one stone.

BETTY (*striking the table*). No, three.

GEORGE. How's that?

BETTY. Your Philopena lost!

GEORGE. One.

BETTY. Your bet lost!

GEORGE. Two.

BETTY. I'll tell you the other when you catch me. (*Runs off. George exit after her.*)

EUGENE (*appearing from under the table*). Now's my time to get away. Phew! Did you ever see such a woman in your life? Poor George, she'll make it hot for him! (*Walks up and down excitedly.*) Women, indeed! A bad lot! But this Betty is the worst I ever came near. Confound all Bettys! (*Sarcastically.*) So sympathizing! So kind! Wheedling and coaxing a fellow into making a perfect ass of himself—and all for what? Just to win a miserable Philopena! The mean, heartless— (*Starting.*) Ha! Somebody's coming. (*Hurries off, left.*) (*Curtain.*)

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

Another pleasant variety for private theatricals are Charades and Proverbs, either written, or performed impromptu.

Charades in Pantomime.

These Charades should always be *impromptu*, and can be made excessively funny.

For example, take the word KNIGHT-HOOD.

One of the actors dresses himself for the *Knight* as Don Quixote, with a basin upon his head for a helmet, the poker for a lance, the fireguard for a shield, and so on, making out his armor as he best can.

He enters the room marching, followed by his squire, Sancho Panza, who must be dressed in a motley costume, and be very fat. As they enter a lady kneels to the knight, and, clasping her hands, mutely implores his aid to defend her from a cruel tyrant who holds her captive. As the knight raises her, the cruel tyrant rushes out from behind a curtain to carry her away. The knight shakes his lance at him, and the tyrant, completely vanquished, falls to the earth. Leaving him there, the victorious knight leads the lady respectfully by the hand off the stage to perfect freedom. Sancho Panza struts after, turning to shake his fist at the conquered tyrant.

In the next scene, a lady enters with an immense, ugly *hood* upon her head. Two other ladies, advancing to meet her, seem surprised, and point to the hood. Suddenly she turns back and holds up a large placard, upon which is written, "The Latest Fashion!" The ladies lift their hands in dismay, and faint into each other's arms.

The whole word "*knight-hood*" is performed by Don Quixote knighting a youth. Ladies fasten on his spurs, tie his scarf and

belt, buckle his helmet and hand him his shield. He kneels. The Don touches him on the shoulder with his sword. He rises, and a scene of congratulation, in dumb show, follows. Then the whole party advance, and form a

GRAND TABLEAU.

R.	C.	L.
Two Ladies.	Don Quixote.	Young Knight.
Sancho Panza, *Kneeling.*		Squire of Young Knight, *Kneeling.*

This may be made very laughable if grotesquely costumed and tragically performed.

Impromptu Charades

need not necessarily be in pantomime, but with a quick-witted company are better if carried out in spirited dialogue. For instance, take the word Indolent.

The first scene being *Inn*, may be trusted to a conversation between the servants, that can be made very amusing.

The second scene, *Dough*, may be a kitchen scene, where the troubles of a newly-imported Hibernian over her first batch of bread, can be introduced.

The third scene, *Lent*, may be made a comical illustration of the despair of a book-collector over the return of a valuable borrowed book in a state of dilapidation.

The whole word may turn upon the loss of a legacy by a nephew who was too *Indolent* to perform some trifling duty for a rich old aunt.

Impromptu Proverbs

are of the same character as parlor plays, but are entire in one scene, which illustrates some well-known proverb.

For those who prefer written parts, there are volumes of charades and proverbs dramatized for parlor performance.*

* "The Parlor Stage," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, is a collection of dramatic charades and proverbs expressly adapted for parlor performance.

We propose to complete our last evening's festivities with a

Parlor Pantomime.

The word "Pantomime" has become identified in our minds with a performance depending on the efforts of four time-honored individuals—Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon. The opening of the piece is usually in spirited dialogue, introducing a lover whose efforts to gain his true love are thwarted by the conventional stern parent, and the jealousies of another parent-favored but maiden-rejected aspirant to the office of son-in-law.

When the lovers' case seems most hopeless a beneficent fairy appears, and "grants a stay of proceedings."

In order to give the lovers an opportunity of proving their constancy, the characters are changed by the fairy:—the lover into Harlequin, with a magic wand, which confers on him invisibility at will, and a wonderful power over things in general; the maiden becomes Harlequin's inseparable companion, the graceful Columbine; the rejected lover is permitted to persecute and harass the loving pair as Clown, assisted in his diabolical tricks and plots by the stern parent as Pantaloon. All the Clown's carefully prepared combinations and machinations are frustrated by the magic wand of Harlequin—affording display for wonderfully ingenious stage illusions and transformations—until the constancy of the lovers is finally rewarded with front seats in the realms of love and bliss, with grand tableau, colored fire, and soft music.

This kind of performance is emphatically the "Pantomime" of the present and past, and requires a well-appointed trick-stage for its production. But the parlor pantomime is quite another thing, being simply a dramatic performance in dumb show. To render this intelligible to an audience requires a certain amount of exaggeration in the actions of the players—a caricature, in short, of natural gestures, verging on, and frequently overstepping, the borders of the grotesque. The French, naturally a

people of strong gesticulation in their ordinary conversation, excel in the art of pantomime; and we are mainly indebted to the "Ravels," and other talented pantomimists, for elevating to a legitimate performance what formerly was only used as the frame-work of a ballet, and very often utterly unintelligible to the spectators.

There are certain conventional actions used on the stage to depict the various emotions of the mind; and, although few persons use exactly the same action under similar circumstances, the usages of the stage have defined some of them for the uniform use of all. In order to avoid repetition, we propose to explain the actions used to portray the leading emotions and passions.

ANGER is depicted by drawing the mouth open, with the teeth firmly set; shaking the head in a menacing manner; the eyes opened widely, and the eyebrows knit; the hands clenched; stamping with the feet, and violent agitation of the body.

FEAR is shown by a sudden shrinking backwards, as if preparing for flight, accompanied by general tremor of the body; the eyes and mouth are widely opened; the hands timidly raised, as if in irresolute defense.

GRIEF requires a solemn, impassive countenance; the eyelids lowered; the lips drawn in; the head hanging forward; the hands clenched together at arms' length; frequent sighs, and inattention to everything that is going on.

HATRED is depicted by drawing one foot back, so as to turn away from the object hated; the hands stretched out as if to repel an attack; the head averted; the countenance expressing anger.

JEALOUSY watches its objects stealthily with flashes of anger, grief and scorn; with an occasional, but transient, gleam of hopeful joy.

JOY shows itself by a bright and smiling face, dancing, and clapping of hands.

LOVE is described by pointing at the object, and pressing

both hands on the heart, with a languishing expression of countenance; followed by stretching both arms tenderly toward the object.

PITY looks down on the object pitied, with uplifted hands, and a mixed expression of love and grief.

SCORN for a person is expressed by turning away with aversion; the eyebrows elevated; the head drawn up; the corners of the lips drawn down, and the mouth set as if to say the word "pooh."

WONDER or astonishment is shown by a stooping posture, the knees bent and the hands resting on them; the head forward; the eyes and mouth open; followed by a gradual straightening of the body and elevation of the hands and arms; the mouth set as if to say "oh!"

Besides these emotional gestures, there are a few others of a conversational character, usually accepted as stage action.

Calling a person not on the stage is performed by advancing to the part of the stage designated, facing off; making three measured claps of the right hand on the left; then drawing the body up haughtily with the arms folded, as if in expectation. If the person called is present, the caller approaches him, touches him grandly on the shoulder, beckons him, retires a step, and awaits his advance.

Trying to Recollect something is done by bending the head down, and thoughtfully tapping the forehead with the forefinger of the arm furthest from the audience; gently shaking the head from side to side.

Recollection, following this effort, is expressed by raising the same forefinger upward, with a sudden gleam of intelligence on the countenance, and a quick nodding of the head two or three times in succession.

A Demand for Money is made by stamping twice with the right foot, slightly extended forward; at the same time striking the back of the right fingers on the palm of the left hand, extended forward and palm upward.

Payment of Money is performed by thrusting the left hand into the pocket, withdrawing it apparently full of coins, and transferring them, one at a time, with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, to the right hand of the receiver, extended palm upward for the purpose. When the necessary number has been transferred, the player returns the (apparent) balance to his pocket, places his left hand under the receiver's right, and with his right hand folds the receiver's fingers carefully over, so as to secure the imaginary coins in his hand.

In Striking a person in the face, the sound of the blow is made by the person attacked striking his hands together very quickly, turning away as if endeavoring to avoid the blow, but really to conceal the motion of his hands.

Thanks are rendered with a graceful bow, and a downward sweep of the right hand, palm upward.

The plot of a pantomime, in order to be clearly comprehended by the audience, must necessarily be of the simplest kind. The success of the piece, therefore, entirely depends on rapidity of action and unflagging excitement, gradually increasing in degree as the climax is approached. The remarks on Stage-management, on page 302, are also applicable in this place.

The following original pantomime has been written expressly for this work, and will serve as an example.

Love under Obstacles;

OR,

Jack's Triumph.

CHARACTERS.

PETER—An old country gentleman.
JANET—His wife, a fine old lady.
KATE—Their lovely daughter.
ALBERT—A rich fop—Kate's unencouraged suitor.
JACK—A rollicking sailor—Kate's decided preference.
NELLY—Kate's nice little maid.
VILLAGERS—Male and female.

COSTUMES.

In accordance with the several characters, in the old English Dolly Varden style.

SCENE.

On left side the porch of a country house. Right, trees, etc. Back, a landscape; right of centre door, a large barrel or hogshead, with lid.

KATE is discovered sitting on a stool near house door, looking at a miniature, and weeping. Wrings out pocket-handkerchief, as though saturated with tears. Throws it off stage, and takes out a clean one; same repeated.

ALBERT enters (*centre door*); advances to Kate; takes miniature, starts with surprise; points at it; goes through motions of hauling ropes, and dances first steps of sailor's hornpipe; points again at miniature, then at Kate, shaking his head (*a sailor is not fit for her*). Kneels on one knee, to comfort her.

KATE impatiently motions him off, snatching the miniature from his hand.

ALBERT retires, despondingly. (*Exit Albert, right. A whistle is heard, back.*)

KATE starts; looks back; gets up, clapping her hands.

(*Enter* JACK, *centre door.*)

JACK runs up to Kate. They embrace, and walk up and down, conversing.

(*Enter* JANET, *from house.*)

JANET (*hobbling with stick*). Sees Jack and Kate; holds up both arms in astonishment, and turns to go into house.

(*Enter* PETER, *from house.*)

PETER rushes out of house, knocking Janet over; hobbles up to Jack, whom he swings roughly away from Kate, threatening her, and driving him away.

JANET gets slowly up, and enters house. (*Exit Janet.*)

KATE implores Peter's pardon, and extends her hand to Jack.

PETER drives Jack off (*centre door*), threatening him with his

stick; then leads Kate into house. (*Exit Kate.*) Walks up and down stage, gesticulating fiercely.

(*Enter* ALBERT, *right.*)

PETER sees Albert; welcomes him cordially, shakes hands with him, pats him on back, and leads him towards house.

(*Enter* KATE, *from house.*)

ALBERT advances joyfully to meet her; tells her he loves her with all his soul.

KATE despondingly shakes her head, and sighs.

ALBERT calls Peter; points to Kate's dress.

PETER nods; calls Nelly from house.

(*Enter* NELLY, *from house.*)

ALBERT leads Nelly to Kate; points at Kate's dress; then motions off *right* to fetch a milliner.

NELLY goes to *right*, and claps her hands, etc.; calling.

(*Enter* JACK, *disguised as a milliner, with several dresses on his arm.*)

PETER comes to milliner, and leads her to Kate.

KATE refuses to look at the dresses; does not want any.

PETER insists; leads milliner and Kate *right;* leaves them there and returns to Albert, with whom he converses.

MILLINER shows Kate the dresses, trying in vain to get her attention; at last he lifts his bonnet and curled wig, and is recognized by Kate.

KATE seizes him with both hands; looks carefully through the dresses, dropping them one after the other on the floor, and converses with Jack; at last embraces him.

ALBERT looks towards them; sees them embracing; points out the fact to Peter; hastens towards the milliner, unobserved by the latter; pulls off Jack's bonnet and wig, and discovers Jack.

PETER hobbles quickly up to Kate; threatens her and Jack.

JACK escapes off *right*, shaking his fist at Albert. (*Exit Jack.*)

PETER drags Kate into house, followed by Albert. Kate resists, but ineffectually. (*Exeunt all.*)

(*Enter* JACK, *disguised as a Peddler, with basket full of trimmings, etc.*)

PEDDLER looks around; sees house; goes towards it, and knocks at door.

(*Enter* NELLY, *from house.*)

PEDDLER points at his basket; shows Nelly his goods.

NELLY admires his wares; runs inside house; brings out Peter and Kate, and shows the basket.

PETER signs to Kate to take what she likes; goes round behind the Peddler (who is showing his goods to Kate), and looks over his shoulder at the basket.

PEDDLER suddenly gets up, upsetting Peter, backwards.

PETER gets up, with Nelly's assistance, and knocks Peddler down with his stick.

PEDDLER falls with his feet in the air, showing his sailor's pantaloons on. Gets up quickly.

PETER chases Jack with his stick.

JACK defends himself, and a scuffle ensues between them.

(*Enter* ALBERT, *from house.*)

ALBERT rushes to help Peter; stumbles over the basket, and runs head first into Peter, doubling him up, and throwing him down. Then attacks Jack, who disencumbers himself of his milliner's dress, and a grand combat takes place; meanwhile

PETER picks himself up, rubs his back, shows signs of great rage, and pushes Kate and Nelly into the house, following them and shutting the door. (*Exeunt Peter, Nelly and Kate.*)

JACK continues his combat with Albert with varied success, until both make a final dash at each other, miss, and fall, unable to get up again from sheer fatigue. They make futile attempts to strike each other; at last both blow at one another, and fall back exhausted. Jack then crawls off. (*Exit Jack, right.*)

(*Enter* NELLY, *from house.*)

NELLY looks around; takes the basket, etc., and puts it inside the house door. Then sees Albert; goes to him; raises his head on her knee, and fans him.

ALBERT soon opens his eyes, sits up, and asks for wine to drink.

NELLY runs to the house, and returns with a bottle.

ALBERT drinks; rubs his back and stomach with the bottle; drinks again; gets up, and drinks again.

(*Enter* JANET, *from house.*)

ALBERT, half intoxicated, reels round, and hits Janet on head with the bottle, knocking her down.

NELLY goes quickly, and helps Janet up again.

ALBERT apologizes profusely to Janet, and assists her to a seat, and exits, *right.*

(*Enter* JACK, *disguised as an old woman, bent nearly double, and hobbling with a stick.*)

JACK goes up to Janet, and desires something to eat.

JANET sends Nelly into house for food; leads beggar woman to chair, telling her to sit down.

(*Enter* KATE.)

KATE comes in with tray of food and drink. Offers it to old beggar woman.

JACK puts his hands on Kate's head and blesses her, at the same time discovering himself to her.

KATE drops the tray in surprise, but recovers her composure quickly; picks up the bread, bottle, etc., replacing it on tray; gives it to Jack, and kneels down by his side.

JACK eats, and makes love to Kate.

JANET meanwhile drops off to sleep on a chair.

(*Enter* NELLY, *from house.*)

NELLY comes hurriedly; sees Kate and Jack; from their actions she guesses it is Jack; goes to them, and tells them that Peter is coming.

JACK jumps up with a start, knocking the tray out of Kate's hands. The noise wakens Janet, and general confusion.

NELLY runs off *right*, and returns with a sack, puts Jack into it and lays it near the house door. She and Janet then run into house. (*Exeunt Nelly and Janet.*)

(*Enter* PETER, *from house.*)

PETER comes out to see what is the matter; trips over the sack, receiving a blow on the back from Jack as he falls. He gets up, rubs his back; sees the bottle; picks it up; takes out the cork and drinks; rubs his stomach and drinks again, repeating until the bottle is empty. Getting rather intoxicated, he turns and sees the sack; staggers to it, and tries to sit on it; the sack rolls away, and he comes down heavily on the ground. Gets up, shaking his head, and measures distance from his feet to the sack, so as to sit down on it this time, sure; the sack rolls over again, and he falls as before. Angry, out of patience, and sleepy, he lays his head on sack, which rolls away, and lets his head fall with a bump. He falls asleep.

JACK cautiously puts his head out of sack; looks around; sees Peter asleep, and the coast clear; crawls out of sack, and throws off his disguise.

(*Enter* ALBERT, *right.*)

ALBERT sees Jack; rushes at him, and tries to drag him off, *right.*

PETER wakes up, sees them struggling, and hastens to help Albert. They overpower Jack, and force him into hogshead at back of stage, and shut down the cover.

ALBERT seats himself on hogshead, to keep Jack secure.

PETER goes off *right*, and returns with a club.

ALBERT gets off, and signs to Peter to kill Jack with the club. They both wait, watching the hogshead, one on each side, behind it.

JACK lifts the lid slowly, puts his head out, and looking round, sees Peter with club. Draws in his head, just avoiding a terrible blow from the club. Same repeated twice.

PETER is annoyed at missing him three times, and says to Albert that next time he will not miss.

JACK again lifts the lid very cautiously, thrusting out a dummy head (*exactly like him*), which is crushed by Peter's club, and instantly drawn in again by Jack.

(*Enter* VILLAGERS, *just in time to see the last effectual blow.*)

VILLAGERS surround Peter and Albert, and threaten them. Two or three seize and hold Peter and Albert, while the others turn the hogshead over and drag Jack out, limp and powerless, apparently nearly killed, and group around him.

(*Enter* KATE, *from house.*)

KATE runs in distracted; pushes Villagers aside, and takes Jack's head in her arms; feels his pulse and heart; motions one of the Villagers, who runs off *right*, and returns with a tin cup of water. She takes it and moistens his forehead; binds his head with her handkerchief; gives him to a Villager; goes to Peter; scolds him violently; shows him wedding-ring, and insists on marrying Jack at once, before he dies.

PETER is furious, and won't listen to her.

(*Meanwhile the Villagers are holding a consultation, some of them pointing to Peter and Albert, shaking their fists; others pitying Jack.*)

KATE leaves Peter, and goes towards Jack.

JACK explains to Kate that he is not hurt; shows her the dummy-head, which he has hidden under his jacket.

KATE goes among the Villagers, and explains what she has just been told; tells them to go to Peter and Albert, and make them give money.

Two Villagers separate from the rest, approach Peter and Albert, and demand money—much money—or they will hang him. After a time spent in vain resistance

PETER pulls out of his pocket a large bag of money.

ALBERT does the same.

(*The two Villagers take the money, lay it on Jack's body, and carry him carefully off, right.*)

KATE watches the Villagers, and follows them off, *right.*

(*Exeunt Kate and Villagers.*)

ALBERT touches Peter on shoulder; points at him, and signs that *he* killed Jack, and will be hanged.

PETER shakes his head, and says the same back to Albert.

ALBERT is indignant, and tries to strike Peter, but is prevented by the Villagers who have them in custody.

(*Enter Villagers right, dancing; headed by Jack and Kate.*)

JACK leads Kate to Peter; shows Kate's left hand with the ring on it, to show they are married; also shows him the two bags of money, which he puts in his pocket. He and Kate kneel down for Peter's blessing.

ALBERT tries to attack Jack, but is held back by his keepers.

PETER shakes his fist at Jack and Kate. Tells them they may go; won't have anything more to do with them.

JACK jumps up; snaps his fingers in Peter's face; takes Kate round the waist, and joins the rest in their dance.

(*Enter* JANET, *from house.*)

JANET sees the dancing, and Kate and Jack together. Looks at Kate's wedding-ring; at first astonished; goes to Peter and entreats him to come to Kate. After much hesitation

PETER hobbles up to Kate and Jack, joins their hands, and blesses them.

Tableau, with Villagers in background.

(*Curtain.*)

The selection of a Pantomime for parlor performance is by no means an easy matter. The pieces usually met with are written for professional actors, and are full of difficulty for the amateur performer, who is not supposed to have much knowledge of stage routine. The foregoing Pantomime has been prepared to obviate these objections as far as possible, introducing only such actions or situations as are entirely within the capabilities of a parlor comedian.

The combat between Jack and Albert, on page 361, may be made highly melodramatic in its details, and rendered very effective if well performed. If the skill of the actors will allow it, the battle may be fought with short swords; the regular, harmless stage articles, of course; but this will require prac-

tice, and more thorough rehearsal than when using merely nature's weapons.

The only action that may need some explanation is on page 363, where Peter has to tell Albert that he has missed his mark three times, but will not fail in the fourth attempt. To make this plain, the following action is suggested for Peter's guidance: Strike the head of the barrel once with the club, hold up one finger, and shake the head in disappointment; repeat a second and third time, holding up two and three fingers respectively. Then take the club in the left hand, and shake the right fist, clenched in a determined manner; seize the club with the right hand firmly, strike a fourth blow, hold up four fingers, and nod repeatedly to Albert with a smile of satisfaction. When this action is finished, a gentle tap with the foot against the barrel will give Jack the "cue" to expose the dummy-head, etc. The rest of the play is very easy, and, if well acted, will be fully as effective as a more elaborate performance.

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Having brought our round of entertainments to a close, we part with regret from the genial companions whose presence and assistance have contributed so much to render our social meetings amusing and agreeable. We console ourselves, however, with the hope that many a parlor, where the tedious hum of conversation has hitherto been the only source of amusement, may be made, through our modest efforts, to ring with joyous laughter and hearty applause.

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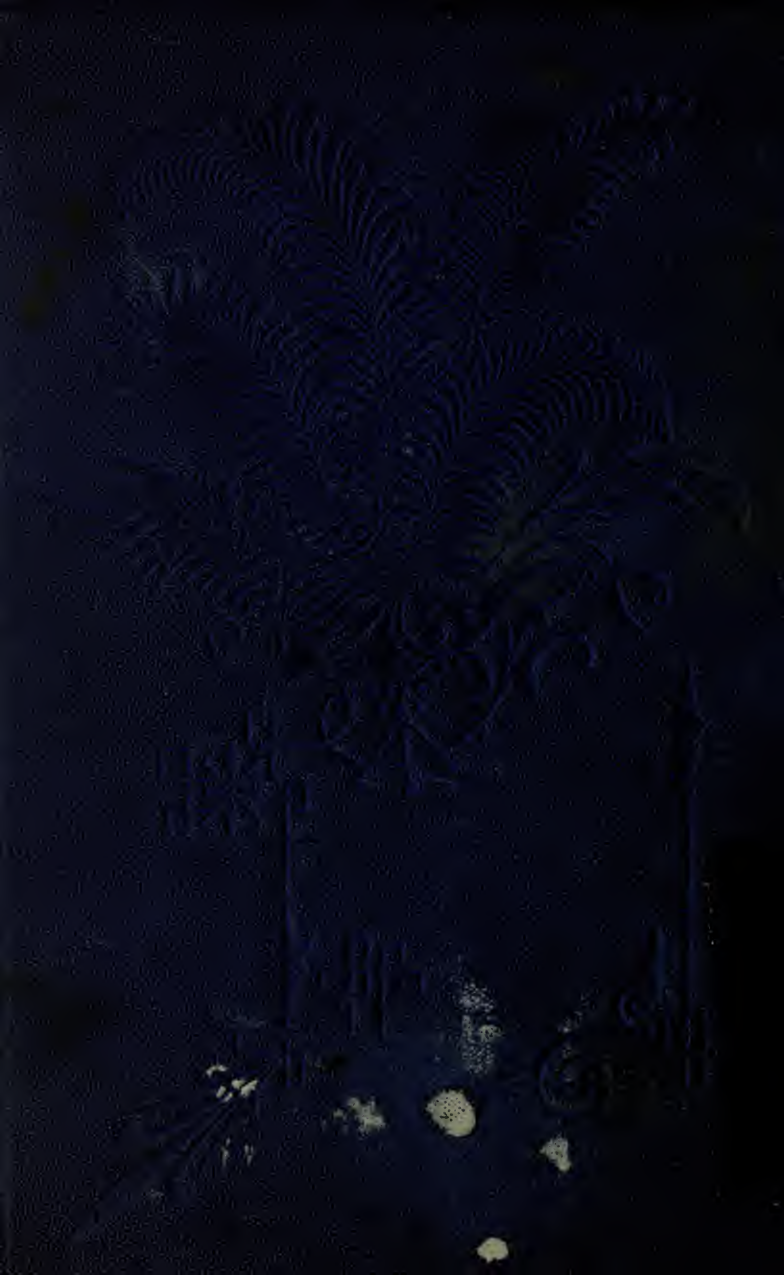
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